

THE AUSTRALIAN Over 400,000 Copies Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

August 26, 1939

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE

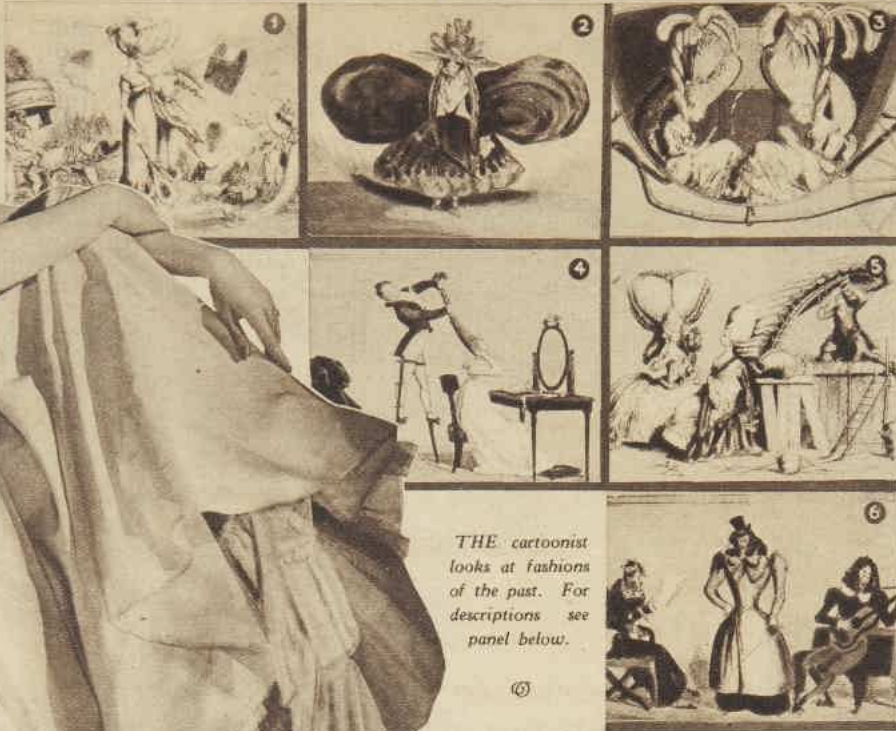
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AN EXTRAVAGANT MODE of the moment in which the skirt goes back to Grandma's day for its lavish use of material. Still this is mild to the fashions of the past, cartoons of which are shown in the small pictures at the top of this page.



THE cartoonist looks at fashions of the past. For descriptions see panel below.

## So you think modern fashions ARE CRAZY...?

WELL, LOOK WHAT THEY WORE IN THE ROMANTIC PAST!

When fashion crazes of the moment are sometimes carried to extremes, our girls get the blame. "Just look at that hat—or that hair-do," say the critics. "What's the modern girl coming to?"

Where is the simplicity of an earlier day?

The answer is astounding. The maddest, most amazing fashion or coiffure of to-day is mild compared with the extravagances of the past.

LOOK at the reproductions of old prints on this page and laugh. Probably these belles of long ago got the "bird" from grandma—for crazy fashions—just the same as the girls of to-day.

Crazy fashions shouldn't be taken seriously.

Have you ever turned up an old family album and said: "Did people really wear those things?"

Be careful. The same thing may happen to you. Your ultra-smart chapeau of to-day may give the girls of to-morrow the laugh of a lifetime. That lovely frock of 1939 you thought you looked your best in may be good for a burst of hysteria to the girls of 1959.

### Comic elements

DISRESPECTFUL posterity will very probably look upon our contemporary photographs of bathing beaches or upon the most fascinating latest gowns in fashion magazines with the same kind of derisive superiority as we feel when contemplating the fashion plates of a couple of centuries ago.

The comic elements, however, are the exact contrary of those that caricaturists ridicule in 1939.

We make fun of the lack of materials in which our ladies dress, the chief subject of gibes being the question why an enormous décolletage edged briefly around with a bit of material and constituting an evening gown costs as much as the party dress of yore, containing yards upon yards of expensive stuff.

Our great-grandmothers erred in the opposite extreme. The craze of the 18th century was for a profusion of material.

What greater contrast could be imagined than that between the Etou crop of a few years ago and the enormous edifices of hair, wire, flowers, feathers, and what-not worn at Louis XV's Court. Special carriages were built to take milady and her coiffure to a ball.

According to the caricaturist of

that day the hairdresser had to mount on stilts in order to be able to build up the intricate coiffure with consummate art.

It was worth his while to take the trouble, for such a coiffure would outlive the day.

Once erected it would last its owner a week or two.

### They really wore these

No. 1.—A cartoonist's idea of the huge bonnets worn in the gay 'nineties.

No. 2.—Accent on the sleeves. It's taken fashion two hundred years to live this down.

No. 3.—Hats were hats in the days of Louis XV.

No. 4.—This hairdresser takes stilts to madame's coiffure (1770).

No. 5.—A hair-do that lasted a week.

Trained on a wooden framework, it was just the thing in the days of Pompadour.

No. 6.—Regency "Bucks"—morning, noon, and night—as an English artist saw them.

However funny our present-day fashion will look to our great-grandchildren they will not be able to deny that in no past age have feminine clothes been more comfortable to wear, more conducive to liberty of movement, than they are to-day.

Wire cages, whaleboned corsets, bustles, wire-netting hair supports, are, let us hope, definitely things of the past, although such symptoms of dementia have been known to recur in the course of centuries.

At all events it is a useful warning to look at these old-time skits occasionally—lest we forget.

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Gandhi's son

MANILAL GANDHI, son of the famous Mahatma Gandhi, is carrying on in South Africa the passive resistance movement for Indian self-rule begun by his father.

Unlike his father, who dresses in a loincloth, he wears European clothes when addressing his followers. He is shown here speaking to 6000 Indians in the Transvaal.



Accomplished linguist

WOMEN linguists have an important place in the broadcasting world to-day. An example is Mrs. E. Belkine, news editor for English, Arabic and Hebrew news at the Government broadcasting station at Jerusalem. She is also the station's English announcer.

Broadcasting has been continued throughout the recent trouble in Palestine. Announcers must all be linguists because of the different nationalities of listeners.



Switzerland's president

AS president of Switzerland, M.

Philip Etter guides the destiny of a State that boasts four peoples living in accord. An outstanding exhibit in the Swiss National Exhibition, now being held in Zurich, and which is held only once every 25 years, is a sculptured group representing the four different races—German, French, Italian and Romansch—who have learnt to live together and to "win their work and bread in amity."

## A World Cruise for Honeymoon!



## ERASMIC FACE POWDER began this romance!

LIFE will be one long honeymoon for this lovely girl—adored wife of a distinguished and wealthy man. Her flower-like complexion is the key to his heart... and she possesses a beauty secret which she knows will keep her skin adorably, youthfully fascinating for ever. She always uses Erasmic—the exciting, glamour-giving face powder that makes any skin smooth and petal-soft.

Superfine ERASMIC... containing every beautifying powder ingredient known

For years some of the world's cleverest cosmeticians have worked unceasingly on Erasmic, adding, improving, until to-day this fragrant filmy powder contains every beauty-giving property yet discovered.

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Erasmic Vanishing Cream—lightest, smoothest foundation cream, 1/- a tube.

Erasmic Cold Cream—the perfect nightly skin care, 1/- a tube.

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# "Red Indian" hats-EXCLUSIVE



"INDIAN BLOOD" panne velvet makes this high-crowned Erik hat. The two foot-high quills are in shades of green, blue, red, and brown.



LIKE A TARGET in which the arrows quiver, this wine-red velvet hat has a softly gathered velvet crown and wide, flat brim. The quill has been stripped to represent an arrow. All the hat models shown on this page are by Erik.

## Paris goes to the wigwam for amazing new chapeaux

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, air mailed from Paris

Add to your warpaint, now, one of the new Red Indian hats.

Inspired by the visit of the King and Queen to Canada, these hats are the authentic, scalp-raising, yelling "tops" of the latest chapeau modes.

Foot-high feathers bristle from their crowns. Quills are stripped of their fronds to look like arrows.

From a distance a hat so trimmed appears to be a target, quivering with arrows.

OF all the famous milliners, Erik has got away best with this new wigwam touch. He has even invented a new color—"Redskin blood."

There is scarcely a hat in his collection which does not show the influence of the Canadian visit. In some, as many as 10 different colors are used in the feathers which wave proudly atop milady's head.

Others he must have filched straight from a trapper's kit. They are made of every possible pelt from silver fox to goatskin.

AMONG the new hat fabrics is a fluffy cloth woven of soft feathers. Another is silk "fur," a woven cloth with a shaggy surface about an inch in depth. Soft velours and panne velvets fit well into the scheme.

It is not so much that they are crazy as breath-taking. And, worn by the right type of woman, they are great fun.

In piquant contrast are the dignified vast cocked hats which might have been worn by a French Revolutionary General.

The Rose Valois cocked hats have a haughty air of breeding about

them. Large black velvet tricornees with black and gold cockades, tiny toppers with the crown tilted forward, little chimney crowns with tricorne brims in felt, bound with grosgrain, and squashed-in Hom-burgs are all shown.

They were shown with clothes which matched them perfectly, the latter being inspired by the masculine fashions of 1789, the year of the storming of the Bastille. The effect is extremely dashing.

There are several Parisian versions of the Guards' bearskin. Suzy, the

Duchess of Kent's milliner, has a model made of a very fluffy felt, in texture like a flat soft fur.

The shape is something like an enormous powder-puff perched on top of a wide swathing of black satin, with un-Guardslike satin streamers fluttering from the back.

The appearance of these models has begun a war of hair styles. Mannequins who presented them wore their hair piled on to the top of their heads; most of the new hair styles show short, easily managed curls.

THIS FUR TOQUE in rich brown fox has a red velvet crown and is finished with a single feather shading to deepest red at the tip.



THE NORTH AMERICAN TRAPPER inspired this silver fox toque, which represents a single skin taken round the head and over the front so that the tip of the nose rests on the forehead.



HAT of black panne velvet. Its "Indian blood" feathers sweep softly to the nape of the neck.



NEW FABRIC model woven with feathers. Fronded quills, finished in a swirl, make its novel trim.

### New Canadian Mixture

praised for

## CHILDREN'S COUGHS

NASTY, HANG-ON

"Immensely superior... tremendously in advance"—says Doctor.

COMPOUNDED from rare Canadian pine-balsam of a special, triple-strength, — Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture is entirely different in action — more effective — quicker — than anything ever known in Australia. First dose definitely stops coughing at once. Three doses break up heavy cold! Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture contains no 'dope.' Sweetens upset stomachs.

Few Canadian mothers would dream of facing winter without Buckley's. For when icy blizzards and deadly snowdrifts cut off medical aid — little lives may depend on swift, definite — certain relief! Your own chemist or store now has this remarkable Canadian discovery. Get a 2/3 bottle right away — and have restful sleep to-night!

As supplied to the Canadian Government — and to Canadian Mounted Police. 9 million bottles sold.

**Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE**  
A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT





ANN NEVILLE and, right, Margot Goyder, Australian sisters, who write plays together. They even have the same dreams.

## These sisters have the SAME DREAMS

Amazing case of telepathy carried across the borderline of sleep

An amazing case of telepathy between two Australian playwright sisters, Margot Goyder and Ann Neville, who have the same dreams and eerie experiences, is revealed by another sister, Mrs. Madge Morrison.

Ann and Margot, who write as "Margot Neville," are at present in London.

Their sister, Mrs. Morrison, who has returned to Australia after seeing her sisters, is amazed by their telepathic dreams.

"THE girls collaborate in all their work and are in such close communication with each other that telepathic sympathy is inevitable," said Mrs. Morrison.

One night Margot dreamed that she was alone in a foreign market-place.

On the right as she walked along were tables of an outdoor cafe with waiters dressed in black with white aprons and with unpleasant, strikingly debased faces.

On the left were stalls displaying goods, mostly white—white eggs, white fowls, and so on.

The same night her sister Ann dreamed this dream also. It was the same in every detail, except that in Ann's dream Margot was with her, and in addition there were a number of women wearing white hats.

In each case when telling the dream next morning they independently used the word "debased" to describe the faces of the waiters.

Another night Margot dreamed that she and Ann were captured by Chinese handits and taken to a lonely place where they were to be tried for their lives. Margot dreamed she was offered a drink which she knew to be poisoned and which she refused.

The same night Ann had exactly the same dream in every detail.

She saw a drink offered to Margot and experienced great relief on seeing her refuse it, as she, too, knew that it was poisoned.

### Strange dream

MRS. MORRISON recalled another amazing incident in which her sisters' dreams played a part.

One night she was talking in a low voice to her husband in their room with the door closed.

She was saying that in modern life a long line of ancestors was a burden; that aristocratic lineage made one less able to cope with modern conditions.

They spoke of evolution from apes and the emergence from the "primeval ooze."

The same night Ann at the far end of the big house dreamed that she was wading through mud, carrying on her back her ancestors, in the form of monkeys.

She was conscious of difficulty of getting along with such a burden.

The same night, Margot, in her room, dreamed that she saw her ancestors stretching out behind her in shadowy line, and saw in front of her a sea of mud.

Thus Ann and Margot dreamed in symbols what their sister, Mrs. Morrison, had actually been talking about.

They could not possibly have overheard Mrs. Morrison's conversation with her husband.

Mrs. Morrison spoke of further telepathic experiences of an amazing nature in which Ann and Margot figured.

One afternoon Ann was in a book shop and saw a second-hand copy of "Arthurs," a novel by Neil Lyons. She knew the book was out of print, and recalled a sea chanty in the book of which she had not thought for years. She sang it over to herself, being surprised at remembering it.

As she was waiting for a friend to join her she was able to fix the time at exactly three o'clock.

Margot on the same afternoon went to look at the time, and as she



MRS. MADGE MORRISON, sister of Margot Goyder and Ann Neville. She reveals the amazing telepathic sympathy of her two sisters.

### "It's a girl"

said the knowing ones

AND IT WAS!

By Air Mail from our London Office.

While all Holland hoped that Juliana's new baby would be a boy, old countrywomen, witch-doctors from the East Indian Dutch colonies, modern Dutch astrologers and would-be-wise friends all prophesied that it would be another girl.

Juliana tried the wedding-ring test. This superstition is common in Holland.

A golden ring is slung upon a thin piece of cotton and held over the woman. If it swings in circles, the coming child is said to be a girl. If straight to and fro, a boy.

Try as she would, Princess Juliana's golden ring circled round and round.

Nevertheless she redecorated one of the nurseries in a blue color scheme. Blue is the boy's color in Holland, as in this country.

BUT . . . THE STORK BROUGHT A GIRL.

walked down the hall of her home found herself to her great surprise singing the sea chanty from "Arthurs," of which she had not thought for years.

The time was exactly three o'clock. Mrs. Morrison says she, too, has a telepathic sense like her sisters. "Perhaps it is our Celtic ancestry and the strain of Celtic mysticism in us."

The Goyders are descended from the ancient Welsh family of Gwydir (in Welsh pronounced Goyder).

Mrs. Morrison, who visited Gwydir Castle in North Wales, said it is one of the most beautiful castles in Britain.

It is full of history and tradition, with the feeling of tragedy inevitable in these old castles.

There beneath the picturesque building are dungeons with the rusted chains which held the prisoners in those grim and tragic days. "I had as I walked through the halls the feeling of ghosts and haunted rooms."

Mrs. Morrison said that the castle was the first dwelling-place in the British Isles to have glass in the windows.

In the garden is a cedar of Lebanon planted by Richard Coeur de Lion. Mrs. Morrison said that the castle is now owned by Colonel Coate, who said that he had a link with Australia as during the war he was attached to the staff of Sir Harry Chauvel.

"Although we sisters are proud of our ancestors' home, we feel it is too haunted for modern practical people," said Mrs. Morrison.

The latest play by Ann Neville and Margot Goyder, "Giving the Bride Away," is going into rehearsal in London this week. Last year the girls scored a brilliant success with their farce-comedy, "Heroes Don't Care."

All women want  
**ROMANCE**  
don't they?"



and men adore  
a lovely skin!

"So use Lux Toilet  
Soap regularly!"

... SAYS EXOTIC

**Dorothy Lamour**

A Paramount Star in  
"MAN ABOUT TOWN"

NOWHERE is beauty so precious . . . so jealously guarded as in Hollywood. So when 9 out of 10 gorgeous stars choose Lux Toilet Soap—then it's time to make it your beauty soap too! Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin smoother, finer, younger than any other beauty soap—however expensive—because it's SUPER-CREAMED!

There's rich skin cream actually blended into every tablet of Lux Toilet Soap. You cream as you wash! That's why it keeps skin so soft and supple . . . so glamorously lovely! And that's why you should take Dorothy Lamour's advice . . . use Lux Toilet Soap regularly!

*Lux Toilet Soap is Supercreamed*



A LEVER PRODUCT

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# ONE Touch of Nature

Julie thought she need only read books on child psychology in order to manage her small stepdaughter successfully

Illustrated by  
FISCHER

**J**ULIE saw him as soon as she came down at cocktail time, the first night of the week-end. It was autumn, and through the big window at the end of the Harringtons' hall ragged gold banners trailed across an austere green sky. For a moment the Harringtons' rather rich, stuffy house looked entirely romantic and the profile of the young man standing against the window fitted it perfectly.

He was tall and slight, he had blond hair, which fitted his head like a shining cap, beautifully set grey eyes, and a regular profile. He was immensely good looking, and yet there was no trace of girlishness about his good looks. He had wide shoulders built for power, sloping into a narrow waist and a general look of springiness and extreme physical fitness.

He raised his eyes and looked at Julie.

It was, thought Julie, what one had always believed would happen. Ever since one was at school and read "Romeo and Juliet," and found tears suddenly in one's eyes, ever since, shy, awkward, and unsuccessful at one's first dance, one had felt a stirring at the strains of the "Blue Danube"—there had been a certainty that some day, somewhere, just this would happen.

She went across the room and stood beside him, and immediately she felt a sensation of being comfortable, of being in exactly the place where she ought to be.

He turned and smiled at her, "Sherry or a cocktail?"

"Sherry, please."

They were old friends already, they fitted each other as comfortably as a pair of old shoes.

He said, "Let's sit down."

They went across and sat in a window seat. He put a cushion carefully behind her back. "Like that?"

She said, "Perfect."

"Shall we be allowed to sit together at dinner?"

"I shouldn't think so. Mona arranges a list."

Julie was big, but she was no longer awkward. She was a tall, splendid girl, with a thick white skin, velvety eyes, dark hair bound in braids round her head, and splendid teeth and a way of smiling. There was a kindness about Julie which extended even to her physical appearance. Impossible to look at Julie's soft white shoulder without thinking of pillowowing her tired head there. Edward Challoner thought of just that now.

"We'll meet after dinner," he said decidedly.

"**T**HERE'LL be times; bridge and something noisy for the feeble intellects—like me." Delicious to sit here slowly smiling with something in one's heart dizzily swooping, dipping, rising.

"Go into the back drawing-room and I'll show you Mona's jades."

He looked at her, and the color flamed in her cheeks.

"Please," he said softly.

Then, after all, they were together at dinner. Mona always had people over on Saturday night, and the Harringtons were very rich and formal.

She looked at his card—"Mr. Edward Challoner."

He said, "What's yours? There's a piece of fern in the way."

She handed her place card to him. "Miss Julie Lanson."

Mona Harrington called down the table. "I didn't know you two knew each other."

Edward said, "Oh, yes, we know each other very well."

There are so many things a girl



Julie held out her hand. "How do you do, Susan?" A pair of large, grey eyes regarded her mistrustfully.

must ask herself about a man when what was happening inside Julie is happening. Does he mean all this for something special, or does he talk like this to every girl. Has he had lots of love affairs already? Is this going to be a real thing or should you be on your guard?

Edward said, "You're staying, aren't you?"

"Yes, until to-morrow night."

"Then I shall talk to the charming blonde on my left. We've got a whole twenty-four hours."

Nothing to do apparently when this happened to you but just be carried along. There wasn't, in any event, anything she could have done. She was powerless. Something inside her kept saying over and over again, "This is what it is like to fall in love. This is how people feel when they are in love."

There was a sudden significance about everything. The flames of the candles in their gleaming candlesticks burning like brave, tiny spears, the bloom on the grapes, the table when the lights had been turned out for dessert, swimming in the darkness like a lighted colored galleon, all these things that she had seen a hundred times were to-night suddenly touching, suddenly something to be imprinted on her heart. She thought, "I shall never forget this evening. Never."

Edward was at her side all the evening. They were called out of the back drawing-room. Mona declared they were not to look at the jades—of all the flimsy excuses she had ever heard jades were the thinnest. They played a ridiculous round game, and were partners. Edward managed her money for her, told her what to play. This

was falling in love. This excitement, this dizziness meant falling in love. This peace, this sense of completeness, of the comfort she felt when Edward's elbow touched hers, when he laid his hand over hers to play cards or counters—all this showed it was the real thing.

And then, when she was upstairs in her room, Mona Harrington came in. A lovely room—all Mona's bedrooms were lovely. Mona's taste, which tended to make drawing-rooms look like bedrooms, in bedrooms was perfection. Everything that palest rose pink satin, soft draperies, soft white skin rugs, a divan piled with blue and pink cushions, shaded pink lights in all

By **JANET GORDON**

the most appropriate places could do had been done, but to-night Julie found it stifling. She took off her frock and threw the window open. Fresh, cool air poured in. Outside, a crescent moon swam in a clear sky, but the little valleys were filled with cotton-wool mist. Far away an owl booted a dog barked in reply, and Julie whispered, "I love you, I love you, Edward, my darling."

Mona, entering the room, said, "What did you say?"

"Nothing," and Julie blushed furiously.

"Um," Mona looked shrewdly at Julie. "Shut that window, child. You were a great success to-night."

Julie asked, "Are we going to take down our back hair?"

"Certainly we are," said Mona briskly, sitting on the divan. "About Edward Challoner. My dear, you are the first girl Edward has even been polite to—since his wife died."

Julie said faintly, "Oh." The world rocked about her. "Since his wife died." He had been married before; that wasn't fair; she wanted to be the first for him as he was the first for her. She wanted them to have all that together. She could have cried.

She said shakily, "Was she—was she—nice?"

"Lovely, my dear, perfectly lovely, and he was mad about her. They were married when she was eighteen and he was twenty-one—she died five years ago, when the little girl was a baby."

"There's a little girl?"

"Just one," said Mona rapidly.

"She's six; a dear little thing, I be-

gether. My dear, it was an inspiration. Everyone was talking. You had an absolute triumph."

When Mona had gone, Julie sat on the bed and told herself she was an ignoble wretch. Because Edward had been married before, because someone else had brought him happiness, was she to grudge him that? She wasn't and she wouldn't.

But all the same she walked for a long time up and down her room with the curtains undrawn and the great stretch of the night sky to look at.

**N**EXT day she and Edward walked on the downs in the stillness of an autumn Sunday. It was so still that the last leaves falling from the trees turned gently round and round as they floated down to the ground, smoke rose straight from cottage chimneys, the five-minute bell from the village church sounded clear, though it was half a mile below them.

Julie pulled off her hat, Edward lighted a cigarette. They walked into one of the copses of beech which dot the South Downs; it was suddenly cool, dark, a different world from the sunlight outside.

Julie said, "Last night Mona told me about your wife, and how you had lost her; I am so sorry."

Her voice shook a little, and she was glad that in the sun-spattered darkness he could not see her face clearly.

He said, "Joan was a very lovely person. She had apparently every gift life can bestow. She was beautiful, she had hosts of friends, she loved life and dancing."

Julie quoted softly, "Whom the gods love, die young."

Please turn to Page 34





Continuing...  
our absorbing  
mystery serial

**S**EVEN years ago, Bert Cameron, a Special Prosecutor, vanished mysteriously, and searching investigations failed to discover what became of him.

It has been rumored that his disappearance was the outcome of his association with an actress, Arlene Bray; also that Frederick Novack, whose affairs Cameron was investigating, made away with him. However, his wife, Leslie, feels convinced that he is still alive, and has reopened the inquiry through Philip Ranney, who took her husband's place as Special Prosecutor.

They locate Arlene Bray, living under the name of Helen Lunden, but although she throws no new light on the affair, they feel certain that she is concealing vital facts, and are on their way to New Mexico to interview a Mrs. Margaret Roake, believing her to be Arlene Bray's sister.

Meanwhile, Frederick Novack is trying to stop their investigations, and as Leslie and Ranney are traveling by taxi to catch the plane to New Mexico the driver suddenly turns off the road into a villa and, threatening them with his revolver, compels them to leave the car and walk towards the house. As she obeys, Leslie remembers that friends warned her that there was danger in reopening this inquiry.

#### CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY:

LESLIE CAMERON, young and beautiful. HARLEY PITT, a lawyer, formerly Bert Cameron's partner. PHILIP RANNEY, a Special Prosecutor. MRS. THOMAS RANNEY,

his mother. FREDERICK NOVACK, a city business man with a very doubtful reputation. PAUL, one of his assistants. ARLENE BRAY, an actress.

NOW READ ON:

**L**EST was pallid by the thought, she sought Philip Ranney's face—just as he turned his head to look at the armed chauffeur behind him. Ranney's glance didn't pause on the driver. It travelled on to the rusty gate that gave upon the highway. And what he saw there brought an expression of wild hope and excitement to his features. He suddenly roared: "Hey, officer!"

Leslie whirled around. She saw that the chauffeur, too, with an instinctive start, jerked his head about to stare at the gate. Of course there was no policeman. But before the driver realized that Ranney lunged. He had half a second while the driver's head was averted. In that half second he swung his fist with all the power of his massive shoulders.

The fellow was caught off his guard. As he reeled sideways, the automatic dropped from paralysed fingers and he collapsed heavily. Ranney didn't pause to watch him

Illustrated by WEP

# THE MAN IN MY LIFE

By  
**Oscar Schisgall**

Ranney caught the fellow off his guard. As he reeled sideways, the automatic dropped and he collapsed heavily.

"I dragged you into this hunt. If this is a sample of what we're to expect—"

And then a dozen things seemed to happen simultaneously. It began when the man beside her struck out furiously at the automatic. He hit her hand with a hard downstroke of his fist, and the gun thumped on the floor. He heaved his shoulder against her, so that she lurched wildly against the side of the car. At the same time, while Ranney applied screeching brakes, the man opened the door and jumped. He leaped far and wide of the car and landed, staggering, in a ditch.

**T**HEN he began to run. By the time Ranney had stopped the car and sprung to the road, the chauffeur was fifty yards behind. He vaulted a low hedge and raced towards trees beyond a small field. Ranney went after him, but found himself being steadily out-distanced. In the end he had to give it up.

During the long flight westward to Albuquerque and afterwards on the hot train that took them south to Alamogordo, they had ample time to consider the Miami incident calmly. It was Ranney's opinion that either the men at the old Spanish villa had been friends of Arlene Bray, acting on some desperate plea of the girl; or else they had been in the employ of New Yorkers who, Ranney believed, had been having him watched ever since he became Special Prosecuting Attorney.

"Fellows like Frederick Novack," he said dryly, "are willing to pay out plenty to know what my office is doing."

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into the cab. Sit over him with the gun, Les. I'll drive. We'll turn him over to the police at the airport."

It wasn't until they had the unconscious driver thrown into the back of the taxi and were again speeding along the highway that Ranney said, without looking round from the wheel, "Of course this wasn't a hold-up. These fellows found we were booked on that plane, and decided, for some reason, to keep us away from it."

Leslie looked at the limp figure beside her. The man's head dangled loosely. "I wish he'd come to!" she whispered. "There are things we ought to ask him."

"If he moves," said Ranney, "tell me. We still have time to stop awhile and make him talk." And after a moment he added, "Something encouraging about this, Les. If folks will go this far to keep us away from Little Alamo, then Little Alamo is where we belong!"

They rode in silence for a time, and then Leslie, her mind crowded, began an impulsive "Phil—"

"Yes?"

"I—I've suddenly developed a conscience."

"A conscience about what?"

fall. He groped frantically in the tall grass for the automatic. When he found it, he whispered, "Stay with him, Les! He's out! I'll go for the other—"

But he turned to discover that the second man, clearly having no taste for a duel, was already dashing off at the side of the house. Though Ranney took several impetuous steps after him, he saw in dismay that chase would be useless. Besides, there was the Atlanta plane to catch in twenty minutes. He hurried back to Leslie, who stood, pallid, over the chauffeur.

"Still out?"

"He—he hasn't even stirred!" The words broke from her huskily.

He said tightly, "Let's get him



# THE Hiding PLACE

*Daring alone might have made a success of their plans, had it not been for Marjorie*

**J**UST before closing-time on a Tuesday afternoon in December a saloon car drew up before the St. James' office of the City and Provincial Bank, and four men got out. Lights were burning inside the bank, but the day was raw and murky.

Two of the newcomers went to the counter, where they accosted the cashiers with pistol-muzzles cradled over their arms. The third, who wore no hat or coat, walked behind the counter; and, before anybody knew what he was doing, began quietly drawing the blinds on the windows.

The fourth, who had taken a forty-five calibre revolver out of his overcoat pocket, spoke with great clearness.

"You know why we're here," he said. "Just keep quiet and nothing will happen to you."

One of the clerks, a youngster, laughed; and was instantly shot through the chest with a silenced gun.

The noise it made was no louder than that of slapping two cupped palms together, a kind of thock. Then all noise seemed to die away under the bright, hard lights, except the sound of the newcomers' footsteps on the marble floor.

"That's right," said the man who had first spoken. "Just keep quiet and nothing will happen to you."

The thing was incredible; but it was happening. Possibly every man in the bank, now staring in various twisted positions with hands in the air, had seen it happen in a film, and had smiled at it as being confined to another continent. But with great precision the man who had drawn the blinds was now clearing out the safe, transferring what he wanted to a neat leather bag.

Outside bustled the traffic of St. James'; passers-by saw a closed bank, and thought nothing of it. By the third minute it had become unbearable. The manager, risking it, ducked under the counter for a gun, and was shot down. Then the leader of the gang leaned close to a young clerk named John Parrish, and said: "Thanks, kid. You'll get your cut."

Like four well-trained ghosts, the riders came together and melted out into the street. Their car was away from the kerb before the alarm sounded.

Now the robbery of the City and Provincial Bank failed because of one small but important fact. In England you can rob quite easily; you can even, if you do not mind risking the gallows, rob with violence; but you cannot make a getaway afterwards. "Skipper" Morgan, late of Cleero, Illinois, might be excused for not realising this.

But Pudge Henderson, Jimmy Dean, and Bill Stein, all of whom knew Dartmoor as the rest of us know our own homes, should have realised it. Possibly they expected the very daring of the raid to bring it off for them, and they changed cars three times before, early that evening, two Flying Squad cars cut them off on the road to Southampton.

Skipper Morgan wanted to shoot it out, and was brought down in a flying tackle which broke his arm. But then there came a deadlock; of twenty-three thousand pounds in cash and bonds not one penny was found on the fugitives.

Chief Inspector Ames visited Skipper Morgan that night.

"You're in bad, Skipper," he said pleasantly. "One of those fellows you shot is likely to die. Even if he pulls through, you can reckon on a good long stretch."

The other said nothing, though he looked murderous. It was Ames who had broken his arm.

"I don't say it'd help you," pursued the chief inspector, "if you told us what you did with that

Illustrated  
by  
WYNNE  
W.  
DAVIES

money. But it might, Skipper. It might. And you might tell us whether that young clerk at the bank, the one you said would get his cut, was in it with you."

"Dirty little rat," said the Skipper, out of pure spite and malice. "Sure he was in it. But I want to see my lawyer; that's what I want."

So they detained John Parrish. To Marjorie Dawson he wrote, "Don't you believe a word of it. Cheer up."

A solicitor for Morgan was speedily produced. This was none other than Mr. Ireton Bowlder, that aloof gentleman with the aristocratic nose and the wide clientele. Scotland Yard regarded him with disfavor, because he never failed to irritate them. True, there was little that even Mr. Ireton Bowlder could do for the prisoners; but he contrived to suggest, with a fishy smile and a sad shake of the head, that they would leave the court without a stain on their characters. Still the stolen money was not forthcoming.

"It's one of two things, sir," Chief Inspector Ames told the Assistant Commissioner. "They've hidden it, or they've turned it over to a fence."

"A fence for stolen money?"

"And bonds," said Ames. "Nothing easier. Of course we've got the numbers of the notes, fivers and above. But they can easily be disposed of

## By CARTER DICKSON

abroad; people are buying and hoarding English money, and they don't necessarily inquire where it comes from. I know of two fences like that, and I hear there's a third operating who's the biggest in the business. Getting rid of 'hot' money used to be difficult; but it's simple now. It's more than a new kind of racket; it's a new kind of big business. The state of Europe being what it is, thousands of people are trying to get out of there and into England without their authorities knowing they've got any money at all. Hoarding English money is the

*One of Bowlder's hands flattened out against the glass like a starfish... and in the twilight he looked nervous.*

best way to do it. If we could get a line on who's doing this—"

"Any suspicions?"

"Yes, sir," answered Ames promptly. "Ireton Bowlder."

The Assistant Commissioner whistled. "If it only could be!" he said, with dreamy relish. "Lord, if it only could be! But be careful, Ames; he's got a lot of influence. And what makes you think it's Bowlder, anyway?"

"It's all underground so far," Ames admitted. "But that's what the

of a joke, I'm convinced of it, and so is the bank. But Parrish might be useful."

Just how useful Chief Inspector Ames did not realise until the following day, when Miss Marjorie Dawson came hurrying up to town.

She was a quiet, fair-haired girl, pretty yet unobtrusive, though now strung up to fighting pitch. Her hazel eyes had a directness of gaze which was as good as a handclasp; she had, even in this difficulty, a sense of humor. She told the chief inspector things which made him swear. But, after a half-hour interview, it was not to the Assistant Commissioner that Ames took her. He took her to a door on the ground floor labelled D3: Colonel March.

"Colonel March," he said, "let me introduce Miss Marjorie Dawson. Miss Dawson is engaged to be married to young Parrish. She's now employed as secretary to Ireton Bowlder's aunt—"

"Not any longer," said the girl, smiling faintly. "Sacked yesterday."

"And she says Bowlder's got the City and Provincial Bank money."

Colonel March was a large, amiable man. He rocked on his heels before the fire, and seemed puzzled.

"I am delighted to hear it," he said formally. "But why come to

me? This, Miss Dawson, is the Queer Complaints Department. Business has been bad lately; and I should be very glad to tackle the problem of a blue pig or a ghost in the garden. But, if you've landed Ireton, why come to me?"

"Because it's a queer complaint, right enough," said Ames grimly. "What Miss Dawson tells us is impossible."

"Impossible?" Marjorie Dawson looked from one to the other of them, and drew a deep breath of relief. Color had come back into her face.

"I hope you're being frank with me," she said. She appealed to Colonel March. "Inspector Ames tells me that you haven't really got a case against John Parrish, and don't mean to hold him—"

"No, no; you can have him whenever you want him," said Ames with impatience.

"—but I came up here after somebody's blood," the girl admitted. "You see, the local police wouldn't believe me; and yet it's true, every word of it."

"The money vanished in front of their eyes," said Ames.

"One moment," said Colonel March, with an air of refreshed interest. He pushed out chairs for them. "Disappearing money. That is better; that is distinctly better. Tell me about it."

"It was at Greenacres," said the girl so eager to tell the story that they had to guide her to the chair. "Greenacres is Mr. Bowlder's country house. As Mr. Ames told you, I'm Miss Bowlder's secretary; she keeps house for her nephew."

"I'm not going to tell you what I felt when I heard about the robbery.

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# You Can't Kill A Ghost

Haunted by yesterday's romance, Judita, young and lovely, had no thought that love could bring her any glorious to-morrow . . .

EVERY time Tommy talked to Judy about marrying him, he had to do it over the ghost of Stephen. Judy very scrupulously told him about Stephen. At first, because Stephen couldn't have any personal meaning to Tommy; and later, when she began to be worn down by Tommy's love, which was like a patient, devoted dog trotting everywhere behind her, because she thought she owed it to him.

Tommy never had many words for anything, but somehow his silence was never blankness.

"Well, you see, Judy," he said, almost apologising because he understood so well, "when I was twenty-two, I loved an actress."

"But this was different," Judy said.

"Of course"—with no irony.

It was such a relief to talk to somebody who hadn't known Stephen. Because all the people who did know him misunderstood him. But Tommy saw him only through Judy's englored eyes. All his heroic faults, such as disregarding most petty courtesies; all his easily understood lies which were, after all, gallant apologies about the sordid truth; and his imperious talent, which had right of way over any personal emotions.

Stephen was an artist, Judy used to say passionately whenever she reached one of those ugly places in her memory that couldn't be explained in any other way. And Tommy, who couldn't know about actresses, even if he did know about actresses, merely nodded, and sometimes held her closer, as if she were a little girl frightened in darkness.

Judy used to look up at his scrubbed young face, and think, "The reason I like Tommy is that he is so unlike Stephen. And he'd never expect me to love him." Love was a very bruised word to Judy. That was in the first months. Gradually the crying and the bitterness against all people who had not understood passed, and Judy's old zest for life came back. Except, of course, when she was alone, or when she heard sweet music, or when a soft breeze was blowing. Then she would remember Stephen, with all his eloquent, false rhetoric; and Tommy, so sturdy and quiet and sane, would most terribly annoy her.

"Nice going," Tommy muttered, after they had seen magnificent paintings together, or scrambled up on the shore after they had been lost in a sea of symphony. "Nice going." That was Tommy's idea of praise, and a very good picture of him.

But even so, he was a comfortable habit, and that big, patient dog of his love wasn't too bad to have trotting at his heels, after the hot coal in the breast which had been love for Stephen. So now, after many months of reluctant healing, Judy was practically well, and fairly enthusiastic about marrying Tommy. With no false pretences, of course, between them.

"It's only that I like you better than anyone I've ever known," she said, with those clear eyes of hers fixed candidly on his. "I wouldn't want you to think it was anything else, darling."

"I love you enough to make the total right," Tommy said. "Get the average of my loving and your liking, and we'd still have more than lots of people start on."

Everyone else in the family was so exuberantly relieved, believing Judy had forgotten all that dark nonsense she had been filled with, that the wedding plans were brilliant

lancet italics in the day. For every hour that mother had spent grieving over Stephen, she lavished five rejoicing over Tommy—Tommy, the old reliable, the altogether right, the son of a millionaire, in fact.

But all this rejoicing, all this exuberance, didn't endear Tommy to Judy.

"Worst thing about me is I'm so right," Tommy said to her. "Be better if you had to keep somebody from picking on me. Make you love me more."

But Judy scarcely heard him. "I don't want you to expect too much," she said to him. "I think we'll have lots of fun together, and probably be as happy as most people—but you know."

"Don't you worry, precious," he said. "I'll make you happy. You're liable to wake up five years from now and not be able to remember that man's name."

"Am I?" said Judy, and she smiled with a more gentleness than sarcasm.

Judy was despairingly docile these days; she let mother plan to her heart's content a supersumptuous wedding. She went about singing, and patting children on the head, and helping old ladies across the street—giving altogether a very good impersonation of a happy and obedient person. All the wild turbulence of last year was quiet now, all the passionate rebellion. It had ended in tears; but it had ended—perhaps.

Tommy was thankful to marry her on any terms, but every once in a while he muttered some protest against all the elaborate wedding.

"How about us just being married quietly early one morning? I don't need all this stuff to make me remember I'm married to Judy," he said, when all the combined families were gathered to discuss the pageant.

"Nonsense," said the two mothers in one breath.

The two fathers looked at each other and grinned, because they had been Tommies themselves once—but now they knew better.

"Give in, Tommy," Judy said. "I did. Saves a lot of bother."

"There's always so much talking," Tommy said, and relapsed into silence.

At last they had traversed all the tedious preliminaries, and now it was three days before the wedding. The honeymoon, by unanimous approval, was to be spent at the Kings' old family place on the coast, curved with gentle undulations, and sparkling with broochlike little islands. Nobody seemed to realise they were

By MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

taking chances walking over ghosts' graves—because this was the place where all the pointless drama of Judy and Stephen had been enacted. Just the thought of those tall old rooms, where she had been so frantically happy and so wildly miserable, made Judy a little ill.

"I'll be thinking of him every minute," she said to herself. "It just won't be decent."

And yet, decent or not, she couldn't help being a little excited. That same, sane honeymoon with Tommy might have a deeper vibration, after all.

Sometimes, in spite of herself, she listened to imagined dialogue. Suppose they ran into Stephen slouching in his slacks through the village!



Stephen was an artist, Judy used to say passionately, excusing him.

What would all three of them say? Suppose she met him alone!

"Well, it's fate," she said to herself, and she felt a little shiver of delight because fate had beckoned vaguely with its mischievous finger.

At the last moment mother had decided to go up and make sure everything was ready—mother was so capable she never trusted anyone else's abilities.

Judy and Tommy came up unexpectedly one afternoon in Tommy's monoplane.

"Now that we're in the air, away from everybody's argument, I wish," Tommy said, "that we could come down in some little village and ask somebody to marry us."

"And who would wear the fourteen bridesmaids' dresses—not to mention your grey-striped pants, darling?"

angry, was shouting abusively. Another deep voice was breaking in sometimes with a few hot words. It went on and on, and then Judy heard scuffling on the gravel, and the grunting and gasping of men in a fight.

"I'd better call Tommy," she thought, trying to make out the barely visible figures in the half light. "He and Graves ought to go out and see what's happening."

It was probably only some village brawl, but it sounded pretty violent. Then the lights from a car raced across the tree trunks and swung round and went down the road. Thank heavens that was over; it had all been a little terrifying in the lonely dawn light. There was something so sinister about men who get up at dawn to fight each other. And

that could belong to this carefree, irresponsible boy she was planning to marry. So she slipped back into bed and watched the dawn come filtering through the windows—and remembered other dawns she had watched in this house.

It was exactly as though seeing Tommy, bedraggled and battered, coming up the drive, had been only a dream. For when she came down to breakfast, there he sat, behind a newspaper, scrubbed and smiling. But it hadn't been a dream, because when he raised his hand there was a long white hyphen of adhesive tape binding his knuckles.

"Hurt yourself?" she asked needlessly.

"I must have run into a door, or something, in the dark."

"Or something," Judy said.

They grinned at each other. After all, it was Tommy's own business if he wanted to fight at dawn with a village ruffian.

"That reminds me," Mother said. "I thought I heard some sort of disturbance this morning. Did you hear it?"

"There was a little argument," Tommy admitted. "A man lost his way and got into the wrong grounds."

"Heavens!" cried Mother. "He was probably going to steal something."

"He didn't say," Tommy said, "but I did get the impression that he was. He looked like the kind of man who'd try to take what didn't belong to him, whether he wanted it or not."

"Why, Tommy," Judy said, "I shouldn't be surprised if you were a hero."

"Shouldn't you? Well, I can tell you better about that in a day or so."

Mother, meanwhile, had lost interest in all this, and there she sat, as always, surrounded by her lists, murmuring and scribbling and crossing things off. "It does seem dreadful," she said, "for me to waste all those hours driving back when I've so much to do."

"Yes, it does," said Tommy, "but I can arrange all that. How about you and me and Judy just quietly getting married this morning, and then nobody'll have to go anywhere."

"Please, darling," said Mother wearily, not even looking up.

BUT Judy suddenly had an idea. After all, she wasn't married to Tommy—yet! "Listen," she said, "you go home with Tommy in the plane and let me take your car home. I have a lot of thinking to get done."

"About me, I hope," said Tommy.

"About you incidentally," Mother was torn between efficiency and caution, her two little masters. "It doesn't sound wise," she said vaguely. "Suppose something happened?"

"Nothing ever happens—I can guarantee that," Judy said. But her heart was beating fast, as though she had an unopened letter about what was going to happen. "I've got to be alone," she said.

Tommy looked at her as if he, too, had seen the unopened letter. "Right," he said. "You'd better let her go, Mrs. King."

So, after the usual instructions and delays, Judy set off in mother's car. After she had started, she turned to look back at them. "All my life I'll remember mother and Tommy standing there under the elms. If I'm sorry, I'll remember this as the moment where the road divided; if I'm glad, I'll spend my life being thankful for this instant."

Tommy came running over the grass and leaped up beside her on the running-board. She showed down almost gratefully, as if she were to be saved from her own recklessness.

"Just had to say something," he said. "Don't even know what it is—something about how precious you are, probably."

She dabbed at his chin with one gloved hand. He was such a nice boy.

"Drive carefully," he said. "If anything happened to you I guess I'd be sunk. I didn't know it could be like this."

"I'll drive carefully, old-timer."

They looked frankly into each other's eyes, with liking and loving. "One thing more," Tommy said steadily. "There's a detour down the





*He floundered down to her.  
"Did you have a terrible time, darling?"  
She tried to raise her head and smile at him.*

road, isn't there, Judy? By the time you get there, if you still want to take it, I think you had just better do it."

"A detour?" she said blankly. How on earth could Tommy have known about that road that led to Stephen?

"No use going into a marriage, Judy," he said very soberly, "as long as there is any—unfinished business."

She drove five miles, seeing nothing. Down the next hill, and up the harbor road, and she would know whether the tide was in or out. If the cove were blue with water, that meant there'd be no detour into danger; she would drive on to her wedding and leave Stephen behind for ever. But if the cove were white with sand the road to the little island where his summer studio was would be open, and fate would have taken up her dare.

Now she came up the last fifty feet to the top of the hill, beyond which lay the little comma of land—usually an island surrounded by wild water, and briefly each day an accessible part of the mainland. She held her breath, afraid to look. When time's watch was wound, ages ago, this thing had been decided. High tide, low tide, nothing could alter it. Her destiny was written in the time-table of the tide. High tide meant Tommy; low tide, Stephen.

Dizzily she closed her eyes, and when she opened them the blood pounded so madly in her eyes she couldn't be certain which it was. Then she saw that the sand was bare in the sunlight, and little streams were blue ribbons lacing in from the sea. A sob fluttered in her throat, and she felt her hands trembling on the wheel. Down in the secret depths of her—the dark, unexplored part

where words never penetrate—this response had been waiting.

She was going to see Stephen again! With that certainty, the world was dazzled with light. The thought of Tommy was a speck so distant she could barely see it on the horizon of her heart. She drove down the hill off the main road on to the strip of beach which became passable twice every twenty-four hours while the tide was out to sea on its mysterious errand. The sand was uncertain under her wheels, but she sped across the narrow stretch which a few hours before had been, and a few hours hence would be, swift-moving water deeper than the car was high.

Stephen's stone house was the only one on the island. Over the slopes of sand she could see its roof, pulled down in a frown over its green door. Last year's kitten had become a dissipated-looking cat, lying indolently among the weeds—which Stephen said had as much right to grow as legitimate flowers.

She stopped the car and waited, half expecting to see him come lounging to the door, with one arm thrown up to shade his lazy gaze from the sun. But nothing happened, except that the cat raised her head and regarded her forgotten rival with indifference.

It was drolly symbolic to Judy's strained nerves; a few months had gone by, and even the slumberous animal, who used to be so passionately jealous, knew now that Judy no longer mattered to her master.

She stumbled out of the car and ran to the green door. The wood was warm as flesh under her hand. But inside everything was cool, with the carefully sequestered coolness of tropic interiors. His venetian

blinds made their old pattern of light and shadow across the floor like a giant piano-forte. Mexican serapes hung on the stone walls, and the rough table was a jumble of paints and books and things Stephen had forgotten to eat.

But no Stephen anywhere. Of course. He'd be out painting on a morning like this. She ran out of the house, across the sand to the band of trees on the cliff. She stopped still when she saw him lying below her in a little hammock of sand between two tall rocks.

She sank down on a thorn of rock some feet above him, not knowing whether she was weeping with joy at seeing him—or grief, because in the pitiless candor of his sleep there were sullen gasps of wrinkles round his mouth and rays of wrinkles from his eyes.

"HELLO, Judita," he said, without opening his eyes. "I knew you'd come."

"Did you?" she said in a little whisper which afflicted her voice sometimes when she spoke to him, "I didn't know it myself until an hour ago."

"Oh?" He sounded surprised. He sat up and bent back his head to look up at her.

"Didn't anyone tell you I was on the island?"

"No. I just took a chance." "So?" he said, laughing at her with his sudden white teeth. "In a year you've learned to take a chance."

But she was trembling too much to make a rhyming flippancy. He got up and came towards her, and she saw for the first time that one side of his face was badly bruised.

"Why—you've been hurt!" she cried. "What happened to you, Stephen?"

He looked questioningly at her, then laughed and shrugged his insolent shoulders. "Nothing serious, Judita. I forget." He reached up his arms, so that his paint-stained fingers nearly reached her.

She hung above him, kneeling pleadingly, looking down into his up-raised face, trying to understand it. "This is Stephen," she kept telling herself. And yet . . .

"Come down and let me see you."

"No. I just want to talk to you. I've got to make the tide going back. How long will the road be open?"

"Tide's just begun to go out," he said. "You've lots of time. And what difference does it make, anyway? You could spare me one tide, Judita, out of a whole lifetime, couldn't you?"

"No," she heard herself saying, "I'm getting married to-morrow."

"Poor little Judy," he said. "So you're still afraid of life." There seemed no answer to this ancient

impudence, so he went on talking in his thrilling whisper. "Marriage," he said thoughtfully, and looked out over the sea, turning the unmarried side of his face towards her. "When I was a student in Florence, I learned something. I learned never to eat table-d'hôte. I take what I want a la carte. Marriage is always table-d'hôte, Judy—a half-portion of warmed-up veal, and a lot of nameless dabs that nobody would order."

"You're talking nonsense," Judy said.

"You deserve love a la carte, Judita," he said. "Just what you want of it, and nothing more."

"Nothing is a la carte," she said vehemently. "Everything about life, if you live it decently, is table-d'hôte. You select the best you can find, and take what goes with it as civilly as possible." She felt a sudden sanity growing in her. Last year when he said things like this they had seemed true—and beautiful. But a year had passed, a year and the sweet silence of a man who never used words to defend himself, who never covered things with words, hoping you wouldn't see under them.

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## You Can't Kill a Ghost

Continued from Page 9

"So you thought you'd like to see me—before you married," he said with fond mockery. "To see if there were still any danger in love."

"Love," said Judy, and her voice shivered off into silence, for across the rocks had come swooping a silent, dark shape, a purple presence. For a second the two on the rocks were covered by the fleet shadow, and then it was gone, flying low over the island. Against the sky, Judy watched it, high and clean and young. That boy up there would never snatch at the best and dodge the difficult duties. He never could talk about table-d'ôte marriage.

"I've got to be going," she said happily. "After all, this was only a detour, and I've a long way ahead of me." She loved those words, meaning much besides to-day, meaning always, with Tommy.

"Only a detour," Stephen said, in his voice that once had opened and closed her heart like a book, "that's what I always was to you, Judith."

She stood up decisively, and looked back over the shoulder of rock to the sample of sand that showed how high was the tide. But there was no sample to see, for the waves covered it.

"Stephen—you said the tide was going out," she gasped.

"Did I?" he said. "Then I must have been mistaken. Might as well sit down. We've got eight hours until the road is passable."

"No," Judy said angrily. "I'm leaving now. If I have to drive through the channel."

"You'll never make it. I'll wait here for you to come back. I'll always wait for you to come back, Judith."

But this time Judy knew there

would be no coming back—ever. Leaping into the car, she drove recklessly down to the water. While, whirling wings rose up beside the wheels as she plunged into the current. In one swift second the wheels disappeared, and almost immediately the sand underneath retreated from them, leaving them floundering and churning powerlessly.

"Well, I'll just swim it," she said, for suddenly the only thing that mattered in the whole world was getting across this channel and back to Tommy, to tell him that now she really did love him. She opened the car door, and stepped out into the tide, up to her armpits. "I'll say to my grandchildren, 'Darlings, Granny once had to swim away from the villain—straight to the arms of your brave, wise Granddaddy,'" she said breathlessly to herself. "I'll say, 'Those were the days, darlings—and there was a man, your Granddaddy.'"

But suddenly it wasn't a moment for talking to grandchildren. It was a moment for summoning everything you had in you—all your will and stamina and good hard muscles—for fighting with all your courage against the undertow, which was like a giant that dragged people down and out to sea, so that they never came up again.

Somehow she had missed the narrow arc of the submerged road, and she was in the clutch of the deep indomitable will of the sea itself, which was always tearing away the very cliffs and boulders of this land.

She glanced over her shoulder; it would be nearer to go back to the island. She could turn back

and spend eight hours with Stephen. This morning eight hours with Stephen would have seemed like an interlude in heaven. Stephen had been a dark undertow in her life, gripping her as this undertow was now. It would be easier to give in—to turn and swim back.

The water dragged at her, almost beyond her strength to withstand, so terrifying that her very flesh seemed to be leaving its bones. Behind lay safety—physical safety—with Stephen. Ahead lay danger and perhaps death—but beyond that was Tommy, if she could fight her way to him.

"I've got to do this," she was saying. "This is the only thing in my life I've ever had to do quite alone."

For an agonising eternity she swam and swam. She saw, by the cliff with the one upstanding pine, that she was making no headway. Bands of pain tugged at her arms and legs, and it was a long nightmare of swimming in a vacuum and getting nowhere.

"I've got to go on living," she cried. "Not just living, but living with Tommy."

THE pine had moved along her retina half an inch, and she saw with a spurt of courage that she had pulled herself away from the grasp of the monster ever so little.

A new fighting strength flowed down into her muscles, and she lunged ahead, almost delirious with determination. Ten more strokes, and she would be out of the magnetic arms of the undertow, into the innocently mischievous waves of the cove.

Then, beyond the pine, there was the high, lone shape of Tommy's plane, coming back across the sky. Even if he saw her, which was quite unlikely, there would be no chance of his landing on the water. Literally and figuratively he was too far above this desperate moment to be looking for her in it.

Her body gave a sudden lurch in the water, and she knew she was past the deeply hidden ledge, and that she was safe. She was too weary even to stand, and she clung to the bosom of the sand with the waves still washing over her, and her churned blood thundering in her ears. She felt shattered and utterly spent, but a little calmer, and a little more grown-up than she had ever been.

THE first I knew of it was when I opened the newspaper at the breakfast table on Wednesday and saw John's name staring up at me—as though he'd committed a murder or something. I couldn't believe it. I knew it was a mistake of some kind. But I thought Mr. Bowlder might know—"

"Might know?" prompted Colonel March.

She hesitated, her forehead puckered. "Well, not that, exactly. I thought he might be able to help me, being a solicitor. Or at least that he would know what to do."

"It was barely half-past eight in the morning. I was the only one up in the house, except servants; Miss Bowlder doesn't get down until nine. Then I remembered that Mr. Bowlder had come down to Greenacres the afternoon before, and I could go to him straightway."

"That's how it happened. You see, when Mr. Bowlder is at Greenacres he always has nine-o'clock breakfast with his aunt. Any letters that come for him in the morning are always put in his study—which is at the back of the house. Before he goes in to breakfast he always goes to the study to see if there are any letters. So back I went to the study, to catch him alone before he went to breakfast. I didn't knock; I just opened the door and walked in. And I got such a shock that I thought I must be seeing things."

"The study is a large, rather bare room, with two windows looking out over a terrace. It has recently been painted, by the way, which is rather important. It was a bright, cold, quiet morning, and the sun was pouring in. There is a bust of somebody or other on the mantelpiece, and a big flat-topped desk in the centre of the room. Of course I hadn't expected to find anybody

This was something no one ever could be told about. It was too big for telling. It was more than the reckless, desperate swimming across a dangerous channel. It was fighting across uncertainty into sureness. She knew that she would go on laughing and saying flippant things to people, and being happy and carefree all her life. But underneath there would be the steady knowledge that she herself, Judy King, was capable of large moments. Under everything there would be the realisation that she had chosen to fight, and had won.

Now, whatever other ordeals life might hold, she would not be afraid. She would be numb and weak like this—but happy and full of triumph. She saw, with a surge of understanding now, why Tommy found some things not tellable.

There was the sound of someone scrambling and running across the rocks, and Tommy himself came floundering down towards her. "I got the plane landed in a field," he said. "I thought I'd never get here, Judy. Did you have a terrible time, darling?"

"No," she said, "not bad," and tried to raise her head to smile at him. "It was wonderful, really."

He gathered her up and held her in his arms, and for a moment there were no words at all.

"When I saw him this morning," Tommy said shyly, lifting her up and then holding her close again, "it reminded me of something."

"This morning?" said Judy. And then suddenly in all these unrelated dramatic pictures she connected the scene at dawn and Tommy's battered fist with Stephen's bruised face. Of course. "Oh, I see. You gave him a very decorative punch, darling."

Five minutes away from death and danger, they grinned at each other. And now it was with loving and . . . loving.

"So, it reminded me of something. I saw the actress the next year—after I thought I had died with loving her."

"So you hoped I would take the detour."

"You can't kill a ghost," Tommy said, "but a guy like that kills himself in the sunlight, when you're sane again."

"We've got to get going," Judy said, after their kiss. "I've had my swimming lesson—and other lessons—and now I've got to get back



FOR IMPORTANT afternoons dull black crepe takes on a new glamor with horizontal rows of braid on the flared skirt and slim bodice. Chavent Fils designed it.

to town and get ready for my wedding."

"All you need is some dry clothes," Tommy said. "This is going to be a very simple wedding."

"Good heavens! I'd forgotten about mother. She's probably having a tantrum over in that field where you landed."

"She's having a tantrum, all right, but she's having it on the train," Tommy told her. "Her life's ruined because she's not having her way."

"Tommy, you are wonderful. How did you manage her?"

"I tried something new. I guess nobody ever thought of it before," he said modestly. "I just told her."

Dead as she was, Judy laughed at a picture of mother being told. "Bless her. She'll love you for it, Tommy. I think mother would have been even more of a darling if she'd had a strong man to manage her—a man like you, Tommy!"

Tommy had no rejoinder for this; it was what he'd always secretly believed himself in his good old masculine heart. "I've arranged it all with the vicar—he'll marry us right away to-day," he said swiftly.

"And no more detours. Ever."

"Plenty more," Tommy said. "Only, hereafter, how about doing our detouring together?"

"Always," said Judy.

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## The Hiding Place

Continued from Page 7

there. But Mr. Bowlder was sitting at the table, fully dressed. And spread out in rows on the table were at least twenty packets of banknotes of all denominations. Nearly every packet was fastened with a little paper band with "City and Provincial Bank" printed on it.

"I simply stood and stared. My head was full of the City and Provincial Bank. And, anyway, it's not his own bank."

"Then Mr. Bowlder turned round and saw me. The sun was behind his head, and I didn't get a good view of his face; but all of a sudden his fingers crisped up as though he were going to scratch with them. Then he got up and ran at me. I jumped outside; he slammed the door and bolted it on the inside."

She paused.

"GO on, Miss Dawson," said Colonel March in a curious voice.

"It takes a long time to tell," she went on rather blankly, "but in a second or two I put together a whole lot of things. Skipper Morgan's gang had been arrested just outside our village; the paper said so. Morgan's picture was in the paper; and I knew I had seen him at Greenacres the week before. John had been down there to visit me, too. I suppose Morgan saw him there, and that's why Morgan made such very funny jokes about John when the bank was robbed. It was all a kind of whirl in my head; but it came together as a dead certainty."

"There is a telephone in the hall just outside Mr. Bowlder's study. I sat down and rang up the local police."

"What I was afraid of was that Mr. Bowlder would come out of the room and take the money away and hide it somewhere before the police arrived. I didn't see how I could stop him if he did. But he didn't even come out of the study. That worried me horribly, because the room was as quiet as a grave and I wondered what he might be up to. I like people to do something."

"Then I thought, 'Suppose he got out of a window?' But I remembered something about that. As I told you, the woodwork of that room had been painted only a few days before. It wasn't the best of painting jobs; and as a result both windows were so stuck that it was impossible to open them. Annie had been complaining about it the day before, they were to have been seen to that very day. So, when the police arrived—I could hardly believe my good luck—Mr. Bowlder was still in that room with the money."

"It was an inspector and a sergeant of the local police. They were on hot bricks, because Mr. Bowlder is an important man; but the Morgan gang had been caught near there and they weren't taking any chances. While I was trying to explain, Mr. Bowlder opened the door of the study. He was as pleasant and sad-faced as ever."

"He said, 'Money? What money?' I explained all over again, and I'm afraid I got a bit incoherent about it. But I told them the money was still in the study, because Mr. Bowlder hadn't left it."

Please turn to Page 12



## Complete short story

By . . .

MAX  
BRAND

Taking advantage of a pause in the dancing, Winter drew the metal spool out of his pocket. "Give it to me . . . now," pleaded Mary Lee.

Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER

# Blind Buff

Even in a battle of wits,  
luck can sometimes be more  
valuable than ingenuity

FROM the entrance Charles Winter studied the sweep of the room in the hope of finding Mary Lee at once. Into the big hall, swirls and eddies of people poured from the ballroom, or left in more gradually flowing streams to find the music, which was far enough away to keep only a subdued murmur and pulsation of sound in the air. It might be that Mary Lee was now dancing, but, as a rule, she preferred to hold court during the earlier part of an evening. It was not until later that she picked one admirer from her coterie and went to the dance floor. That was why Winter kept scanning the room, for beside the big pillars there were groupings of flowers large enough to have concealed a dozen people.

A little man with the jowls of a Poland-China pig and a smile of eternal self-content came between Winter and his thoughts. There was even an opaque film of fat over the eyes which, nevertheless, were said to know everything in France, everything in Europe, and to glance even through the more mysterious wickedness of the Orient. For it was Louis Brisson. Once he had walked through the state annals in serene anonymity, but lightning had struck so often in his footsteps that now he was known not as headlines give a man to the public, but as whispers build him in the capitals of the world.

Winter saw Henshaw, of the American Legation, and said: "Brisson's here!"

"I know it," said Henshaw, "but I'm not important enough to be in his eye . . . They say the whole secret service and the Surete are buzzing about like mad."

"What's wrong?" asked Winter.

Henshaw penetrated him with narrowed eyes, and then laughed. "All I know is a story. That's all anybody at a legation ever knows. A nonsense story; a bedtime rhyme; a silly fable that doesn't make sense about a French inventor who died and on his deathbed gave France a machine-gun as readily as thought and as light as a rifle; a machine-

gun with all the recoil exhausted; imagine a rifle without a kick, shooting a thousand bullets a minute! Even a baby could find the target and then cut it in two. A machine-gun that makes France safer than ten Maginot Lines. And now the story is that the plans have been stolen and that's why Brisson is walking abroad at night. I don't believe a word of it. A gun like that is a dream, not a possibility. With a gun like that, Tokio could march to Moscow, or Moscow could march to Berlin."

Henshaw disappeared and the mind of Winter returned to the search for Mary Lee.

At last he saw the blond head and the heavy shoulders of Baron Crall advancing with such a resolute purpose through the crowd that he was sure the man from the Baltic was journeying towards Mary Lee Manners. Winter followed the trail, hating Crall with every step he made.

IT was not that Crall, in spite of his middle age, enjoyed a constant preference for Mary Lee, but it was because of the very shape of his cranium and the suave manner that went with his rather brutal face, for these things reminded Charles Winter of the differences that exist between the Old World and the New.

Europe had been a jolly place for him and good for his manufacturing business, also, until he discovered Mary Lee Manners in Paris and found that she was embedded in her metropolitan circle like a jewel in a foreign matrix. After that, the attitude of Winter changed. He still sold his automobile rear-ends with a bronze worm and steel sector that gave a noiseless drive and new life to old automobiles, but with all his heart he wanted to be back in Evansville, Illinois, where his father's factory stood and where he had known the first fourteen or fifteen years of Mary Lee's life as well as he knew his own. After that there was Europe for her, and when he found her there was nothing familiar about

her except her beauty and her smiling.

The Old-World life that had seemed so strange and gay to him at first became decadent the moment he saw Mary Lee in the midst of it. When he pictured her with his inward eye, now, it was as a water-lily flowering in a marsh.

He was right about Baron Crall. The Latvian advanced through a corner alcove of which the walls were not stone but men grouped around Mary Lee. There were women, too. There was particularly Mrs. Hudson Porter, who had too many millions to spend in one country and too much family to do without the company of old titles. She turned towards Winter, for instinct helped her to find at once everything that she felt was beneath her. The other people around Mary Lee were all the cream of the cream. The fellow on her left was a rangy young Englishman with a baronetcy and a castle in need of repair, a marchese of something or other in southern Italy was on deck, also, and of course there was Henri Comte de Crainville, looking in his uniform too beautiful to be a soldier.

His football training helped Winter through this crowd until he could speak to the girl. She trailed her eyes towards him. "Hello, Charlie. How do the automobiles go?"

"Better with my rear-ends," answered Winter.

"Ah, he has more than one . . . extraordinary fellow!" said the Englishman.

The group laughed at this, and only their laughter caused them to give a glance to Winter; then their eyes forgot him instantly and re-

turned to taste the beauty of Mary Lee just as their hands would taste the hard cash of her father, if they could have their will.

"Are we dancing later on, Mary Lee?" asked Winter.

"Oh, I hope so . . . later on," she said, forgetting him as the others had done. "Ah, Augustin, where have you been? Have you been ill?"

"You'd call it an illness here, but in Bucharest they call it life," said a dark little man. "I've come back to Paris for a rest; then I return to a real city. Will you come down to see me there one day?"

"Of course. I'll fly," said Mary Lee.

"I had a letter from Bob Jepson the other day," said Winter.

"Jepson? Jepson?" said Mary Lee.

"You know, Old Bob," said Winter. "Used to have the boat on the lake. Used to moor it right down beside your father's bakery."

"I'm afraid I've forgotten," said Mary Lee, turning away.

"What an advantage he has over us with these reminiscences," said the dry voice of Crainville.

"Young Mr. Winter," said the commanding tones of Mrs. Hudson Porter. "Will you come here a moment?"

Winter went to her. "May I give a young man a word of advice from a very old woman?" she asked.

"I suppose so," said Winter.

"Do you know Mary Lee Manners very well?" she asked.

"Like a book that I read for fifteen years," he answered.

"But hasn't there been a new edition since then?" said Mrs. Hudson Porter. "It may even be printed in foreign languages. And perhaps you are not familiar with them all?"

The blood got into his face with a hot rush. It seemed to enter his eyes, also, and left him dizzy and blinking. He backed away from Mrs. Hudson Porter and saw her smiling down at her jewelled hands.

Baron Crall, on his way towards the girl, passed Winter, deliberately failed to see him, and smiled just a little as he went on.

Winter wanted to fill his hands with something: a Latvian throat.

open the ruffled mouth of it. And it was also because he was standing to the rear that he was enabled to notice a slight lifting of her head and a sudden stiffening of the neck.

She loved Crall. She either loved or dreaded him, thought Winter.

THE baron was bowing before the girl. He was extending his hand to lift hers to his lips, and there was a certain singularity in his gesture which baffled Winter. He could not tell, instantly, just what it was, but the movement was wrongly engineered, in some way. Before he could complete a criticism, two men came rather brusquely through the group and one of them was saying in a quiet but remarkably clear voice: "My dear baron, may I have a word with you?"

Baron Crall straightened.

"Do I . . ." he began.

The second newcomer said: "If you please, baron?"

There was nothing that any but the most intent eye could have noticed, but it seemed to Winter that the baron hesitated for half an instant and that his color altered the merest trifle as he said: "Certainly!" and moved away between the two.

It all was no more than the drift of a bird's shadow across a window, but Winter half closed his eyes in earnest thought. He was trying to reconstruct the moment before and the movement of the baron, and now he realised that the apparent clumsiness of Crall had consisted of extending his hand to lift that of the girl with his palm turned not up but down, and his hand formed into a half-closed fist. And at the same moment, as the girl extended her own hand to place it upon that of Crall, she had slid her open bag a little forward on her knee.

Winter opened his eyes. He could swear, now, that the Latvian had been in the act of transferring some small object to Mary Lee at the very moment when he was interrupted.

Please turn to Page 44

## Love and Strategy

for instance, or the magnificent news of Mrs. Hudson Porter. The movement of men around him served to shuffle him back from in front of Mary Lee Manners' group of chairs so he changed his tactics and came towards her from behind. He wanted to tell her, even by his silent presence, that still he was not beaten; that he could endure worse treatment than he had received.

He wanted, also, to lean over and slap her face; and it was because he was leaning a trifle that he saw the turn of the head by which the girl marked the coming of the baron. Instantly she picked up the little black velvet evening bag which lay in her lap and with a forefinger pulled



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## The Hiding Place

Continued from Page 10

"HE said — and don't I remember it — Gentlemen, this young lady is suffering from optical illusions. At nine o'clock in the morning this is a pity. I am aware that you have no search-warrant, Inspector, but you are at liberty to make as thorough a search of this room as you like. How much money was there, Miss Dawson?"

"I said thousands and thousands of pounds! It sounded wrong even as I said it. Mr. Bowdler laughed."

"He said, 'Thousands and thousands of pounds, eh? Gentlemen, if you can find any money in this room—apart from a few shillings on my person—I will donate it all to police charities. But there is no money here.'"

"And there wasn't. Enough money to fill a suitcase; and yet it wasn't there."

Colonel March frowned. "You mean the police didn't find it?"

"I mean it wasn't there to be found. It had just vanished."

"That's as true as gospel," declared Chief Inspector Ames with vehemence. "I rang them up half an hour ago and talked to Inspector Daniels. Search? They had the whole place to pieces! Bowdler sat and smoked cigarettes and egged them on. They even got an architect in to make certain there were no secret cavities anywhere in the room."

"And?"

"There weren't any. There wasn't a hiding-place for so much as a pound note, let alone a sackful of the stuff. The point is, what's to be done? I don't think Miss Dawson is lying; but all that money couldn't vanish into thin air. How could it?"

Colonel March was pleased. He relighted his pipe; he rocked on his heels before the fire.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "But this is the best thing I have encountered since the Chevalier C. Auguste Dupin (you recall?) went after the purloined letter. Ahem. Now let us see. We establish that there are no secret panels, cavities, or other hummies. Windows?"

"Just as Miss Dawson said. The windows were so stuck that two men couldn't move 'em."

"Fireplace?"

"Bricked up. They don't use it, because the room is centrally heated. Bricks solidly cemented and untouched. No possible hiding-place in or round the fireplace."

"Furniture?"

Ames consulted his notebook. "One flat-topped table, one small table, two easy chairs, one straight chair, one book-case, one lamp-stand, one standing ash-tray. Anything to add to that, Miss Dawson?"

Marjorie shook her head.

"No. And it wasn't in the carpet or the curtains, or behind the pictures, or in the leaves of the books, or even in the bust I mentioned; not that you could put all that money there, anyway. It just wasn't there." She clenched her hands.

"But you do believe me, don't you?"

"Miss Dawson," said Ames slowly.

"I don't know. You're certain Bowdler didn't leave the study at any time before the police arrived?"

"Positive."

"He couldn't have slipped out?"

"No. I was in front of the door all the time. It's true, Inspector. What reason would I have for lying to you? It's only got me the sack, and it hasn't helped John. I've thought and thought about it. I thought of the trick, too, of hiding a thing by leaving it in plain sight, where nobody notices it. But you certainly couldn't leave the City and Provincial Bank money in plain sight without anybody noticing it."

"Well, it beats me," admitted the chief inspector. "But then that's why we're here. It's impossible! Daniels swears there wasn't an inch of that room they didn't go over with a fine-tooth comb. And yet I believe you, because I've got a feeling Bowdler has been too smart for us somehow. Any ideas, Colonel?"

Colonel March sniffed at his pipe. "I was just wondering," he muttered; and then a doubtful grin broke over his face. "I am still wondering. Look here, Miss Dawson; you are sure there was no article of furniture in that room you haven't described to us?"

"If you mean things like ash-trays or desk-ornaments—"

"No, no; I mean quite a large article of furniture."

"I'm certain there wasn't. There couldn't very well be a large article of furniture that nobody would see."

"I wonder," said Colonel March. "Is Mr. Bowdler still at Greensacres? Excellent! I very much want to speak to him; and I want to see his study."

Under a sky heavy with threatening snow, the police car left Scotland Yard early in the afternoon. It contained Chief Inspector Ames and the plain-clothes man who was driving in the front seat, with Marjorie Dawson and Colonel March in the rear seat. To the girl's protests that she wished to remain in London with Parrish, Colonel March was deaf; he said there was time enough. At four o'clock they drove into the grounds of an ugly but highly substantial and highly respectable country house in Victorian Gothic.

Colonel March stood up as the car stopped in the drive.

"Where," he asked, "are the windows of the study?"

"At the back," said Marjorie. "You take the path round to the left."

"Let's take it," said Colonel March.

Dusk was coming on, but no lights showed at Greensacres. They circled the house under the blast of an east wind. Colonel March stumping ahead with his coat-collar turned up and an old tweed cap pulled low on his forehead. Climbing some flagged steps to a terrace, they looked into the nearer of the study windows; and came face to face with Mr. Ireton Bowdler looking out at them.

ONE of Bowdler's hands flattened against the glass like a starfish. The other hand, which was wrapped in a handkerchief, he thrust into his pocket. In the twilight he looked nervous and a little greenish of countenance.

"Good afternoon," said Colonel March politely. The wind whipped the words away; and Bowdler inside the glass was as silent as a fish in an aquarium, though his lips moved. Then Bowdler raised the window.

"I said good afternoon," repeated Colonel March. Before Bowdler could move back he had reached out and shaken hands with him through the window. "You know most of us, I think."

"Yes," said Bowdler, looking at Marjorie. "What do you want?"

Colonel March leaned against the ledge of the window.

"I thought you would like to know," he said, "that the manager of the City and Provincial Bank was a little better this morning. That will probably make the charge against five persons something a little less than murder."

"Indeed. The fifth is young Parrish, I suppose?"

"No," said Colonel March. "The fifth is probably yourself."

Again wind whipped round the corner of the house, ruffling Bowdler's neat hair. But Bowdler himself was not ruffled. He regarded them with a pale and sceptical smile; then he began to close the window.

"Better not," the colonel advised. "We're coming in."

"You have a warrant?"

"Oh, yes. That window is now in working order, I see. Robinson," he looked at the plain-clothes man, "will climb through and stay with you while we go round by the front door."

By the time they reached the study, Bowdler had turned on a standard lamp by the table, upon which it threw a bright light, though most of the room was left in shadow. The room was exactly as Marjorie Dawson had described.

"Now, then," said Bowdler quietly, "will you explain what you mean by this nonsense about a charge?"

"If," said Colonel March, "the City and Provincial money is found here, you're likely to be charged with Skipper Morgan. That is what I meant."

"Gentlemen," and Miss Dawson—listen to me. How many times have I got to submit to this? You don't really mean you want to make still another search?"

"Yes."

"Look round you," said Bowdler. "Take a long, careful look. Can you think of any place that could have been overlooked the first time?"

Chief Inspector Ames had to admit to himself that he couldn't. But Colonel March, instead of searching for a secret in the room, lowered himself into an easy-chair by the table. Removing his cap and turning down the collar of his coat, he faced them with a kind of sleepy affability.

Please turn to Page 14



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The Australian Women's Weekly feels it is a distinguished privilege to be able to give its readers a series of intimate pictures of Coppins, English country home of the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

THESE pictures were taken by our London representative, to whom Their Royal Highnesses gave the exclusive privilege of visiting, photographing and describing the beautiful English country home, which they will shortly leave to make a new home in Australia.

First of the series will be published in The Australian Women's Weekly next week.

THIS SERIES WILL BE FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL SERIES OF YARRALUMLA, WHICH WILL BE THE AUSTRALIAN HOME OF THE ROYAL COUPLE FOR THE NEXT TWO YEARS.

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The Coppins series which begins next week will show how Marina's genius for home-making has produced interiors of outstanding charm and distinction, expressing English family life at its very best.

She will bring to Yarralumla the same infallible good taste, the same artistic flair, the same deep appreciation of homely values.

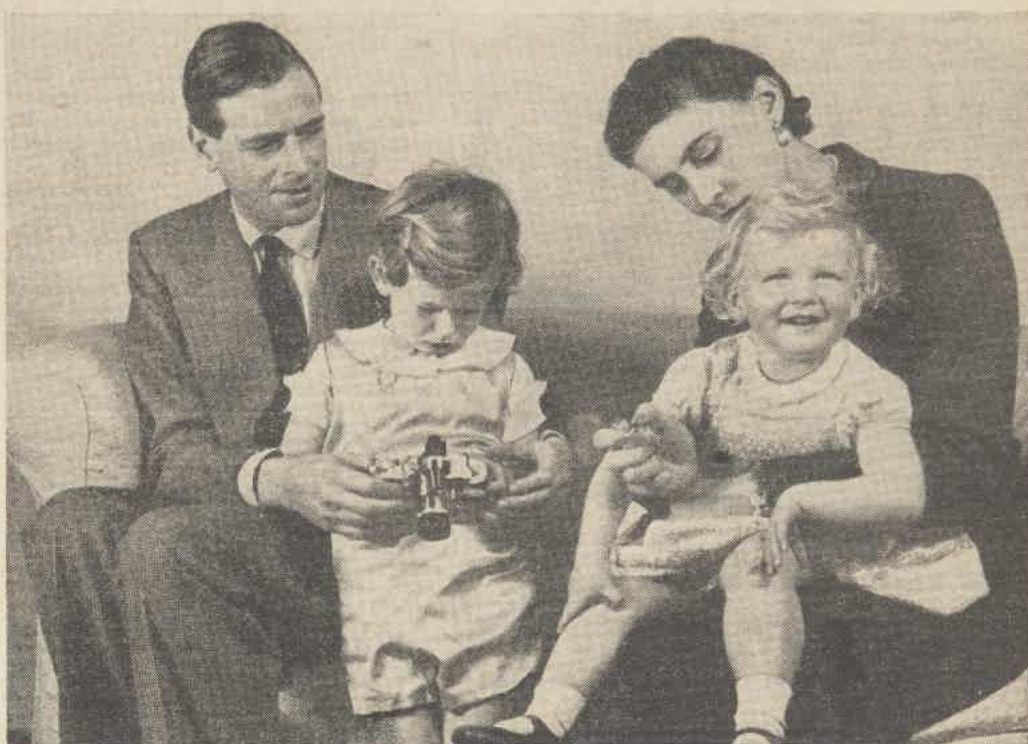
As the leading homemaker of the Commonwealth, her background will be in keeping with the dignity of her position.

As a devoted wife and mother she will bring to us a tradition which will strengthen our national home-loving qualities, and put Australia's home life on a higher pedestal than ever.

The Australian Women's Weekly pictures and articles about Coppins and Yarralumla will constitute a colorful record of a brilliant woman's triumphs at home-making in two continents under widely different conditions.

They will make an inspiring appeal to every woman, and provide many new ideas which can be adapted to individual needs.

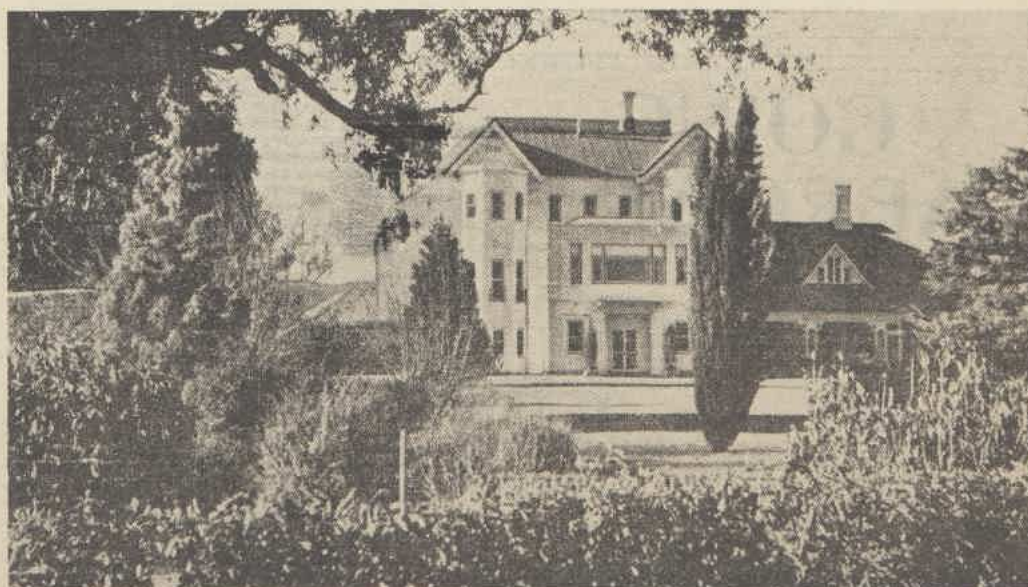
Watch for the first of the series next week!



● *HAPPY FAMILY STUDY of the Duke and Duchess of Kent and their children.*



● *COPPINS: Interior pictures and story will be published in our next issue.*



● *YARRALUMLA: Soon to be home of Royal Governor-General and family.*



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU  
ST. JAMES BUILDING, ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY

## WRITERS IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN  
President Australian Astrological Research Society

Like the lion, the astrological symbol of their sign, Leonians can purr when pleased. But when angered or humiliated they scratch.

IN all matters of friendship and partnership Leonians should exercise much forethought before making a final choice.

They are such vital, strong-minded and self-assured people that they not only tend to over-ride the rights and opinions of others, but grow arrogant, proud and determined, if their own rights are questioned.

In short, Leonians (all those with birthdays between July 23 and August 24) are like the lion which symbolises their astrological sign. Just as the lion is the king of beasts, so does the Leonian unconsciously expect a high position among his fellows, and demand full consideration for his "royal" prerogatives.

Consequently, partnership, or any other close association, has its risks. Should the other member of the partnership be high-spirited and dominant, trouble is sure to follow, unless, of course, each member tries to really understand both himself and his partner, and the virtues and failings of each.

In business partnerships the Leonian can usually meet with success when allied to Sagittarians (November 23 to December 22), Arians (March 21 to April 21), and, to a lesser extent, with Geminians (May 22 to June 21), Librans (September 23 to October 24), Aquarians (January 20 to February 19), and those of his own sign, Leo (July 23 to August 24).

In the case of Aquarians and Leonians, however, care must be exercised. Two Leonians may produce one too many "bosses," with neither willing to give way. And in the case of a Leo-Aquarius mixture there is always the danger that the extremes of opinions and general characteristics will lead to a break. Still, if this is fully understood and the weaknesses of both signs kept well in mind, the differences which are dangerous when uncontrolled can produce mutual benefits.

In other words, the two types can counterbalance each other, producing only the best of both.

When it comes to marriage, however, things are slightly different. The Leonian will usually find greatest happiness when mated to an Arian or a Sagittarian. A marriage between two Leonians can also prove successful, provided one of the partners is willing to take second place, or that the spheres of "rulership" are evenly and definitely divided.

It must never be forgotten that a Leonian must have someone or something over which to rule if he is to be really happy. Of course, there is the "gentle" Leonian; but he is too much of a rarity to be given much consideration. He is a charming person indeed—full of graciousness, but possessing strength that must never be underrated or forgotten.

The purr and scratch principle must always be kept in mind in partnerships (especially marriage) between Leonians and those born under the signs of Scorpio (October 24 to November 23), Taurus (April 21 to May 21), and Aquarius (January 20 to February 19) unless individual horoscopes prophesy otherwise.

### The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Just a week of days, so do not be rash.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): The stars of most Taurians will bring them opportunities and improvements at this time, so plan well and try to start matters. Make the most of August 30, for hard work and wisdom can produce good dividends.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): curb your tendencies to restlessness and arguments. Trouble can catch up with many Geminians, especially on August 30 and 31. Make no important changes and take no risks.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 22): Quite fair for you on August 30 and 31. Plan semi-important matters then.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Unspectacular. Concentrate on unfinished jobs.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): See what you can make of your friendly planetary radiations on August 26, but be



THERE'S DELIBERATE GLAMOR in the coiled hipline and long silk fringe covering the skirt of this pale grey jersey dinner frock by Frances Rayner. With it is worn a grey toque flaunting a riot of white gardenias.

mildly cautious on August 30 and 31. Wisdom and forethought applied to new enterprises or expansion during these weeks can produce good results.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): Routine work for you. August 30, 29 and 30 just fair.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Sensible Scorpians can make August 30 and 31 produce quite fair results. Small opportunities possible then.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): Try to live quietly and avoid changes and arguments, particularly on August 30 and 31.

**CAPRICORN** (December 23 to January 20): Use your innate wisdom and inherent forethought to advantage at this time, by setting in motion some new plans, enterprises and changes. Seek promotion and ask favors. Be diligent and optimistic on August 26.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Just routine days for most Aquarians.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Trouble can provide pitfalls for rash or restless Pisceans just now. Be on guard all the week and you may overcome the dangers.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden asserts that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

"IN order to show you what I mean," he went on, "I must point out one of the curiously blind spots in the human mind. Has it ever occurred to you, Ames, that there's one piece of furniture in a room that nobody ever notices?"

"No, sir, it hasn't," said Ames. "You mean it's hidden?"

"On the contrary, I mean that it may be right there in front of everyone's eyes. But few people will ever see it."

"Are you trying to tell me," asked the chief inspector, "that there's such a thing as an invisible piece of furniture?"

"A mentally invisible piece of furniture," returned Colonel March. "Would you like proof of it? You have one, my boy, in the sitting-room of your own flat. I imagine there's one in the bedroom as well. It is under your eyes all the time. But suppose I said to you, 'Give me a list of every piece of furniture in your flat.' You would then give a list of things down to the smallest lampshade or ashtray; but I am willing to bet you would omit this whacking great object—"

Chief Inspector Ames looked round rather wildly. But his eye fell on Mr. Ireton Bowdler, and he checked himself. Bowdler, who had been lighting a cigarette, dropped the match on the floor. Under the bright light of the lamp his forehead shone with sweat; and he was not smiling.

Ames stared at him.

"Whether or not I understand you," he said, "by Jupiter, that fellow does!"

"Yes, I thought he would," agreed Colonel March, and got to his feet. "That's where he has hidden the money, you see."

"Oh, what on earth are you talking about?" cried Marjorie Dawson. "She could keep her hand in no longer, and she almost screamed. 'What could be invisible? What is there we can't see? What part of

## The Hiding Place

Continued from Page 12

the room is it in? What's the size of it? What's the color of it, even?"

"As for size," replied the Colonel, "it may vary a good deal, but in this case it is about three feet high, two and a half feet long, and three or four inches deep. In color it is sometimes painted a bright gilt; but in this case the object is painted a modest brown."

"What?"

"I mean," said Colonel March, "a steam-radiator. Particularly a dummy radiator like that one in the corner over there."

Ireton Bowdler made a run for the door, but he was tripped and brought down by P.C. Robinson. They were compelled to use handcuffs when they took him away.

"THE possibilities of a dummy radiator, used for concealing something inside," said Colonel March, when they were on their way home, "deserve the attention of our best crooks. It is very nearly a perfect hiding-place. It is compact. It will hold a great deal of swag. And it is the one thing we never seem to notice, even if we happen to be looking at it."

"Nobody, you see, regards it as a piece of furniture at all; certainly not as a piece of furniture in which anything could possibly be concealed. Inspector Daniels never looked twice at the radiator in Bowdler's study, and it is difficult to blame him. The radiator gave out heat, like an honest radiator; it was of iron; it seemed solid; it was clamped to the floor."

"You can buy one of them easily enough. They are really disguised oil-stoves; portable, with several concealed burners, one under each coil. I have never forgotten the shock I received, sitting comfortably by a steaming radiator in the house of a friend of mine, when it

suddenly occurred to me that the house was not centrally heated. Bowdler's radiator, as you saw, was a more elaborate affair, but one that could be constructed without difficulty. Two of the coils contained no burners, were invisibly hinged at the back, and formed a hollow receptacle as large as he could wish. The house was centrally heated, so that a mere radiator aroused no suspicion whatever. It was, in short, a private safe without lock or combination, but so commonplace as to defy suspicion. I have been waiting for somebody to try the trick; and lo, somebody did."

Marjorie Dawson looked at him inquiringly.

"You mean you expected to find one of those things when we went down to Greenacres?" she asked.

"I am the Department of Queer Complaints," said Colonel March with apology, "and I was on the lookout for it as soon as central heating was reported in that room. I wasn't sure, of course, until we talked to Bowdler through the study window. The banknotes would get rather warm, you can understand, from being in a compartment next to the oil burner. They wouldn't scorch, any more than our clothes scorch when we put them to dry on top of an ordinary radiator, but they would be tolerably warm; and so would the fastenings when Bowdler opened his safe. That was why he had to wrap a handkerchief round his right hand. And it was Chief Inspector Ames, with unerring intuition, who hit on the real clue long before it ever came to me."

"I did?" demanded Ames.

"Yes," said Colonel March. "You told me, with an accuracy beyond your wildest knowledge, that the money was hot."

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## Try for £1 Prize

For the best letter published each week we award £1 and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.



## JUDGE ON MERITS

WHY do we always judge things by comparison? How much better it would be to appreciate everything on its own merit, and not always be comparing it with something we consider better.

Often we hear remarks such as: "Isn't it lovely to-day?" "Yes, but yesterday was sunnier." "How nice your roses are!" "Yes, but last year's were bigger." Or, "I do like Richard Crooks' voice." "Oh, yes, but I'd rather hear Nelson Eddy!"

Bringing this critical attitude to bear on all our pleasures surely does detract from our enjoyment of life.

£1 for this letter to Miss Phyllis Kahl, 80 Walcott St., Mt. Lawley, Perth.

## UNMARRIED WOMEN

THE girl who remains single after she has passed her early twenties often becomes an object of pity in the eyes of most women.

"What, isn't she married yet?" they exclaim, as though to remain single is a social crime.

If every woman were to marry, the world would be decidedly the poorer. Independent and resourceful, many unmarried women are doing valuable work in every sphere of activity.

Miss Marjorie Buckingham, Bangalore, Emma St., Caulfield SE8, Vic.

## FALSE STANDARDS

CAN anybody tell me why it is that the whole emphasis of modern life should be on the heroic, or, at any rate, the unusual? For instance, serious drama nearly always has for its subject the doings of the great, while it is usual for the radio, and films particularly, to dramatise the glamor of wealth.

Surely it is a bad thing that people, and especially young people, are continually given the needless disquiet of thinking that because they lack the clothes, cars and forced gaiety of film stars they lack the essentials of happiness. Small joys and sorrows, if serenely faced, can bring zest to life.

Hazel Haslam, 31 Paul St., Waverley, N.S.W.

## TOO LENIENT?

DO modern methods of child discipline achieve as valuable results as those adopted by parents of previous generations?

The old methods, where parental authority was supreme, though considered severe, did produce sterling characteristics, such as respect for recognised opinions and prompt obedience.

One wonders if the different methods of child management to-day develop traits that are equally valuable.

Miss Vera Cargeeg, 27 Hagellhorn St., Wonthaggi, Vic.

## IMPROVE SPEECH

THERE is room for improvement in our general speech. Some of us go on year after year using the same catch words, similes and slang expressions.

I recently spoke to a young married woman. She told me she had no children "definitely." Her husband did not like children "definitely." She herself did not miss them "definitely."

With a certain amount of patience and concentration we can study English and grammar, and learn to use the correct words at the correct time, even though our early education has been neglected.

Let us improve our vocabulary. Winifred McLeod, 50 Victoria Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

## Flats or houses best for the housewife?

YES, Mrs. Flah (5/8/39), flats do make people feel that they are hemmed in. Even if you are allowed a bit of garden, that doesn't compensate for what is lost by not having a real home.

A house to oneself, however small, has an air of independence and is heaven compared with flats.

Mrs. E. M. Foote, 4 Bristol St., Eastwood, S.A.

## Like bird in cage

FLAT life undoubtedly affects personality.

You long to walk in the garden, but there isn't one.

You can compare the life to that of a bird in a cage. The only difference is that a bird can sing, whereas if a tenant of a flat sings as likely as not there will be a knock on the door and a request to "please stop making a noise."

Next time it will probably be "please do not tread too loudly," or "please do not put your clothes out on the wrong day," or perhaps, "your wireless is on too loud."

Anne Forsyth, 7 Meredith St., Elwood, Vic.

## More freedom

FLAT life has much in its favor. It relieves the busy housewife of so many minor jobs that she can devote time to hobbies, which are recommended for developing personality.

Flats are usually so compact that it is an easy matter to develop a routine and apply time-saving notions.

The lawns and gardens of flats are supervised by the caretaker, there is no outside work to occupy those lovely Saturday and Sunday afternoons, and consequently the flat-dweller can sally forth to enjoy the beauties of the beach or of the botanic gardens with a clear conscience, and can spend a little time cultivating a calm and happy frame of mind.

Mrs. W. O'Neil, Flat 5, Huntingdon, Holbrook Ave., Kirribilli, N.S.W.

## Bad for children

IN most cases married couples living in flats realise that it is impossible to rear children in flats with the same outlook on life as other children, and therefore do not have children.

Play is necessary for the development of a child. In a flat a child has no scope for this and is forced to play on the street or in a small courtyard.

If we had fewer flats we would not hear so much about the declining birth-rate.

May McPherson, 62 Pacific St., Newcastle, N.S.W.

## Different outlook

WHETHER we do or don't want to live in flats depends on our own outlook on life.

The homely-minded — those who long to walk in their own gardens, or possess woodsheds with stacks of wood and an axe — can never tolerate flat life.

There are, on the other hand,



Likes to work in garden.

many to whom gardens — or the work they entail — and an axe are anathema. They prefer to lead a butterfly existence, with a minimum of ties. These are the flat-dweller personalities, and as such they are happy.

Mrs. M. Willis, 17 Ronald St., Dandenong, Vic.

## Modern attitude to artistic talent

I AGREE with Mrs. W. Whan (5/8/39) that radio and the pictures are causing many of us to neglect our musical and artistic talents.

Although that is deplorable, we must admit, on the other hand, that the radio encourages us to pursue our talents in other directions such as knitting and rug-making.

Many women sit and work at these hobbies while listening-in.

Mrs. J. M. Lyall, Gormanston, West Coast, Tas.

## Lack culture

MRS. WHAN is right in her contention that the girls and women of to-day are not cultivating their individual talents to the extent that they should.

Possibly the wireless is responsible for this up to a point, but is there not also a tendency among us to be content to appreciate and enjoy other people's achievements rather than endeavor to develop our own?

If we are not very careful we shall become a people lacking traditional culture.

V. Jones, 76 Radnor St., Camberwell E8, Vic.

## Spring brings thoughts of summer clothes

NOW that the spring is here and summer is on the way, Australian men should make up their minds once and for all that they will no longer wear those suffocating heavy suits and waistcoats in hot weather. Tussore silk is ideal for summer wear in most parts of Australia, yet men will continue to overlook the fact that Australia's climate is different from England's.

Last summer the most sensible man I noticed was dressed in cream silk with a red tie. He looked very handsome.

Reva Hall, 3 Violet St., Sydney.

## More interesting

YES, Mrs. Whan, how much more interesting a woman is if she has developed one talent and is enthusiastic over it.

The benefit derived is well worth the extra energy and initiative.

So many mothers regret their forgotten talents when their children no longer need them; but it is too late then to gather up the broken threads.

Mrs. M. Lister, Binalong St., Young, N.S.W.

## New interests

MANY girls are literally forced by their mothers to learn to sing or to play some instrument, merely to "show off" at parties or other entertainments, quite regardless of the fact that their interests might be in a totally different direction.

As soon as they marry, they welcome the opportunity to strike out afresh and pursue their own ideas.

Besides, most married women have plenty to do learning the new job they are engaged in — house-keeping.

Miss J. Hogg, Terrigal, N.S.W.

## Lessons avoided

WE, as children, thought we were in heaven if we could take music lessons, but children nowadays consider such lessons a waste of time.

Painting requires ability and is not an accomplishment easily learned, so, unless one is specially gifted in this direction, the urge to study is lacking and that "can't be bothered" feeling takes its place.

Mrs. M. Kaye, 18th St., e/o Mildura P.O., Vic.

## Are children still taught love of country?

YOU should not take these disparaging remarks about Australia so seriously, E. Curl (5/8/39). I am a Scot, and I think the reason we are all so proud of Scotland is that in days gone by we



More lessons on Australia.

were always threatened with invasion, and from our childhood we heard stories about Bannockburn and Flodden Field.

So tell your young Australians of the glorious deeds of Anzac. Capture their imaginations, and then you will develop that true love and pride of country.

W. J. Leech, Wura, D.V.L., Qld.

## Beauty unknown

E. CURL is right about Australia. It is a wonderful country, but the average Australian does not know enough about it.

Libraries should be well equipped with books by experienced authors like Ion L. Idriess and Mrs. Aeneas Gunn, and more lessons given in schools on Australian history, geography and politics.

T. V. Parfitt, Blackwood, S.A.

## Only political

IT is not the country, E. Curl, that children hear spoken of disparagingly in their own homes, but the Government.

Our country is truly one of the most beautiful, but it is not always wisely governed.

It is very hard to always speak leniently and kindly of one's country when conditions are as they are.

Mrs. M. Lister, Binalong St., Young, N.S.W.

## Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

## SQUARE PEGS?

MANY mothers insist on keeping their children at school so that they can gain a place in the Public Service. The reason given is that such a position means security.

Irrespective of whether the child wants this type of work the parent insists.

A child with imagination, initiative, or ambition may want something entirely different. Is this practice fair to the child, or does it account for so many square pegs in round holes?

Kathleen Hunter, Wynnum, Brisbane.

## CHEAP JEWELLERY

WHY do women deck themselves with cheap jewellery? You can see them every day wearing brooches and bangles and earrings mass produced and sold for a few pence.

This decorating of the person with cheap trifles is a "throw-back" to our barbarian ancestors who wore bones through the nose thinking that they enhanced their charms.

Mrs. D. Munro, 11 Ashgrove Ave., Ashgrove, Brisbane.

## KEEPING FIT

I SUPPOSE the most-longed-for thing on earth is good health. While there is much sickness that is no fault of our own, some of it can be traced to our own doors.

Many people who are hollow-cheeked, with stooping shoulders, for instance, are so afflicted simply because it took more effort than they were willing to give to hold themselves erect.

Miss D. Quick, 84 Queen St., Ararat, Vic.

## NEVER TOO OLD

IS it kindness to aged people to take all their interest in life away from them? Very often one sees old people who have led active lives having to sit back while others, out of kindness, take on the responsibilities.

Isn't it far better to let them keep on at little jobs and thus let them see they are still useful in the world?

Mrs. K. Green, 164 Grosvenor Rd., North Perth.



# HAPPY

Now he's free from

# INDIGESTION

To eat well and enjoy his food a man must have perfect digestion. When indigestion is ruining his appetite, get De Witt's Antacid Powder. Instant relief follows from the first dose and indigestion is quickly ended.

he's free from indigestion. Here is proof.

Mrs. Valentine, Camp Hill, Brisbane, says:—"My husband has been a sufferer from indigestion for years and could get no relief no matter what he tried. One day we saw an advertisement for De Witt's Antacid Powder and gave it a trial. Now he is able to eat and enjoy anything without fear of after-effects. I recommend De Witt's Antacid Powder wherever I go."

Benefit is certain, because De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralises excess acid, protects the stomach and actually digests part of your food.

# DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence or Gastritis. Of all chemists and stores, in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/6.





## Awaken Love with Loveliness

You will... if yours is the loveliness of his dreams—the loveliness of smooth, soft skin breathing elusive fragrance, inviting caresses... Lovely women the world over enhance their beauty with Richard Hudnut's glamorous Three Flowers face powder.

Why not test for yourself—today—the outstanding qualities that make Three Flowers a peer among face powders... its smooth, fine texture... its marvellous adherence... its subtle transparency, yet discreet tactfulness in concealing imperfections... its delicate fragrance of flowers surrounding you with an aura of romance! In 6 smart daytime and evening shades—in two sizes—2/6 and 3/9.

*Three Flowers Vanishing Cream.* For that perfect powder base—a smooth, lovely skin devoid of shine and roughness—try Three Flowers Vanishing Cream and see how evenly, how softly and lastingly, your powder will adhere! Jars 2/6—tubes 1/6.

**three flowers**  
**FACE POWDER**

RICHARD HUDNUT



# Governor's daughter inherits £20,000

## Will enable her to continue art studies

Miss Marjorie Wilson, daughter of Queensland's Governor, Sir Leslie Wilson, has just inherited a fortune of £20,000 from her grandfather's estate. She will use some of the money to enable her to continue her studies at a London school of painting.

THE money comes from the estate of Lady Wilson's father, the late Capt. Charles Smith, a Sydney business man.

The money was a life tenancy for Lady Wilson, but the trustees have settled £20,000 from the estate on Marjorie Wilson on condition that she settles that sum in trust for the benefit of herself, and in the event of her marriage on her husband and children.

Attractive, dark-eyed Marjorie Wilson left for England in April and is studying at the Grosvenor Art School.

### Fond of flying.

MISS WILSON, who is in her early twenties, is a keen sports-woman. She is fond of tennis and golf.

Her mother, Lady Wilson, was born in New South Wales, and her father is an Englishman, so Marjorie laughingly claims to be half Australian.

She went to school in England and later Switzerland. She is an excellent linguist, and were she not so fond of painting would be seriously turning her attention to the air.

She flies whenever possible. Before leaving for England she flew serenely from Brisbane to join the boat at Sydney. She is also very fond of motoring, driving her own car.

She has a studio at Government House, Brisbane, and critics have said that her work is unusually good and full of promise.

She is very fond of animals, and is continually sketching them. Her own pet Pekingese, Chee Koo, is a favorite subject.

While on a visit to Kenya some little time ago Miss Wilson painted wild life in Africa.

When in London she was a frequent visitor to the Regent's Park Zoo, where she painted the animals.



MISS MARJORIE LEILA WILSON, attractive dark-eyed daughter of Sir Leslie and Lady Wilson, Queensland's Vice-Regal representatives.



LADY WILSON, charming hostess, and mother of Marjorie.



SIR LESLIE WILSON, Queensland's popular Governor.



BRISBANE'S LOVELY GOVERNMENT HOUSE. Its occupants have been stirred by news of the £20,000 inheritance for the Governor's daughter.

# BOVRIL

IS A  
GOOD DEFENCE  
AGAINST

# INFLUENZA



# Woollies stay so soft washed with

## Persil

THE AMAZING  
OXYGEN WASHER

What lovely woollen things this season! But they need care in washing—the care of Persil's oxygen-charged suds. Persil works so thoroughly that the daintiest coloured woollies can be washed in cool or even cold water — quickly, *safely*. Its gentle action means they'll keep that "new-looking" soft bloom ever so much longer.

**PERSIL'S GENTLE  
CLEANSING  
MAKES THINGS  
LAST LONGER**





# "Good morning, teacher," sing Chinese

—as war goes on

A Book  
to Read



JAPANESE SOLDIER—a member of Japan's "civilizing mission."

DESPITE the privations of the war and upset of all home and public life, Chinese parents still send their children to school, and pupils still sing the Chinese version of "Good Morning, Dear Teacher."

THIS lighter human aspect of life in China to-day gives poignant contrast to the story of war atrocities told by Robin Hyde, a New Zealand journalist, in her book, "Dragon Rampant."

The author is one of the few white women who have seen warfare in the front line in the Sino-Japanese conflict.

Robin Hyde, whose real name is Iris Wilkinson, set out for Europe via Hongkong and Siberia, but in-

CHINESE refugee children waiting in a queue for the daily rice ration.

(C)

stead she spent eight months in China.

When she eventually arrived in England her health was broken from

the injuries and privations she suffered in her escape from Hsuechow. She wrote her book while living in a caravan in Kent.



ROBIN HYDE, New Zealand woman author and journalist, who saw front-line fighting in the Sino-Japanese war.

## Hearts in Harmony [UNTIL SHE SMILES]



Protect your smile! Let Ipana and massage help your dentist keep your gums firm and teeth sparkling!

WHAT a surge of happiness two hearts feel when eyes meet and say "this is the one!" And how lucky the boy and lucky the girl if their first smiles confirm that quick message with the vivid appeal of bright, sparkling teeth and firm, healthy gums. But how pitiful if—in that breath-taking moment—a ruined smile, dull teeth and dingy gums bring disappointment, regret—and indifference.

Play safe! Don't risk your smile—your

charm—your happiness. Don't take chances with gums that bleed. Anytime you see a tinge of "pink" on your toothbrush, see your dentist and see him promptly.

### Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

It may not mean serious trouble. It may simply mean gums in need of more work than our modern soft and creamy foods provide—gums grown lazy from lack of natural exercise and work. And your dentist's advice may simply be "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and gum massage."

For Ipana, with gum massage, is especially designed to improve the health of

your gums as well as to clean your teeth thoroughly. Each time you clean your teeth, massage a little more Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums. As circulation increases within the gum walls, your gums tend to become firmer—more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of Ipana to-day. Start now with Ipana and gum massage as your dental health routine—it's the one modern and sensible way to help safeguard your teeth and gums—to help keep your smile brighter, more sparkling!

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY  
Regular Size 1½" Super Size 2½"

### Homeless millions

OF China's 400,000,000 people 50,000,000 were refugees, whose homes were demolished by advancing armies, or were forbidden to them because they were fenced off in Japanese-occupied zones.

But in the midst of the misery and physical suffering of the Chinese people Robin Hyde found an unconquerable spirit of cheerfulness and hope.

In the crowded refugee tenements, some of them built only of fibre matting, the native crafts are being revived.

Where there is the tiniest plot of ground the Chinese have planted what they call, hopefully, green vegetables. They may be only weeds, but they are green and edible.

From Hsuechow Robin Hyde set out on foot on a three-hundred miles journey to Hankow. After several days' walking along the railway tracks one of her eyes was badly injured in a fall down the embankment.

She was put on a troop train and taken back to Hsuechow. On a second attempt to reach Hankow she was attacked by a party of Japanese soldiers who mistook her for a spy. For twenty minutes one of the soldiers hit her in the face.

When they discovered she was not a spy the soldiers gathered up her belongings for her, presented her with fresh apricots, and arranged for her to travel on a troop train to safety.

"Dragon Rampant," by Robin Hyde. (Hurst and Blackett.) Our copy from the publishers.

### SMILES WIN NEW LOVELINESS WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE!



Ipana  
TOOTH PASTE





# Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



**PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYER:** Do you think you know enough to be useful in this office?  
**BOY:** Know enough? Why, I left my last place because the boss said I knew too much.

## MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead



"Why are you painting in those clouds, Mopsy? The sky is quite clear."  
 "I'm a pessimist."



"John, our butcher will give us no more credit—what will become of us?"  
 "Vegetarians!"



"Why don't you ask someone where we are?"  
 "What difference would it make? Five minutes from now we won't be anywhere near here!"

## PURE BLOOD PERFECT HEALTH

"The Blood is the Stream of Life."

GET RID OF  
RHEUMATISM  
LUMBAGO  
STIFF JOINTS  
GLANDULAR  
SWELLINGS  
LEG ULCERS  
ECZEMA  
PIMPLES  
RASHES  
SORES  
BOILS



An impure state of the blood leads to skin troubles such as Pimples, Rashes, Boils, Ulcers, Sores, Eczema. Blood impurities also lead to Rheumatism, Lumbago, Arthritis, Stiff and Painful Joints, Neuritis. Keep yourself free from blood and skin complaints by taking "Clarkes Blood Mixture," purifier and healer.

In Liquid and Tablet form of Chemists and Stores



It is false economy to buy cheap imitations

## Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"I READ the other day that it takes only the smallest fraction of a second to wink your eye."  
 "Yes; but it takes the greatest part of a day to explain it to your wife."

**FORTUNE TELLER:** You will die before you are twenty-five.  
 Client: But I am over forty now!  
 Fortune Teller (angrily): Then you are living under false pretences.

"SHALL we wait?"  
 "It's all the same to me."  
 "Yes. I've noticed that."

"WASN'T the boss surprised when he found out you were leaving?"  
 "Oh, no! He knew before I did."

"YOU often cook much more for dinner than we use, darling."  
 "Of course! If I didn't, how could I economise by making left-over dishes?"

**BROWN:** It would be a good idea to send your wife away for a rest.  
 Jones: Yes, I certainly need it.

**AN** enthusiastic golfer, having hung up his stockings, rushed downstairs to see what Santa Claus had left him. He found a hole in one.

**PATIENT:** How can I repay you for your kindness to me?  
 Doctor: By cheque, postal order, or cash.

## Reduce Your HIPS!

3 Inches in 10 Days or—

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!

NOW you can actually reduce those unnatural bulging hips and that huge unlovely waist—by a NEW, simple method. Without dangerous drugs, very strenuous exercise, or starvation diets. Secretly in your own room — you can really watch those bulging hips disappearing.

TRY IT NOW!

Test this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't reduce those hips and waist—IT COSTS YOU NOTHING! I want you to try it — I want you to PROVE, as hundreds of other women have proved, that to reduce the waist and hips this way is marvellous.

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If you send me the coupon below now, I will send you SOMETHING that will amaze you, at no cost or obligation to yourself—but hurry.

Free Offer Coupon: POST NOW



Genuine PROOF!

"I have reduced 20lbs. since I started, and I am just delighted with it."  
 Mrs. Bedford, W., N.Z.

"I have reduced 4lbs. in 2 weeks."  
 Mrs. Matthews, B., N.S.W.  
 "I have never felt better in my life. I have written to one of my friends about your wonderful treatment."  
 Mrs. Barker, A., Vic.

JOAN POWELL, SALES DEPT. 21,  
 107 PITT STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Please send me, with no obligation, your amazing "SOMETHING." I enclose 3d. stamp for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

25/8/39.



# An Editorial Telephone operator who is also girl poet

AUGUST 26, 1939.

## PLANNING FOR LEISURE



**FRANCIS DU PONT**, visiting American millionaire, has given us a millionaire's viewpoint on leisure. This is how he dealt with the problem himself. At 46 he walked out of the huge banking organisation of which he was the head.

His reasons for stepping down were the nostalgic call of leisure and the desire for some time of his own to do what he wanted most to do.

In his case it was world travel.

A millionaire is in the happy position of being able to come to a decision like that, but for ordinary men and women leisure is not so speedily arrived at.

While early retirement is the solution for the wealthy who can buy time off to enjoy leisure, the workaday people of the world get their leisure in a different way—in the intervals between work.

*Wise men are wrestling with the problem of additional leisure for the workers, seeking some better arrangement of man's working years to facilitate recreation and study.*

But how enjoyable is the leisure we do filch from the reluctant time machine of our daily lives.

Precious minutes these in which we are allowed to do the things we like best.

All the more delightful because of the work that has to be done before a well-earned leisure is ours.

Paradoxically, after working to enjoy leisure, we must work to make that leisure a success.

Leisure would pall if we did not put a maximum of effort into it—making a golf ball speed a little faster up the fairway, perfecting that winning stroke at tennis, aiming at perfection in the pleasure task we have undertaken. Life is a battle, and even in our leisure there must be some drive and some purpose.

Otherwise leisure is just more or less purposeless time off to do nothing.

—THE EDITOR.

## Graceful charm of Yvonne Webb's verses

Working as a telephonist in a Sydney business house is Australia's best-known younger poet.

**S**HE is twenty-two-year-old Miss Yvonne Webb, who has been contributing poems to *The Australian Women's Weekly* ever since it was first published six years ago.

So many people in Australia and overseas have written to her inquiring for her poems in book form that they have now been printed in an attractive little volume with the cover title, "Into the Wind."

Yvonne Webb wrote her first poem when she was seven years old.

Born in Newcastle, Yvonne left school when she was eleven because of delicate health. She has worked in various occupations, but continued to write poetry.

She was in an office for two years, worked as a salesgirl in a chain store, and for the past five months has been doing the work she has always wanted to do since she was a small girl, as a switchboard telephonist.

### Studies voices

"**I LOVE** it," she said. "I like the sound of all the different voices I speak to, and am always intrigued about the type of people they may be and what their life stories are."

Yvonne is a protégée of Dame Mary Gilmore, who has done so much for young Australian writers.

"When she first came to me," said Dame Mary, "she was only beginning to write, but I saw she had a sense of imagery and a nice feeling for words."

"I have lived to see my faith in her justified—another voice raised in praise of beauty in our land."

Many of the poems in Yvonne Webb's little book will be familiar to readers of *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

There is a lilt and freshness in them.

In a few lines she creates pictures and personalities—the sailors, for instance, in "Foreign Ports":

*"On Sundays I have seen them  
In crowded places;  
Unfathomable loneliness  
Upon their faces.  
Such strangely sounding words  
From out their lips,  
And not a link with anything—  
Except their ships."*

In others, she writes with understanding tenderness:



IDEAS for poems come suddenly to Yvonne Webb. She jots down the idea to turn into a poem later on.

### "THE WIFE"

*"Oh I am half afraid to bring  
Into this life so frail a thing.  
How shall I teach this child to see  
Where I have walked uncertainly?  
Where in the light of this proud  
grace,  
Shadows of doubt have touched my  
face."*

*I, who have been this selfish wife,  
How can I hope to mould a life?  
How will I shape with helpless hand  
Thoughts that I do not understand?  
Body and soul so small and white  
Needing me, morning, noon and  
night,  
Deep in this frightened ecstasy,  
Mothers of children, comfort me!"*

At other times she shows wisdom surprising for her years:

### "FAILURE"

*"We who have failed, ours is a  
triumph  
Greater than loving or giving,  
Since we have found in our despair-  
ing,  
Courage to go on living."*

Sometimes sounds and scents will send a poet off into verse-making. Miss Webb is no exception to that rule. Anything that stimulates the imagination she finds good for poetry writing.

Australian poets are great favorites with Miss Webb. She admires them all—Dorothea Mackellar, Banjo Paterson and, above all, Mary Gilmore's country verses and lyrics.

Miss Webb jots down fragments of her poems when the thought occurs to her.

Her memo pad at the office where she works is a very revealing document.



YVONNE WEBB, girl poet, works all day at the switchboard. She loves the job. Voices, she says, inspire her poems.

Interspersed between formal business calls are little bits of verse—a few lines of fantasy—the rough outline of a lyric—the beginning of a longer poem.

That Miss Webb is a home-lover is shown by her verse on the ideal home:

### "I CONTENT"

*"I contend a home should be  
Fortress of tranquillity.  
Blest retreat; the one sweet place  
I may dream a little space.  
There to rest, and there to take  
Dreams that other walls forsake,  
I contend a home should give  
Peace and comfort while I live."*

### Wistful vein

"**PEOPLE** are my passion," said the poet. "I love watching people, hearing them talk, piecing together the story of their lives from a word or two overheard in passing."

Something of this keen insight and flair for observation is shown in most of the poems in "Into the Wind." Most of the verse is light but extremely musical, with a wistful tenderness about it which is really delightful. Here and there the lighter vein is departed from to provide a poignant touch as in the following:

### "THE SACRIFICE"

*"Let her believe that I did not come,  
See that she understands,  
Don't let her wait in the shapeless  
light,*

*Twisting her slender hands,  
Hold her against your breast awhile,  
There at our trysting place,  
Keep her a moment turned to me  
That I may see her face."*

*Tell her I died on the battlefield,  
And dying I breathed her name.  
Don't let her know I am waiting  
here,*

*Twisted, and ugly, and lame."*

Miss Webb has a philosophy about her job. She doesn't think she would like to have all her time to herself to write poetry. That might be too boring. Leisure hours are best spent in writing verse. A job that you like, whatever it is, she considers the first essential to happy living.

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . By WEP





# THE MAN who was TOO ATTRACTIVE ... a Fairy Story

Introducing Gunga Khan and his League of 1000 Cobras

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist  
Illustrated by WEP

You may not have heard of the unfortunate youth whose mother inadvertently swallowed a magnet before he was born. The child grew up magnetic.

You have read about film stars and big business men being dynamic and making lightning decisions and also having magnetic personalities, but the case of Jersey McGinty was more complicated.

**S**TROLLING along the street he would suddenly find himself wrapped around with tram-lines, nuts, bolts and steel telegraph poles.

On the first occasion, a tractor was brought along to get him clear, but unfortunately the tractor was attracted, too, so a wooden tractor had to be built before Jersey could be extricated.

The authorities were seriously considering declaring him a public nuisance because any building he passed immediately collapsed because he drew all the nails, bolts and roofing iron onto himself and had to be dragged home by a team of horses and dismantled by a gang of demolishers.

## A happy meeting

**T**HERE was a public outcry, as you can imagine, and the only thing that saved Jersey from being incarcerated in a rubber-lined cell for life was that he met Gunga Khan.

(Yes, This is another fairy story. Don't be a piker. Stick to it.)

Gunga Khan was a Hindu fakir, who, among other things, used to throw a rope up into the air, climb up it and disappear.

On one occasion, after he'd climbed up the rope and vanished, someone

took the rope away, but he calmly climbed down the rope that wasn't there, coiled it up, and took it away.

This was the man Jersey met. Jersey was crawling home on his hands and knees weighted down with iron gratings, poker machines, door-handles, bird-cages, fire extinguishers and tram lines when he met Gunga Khan.

"Been shopping?" inquired Khan, politely.

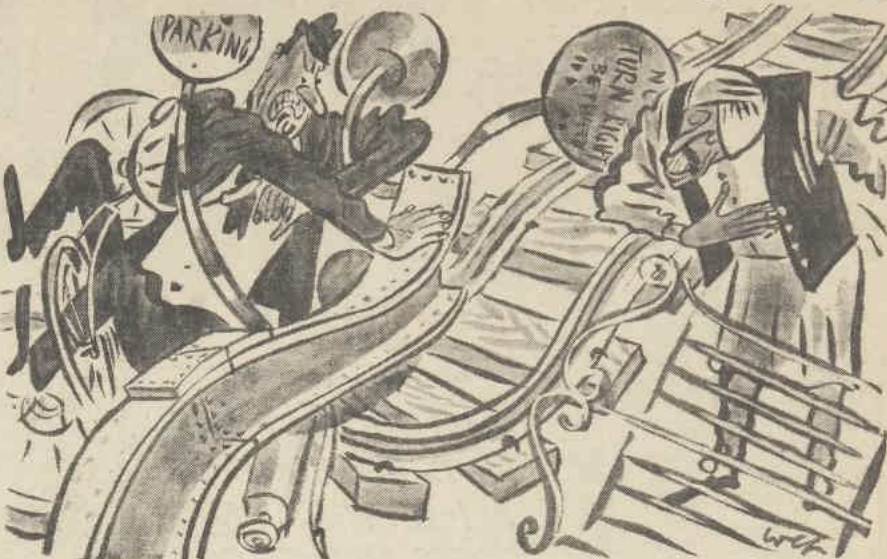
"Help me," said Jersey. "Help me to get rid of this stuff."

"Hm," said Khan, producing a small jewelled gold box set with aquamarines in the form of a serpent, surrounded by emeralds and bearing a curious inscription which, pressed in the wrong spot, meant instant death. "Take one of these tablets," he ordered.

Nothing loth—(Eh?). A loth is half-brother to a sloth. Shut up! Nothing loth, the unfortunate McGinty took the tablet and almost immediately the ironwork fell from him with a loud crash. He staggered to his feet, and, facing Khan, said: "Thank you. If there is ever anything I can do for you—"

"Forget it," snapped Khan. "You are now in my power. Know, seum, that I am the Grand Dervish of the League of the Thousand Cobras. Pick up all that iron, and follow me."

Under Khan's hypnotic spell poor



"Been shopping?" asked the Grand Dervish of the League of the Thousand Cobras.

Jersey gathered up the tram-rails and things and staggered after him. "I think you will be useful to me," said Khan. "I am contemplating a rebellion or two, and we need metal for armaments."

It was only then that Jersey realised what a terrible predicament he was in.

They came to a low wooden door in what looked to be a fowl-house. "Open!" said Khan.

The door was swung open by a hideous dwarf whom Khan immediately kicked in the face.

"Thank you, Great One," said the dwarf, grovelling on the floor.

"He must like you," said Jersey as he and Khan walked over the dwarf and entered the building.

"Silence, infidel, or I'll smash you to the ground!"

"Okay!" said Jersey. "I just wanted to say—"

He paused in astonishment as they turned the corner of the passage. There before his eyes was a scene which made his eyeballs stick out so far that he was tempted to hang his hat on them.

In the centre of a huge, thickly-carpeted room a brassiere was burning (A What?), a brazier was burning and sending up ethereal spirals of scented smoke. A large boa constrictor wearing a diamond collar eyed them lazily from a divan.

"Be seated, dears," said Khan.

Jersey sat down on one of the luxurious lounges in which he sank up to his neck.

## For the Cause

**K**HAN clapped his hands and a giant Nubian arrived. No, this must be one of my off days. A giant Nubian arrived.

"Massa," he said in Nubian. "Ah's so glad to see that you ain't in de cold, cold groun'. Suh, Ah's like to grovel to you, but Ah done lef' mah groveller at home."

"Enough!" said Khan. "Bring me a glass of poisoned whisky and a cup of coffee."

When the Nubian brought in the coffee and poisoned whisky Khan said to Jersey:

"Of which will you partake?"

"The whisky," said Jersey.

A flicker of admiration showed in the Khan's eyes, and then the hypnotic stare came back into them, and he said, "You are now in my power."

"I've heard that before," said Jersey. "What do we do now?"

"Follow me," said Khan. Without another word, he rose and beckoned to the door and silently passed out into the street.

"But where are we going?" said Jersey.

"You are going to collect iron for the Cause. The effects of the pill have worn off. I have secured a large lorry to transport the load. We will make three trips to-day."

Just at that moment Khan's trousers fell down.

Khan glared angrily at Jersey.

"I can't help it," said Jersey. "Why don't you wear bone buttons? If you insist on wearing metal buttons it's not my fault, is it?"

"Hold your tongue!" said Khan, pulling up his trousers. Whereat they passed into the next street near the gasworks.

By this time Jersey was just able to stagger along covered with car chassis and letterboxes, but as they turned the corner they came to the gasworks and a huge gasometer

burst from its foundations and attached itself to Jersey.

"So now what!" said Jersey sneeringly. "Do you think I can drag this thing about town?"

"It is certainly awkward," said Khan. "You'd better have another pill."

"I'll be blown," said Jersey, pulling out his cigarette-case and matches. "What I want," he said as he lit his cigarette—

Nobody ever knew what he wanted. Khan went up in the same explosion.

All traces of Khan's activities have vanished as the giant boa constrictor, seeking warmth, coiled itself around the radiator, short-circuited the electric light system and burnt the house down.

**MORAL:** Don't speak to strange men!

How does she keep so Youthful and Attractive

Probably not one in ten could guess her real age. For, thanks to Bile Beans, her figure is still attractively slim—her complexion flawless—and she's as active and happy now as when she was a girl.

You, too, can look years younger and enjoy perfect health by taking Bile Beans nightly at bedtime. Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily eliminate fat-forming residue.

So start to-night with Bile Beans if you want to keep youthful, healthy and slim.



"I got thoroughly run down and there was no sparkle in me at all. But Bile Beans have made a wonderful difference. Now I'm so bright and happy that I can sing all day. Bile Beans have not only made me feel and look youthful, but they keep my figure slim and girlish."

—Miss C. Smith.

"Since I have been taking Bile Beans people often comment on my youthful appearance and clear complexion. Although forty-eight, I look ten years younger. Bile Beans have also reduced my weight by eighteen pounds. I never felt better in my life than I do to-day."

—Mrs. D. Wood.

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**BREAD SAW.** Heavy stainless Sheffield steel. Save 16 1-lb. Trufood Labels.

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**TABLE KNIFE.** Stainless Sheffield steel. Save 12 1-lb. Trufood Labels.

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**TEASPOONS.** Heavy E.P.N.S. Set of 6, A grade. Save 26 1-lb. Trufood Labels.



## BREAKFAST CLOTH

Size 44" x 44". Pure Irish linen. Gay coloured border design. Save 26 1-lb. Trufood Labels.

## Coloured SUPPER SET

Large hemstitched suppercloth; 4 serviettes to match. Primrose, green, or blue. Extra good quality. Save 53 1-lb. Trufood Labels.

## SHANTUNG APRON

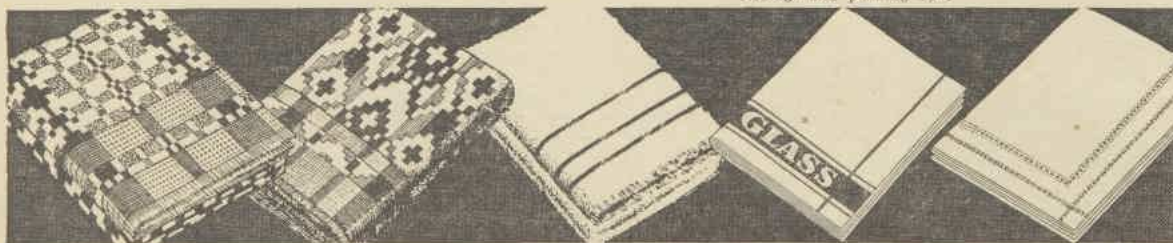
Charming colours, best quality British Shantung silk. Save 23 1-lb. Trufood Labels.

## ★ WATER JUG

Made by Crown Crystal Glass; good quality, etched with attractive design. Save 16 1-lb. Trufood Labels. Postage and packing 1/3.

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Gay coloured, smart looking, long-wearing, quick drying. Size 23" x 40". Save 18 1-lb. Trufood Labels.

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Pure Irish Linen. Size 23" x 32". Red, blue, green or gold side stripes. Save 10 1-lb. Trufood Labels.

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Take your labels to:—LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Town Hall End), SYDNEY or to:—LINTAS GIFT DEPOT, Carrington Chambers, WATSON STREET, NEWCASTLE. If you cannot call or send someone, attach your labels to a sheet of paper on which you have written:—

1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS.

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Enclose correct amount in stamps to cover postage and packing on gifts marked \* Post to:—LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, Box 4267 Y. G.P.O., SYDNEY. Make sure you put the correct postage on the envelope.

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Save these  
whole labels for  
FREE GIFTS!

If the  
Recipe says MILK  
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**TRUFOOD**

A 1-LB. TIN MAKES 8 PINTS OF MILK



MR. AND MRS. BARRETT.

## Seeks 20ft. python!

### Woman scientist's strange quest

Now on a visit to North Australia, Mrs. Charles Barrett, wife of the well-known naturalist, hopes to secure a 20ft. python—alive!

To obtain one she will go by lugger to the Crocodile Islands 400 miles east of Darwin. If she gets what she seeks it will soon be on show in an Australian zoo.

"I HOPE to get the python in the islands north of Australia," Mrs. Barrett told The Australian Women's Weekly. "My search will take me some thousands of miles to the top of the Gulf of Carpentaria."

Mrs. Barrett is accompanying her husband, who is leading an expedition to North Australia which will seek relics of the first migration to Australia from Asia about 50,000 years ago.

"My wife has absolutely no fear of snakes," Mr. Barrett said. "She will have to 'bag' the python by herself—that's her job. They are too dangerous for me to handle!" he added with a smile.

As well as searching for the python Mrs. Barrett will make collections of ants for the National Museum, Melbourne, marine and land shells for the Australian Museum, and rare orchids for Mrs. A. Messmer, of Lindfield, N.S.W., and the Rev. H. M. R. Rupp, of Sydney.

### Snakes as pets

LAST year she did a 6000-mile trek through North and Central Australia, and secured 35 ants new to science and two large snakes.

She carried the snakes aboard the Alice Springs-Adelaide express to take home as pets.

Word got around among the passengers, and the guard questioned Mrs. Barrett.

"Come and see my pets," she laughed, and drew back the blankets from her berth. The guard took one glance and bolted.

"I had the snakes beside me right through to Melbourne," she chuckled.

Mrs. Barrett was upset at having to give up her pets for the present expedition, which will take eight months.

They are now probably being used as rat catchers in a Melbourne warehouse!

After completing their work in North Australia, Mr. and Mrs. Barrett will go down the west coast of Australia to Kojonup to stay for a while at Wandoo Hills, a sheep station owned by Mrs. Barrett's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Hillier.

While there they will study the numbat, a rare ant-eater. They expect to be away about five months, and, after that, hope to go to England and America.



# FASHION PORTFOLIO

August 26, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## THE SHINING HOUR



• **MAINBOCHER** dress and jacket dinner ensemble. The bolero smothered in bright plumage color paillettes tops off a gown of Burma-blue crepe.

• **SUMMER** evening coat of black tulle aglitter with gold paillettes, close as fish scales at the top, becoming sparser towards the hemline. Also from Mainbocher. (Above right.)

• **BRIGHT** red currants and tiny green leaves give color to this drift-white organza. (Right.)



• **TINY** black sequins and beads highlight the black lace band and cape of this gown.

• **APRICOT** tulle, softly glowing with large moonlight paillettes, fashions the lovely gown above.



### To Keep Busy Hands Beautiful

#### POND'S "SKIN-VITAMIN" HAND LOTION

No one need ever guess how hard you work . . . you can keep hands soft, smooth and alluring always, with Pond's Hand Lotion containing Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" essential to skin health and beauty

. . . the same "skin-vitamin" as in Pond's two creams. Housework, typing and washing make hands rough and wrinkled because they dry out this precious "skin-vitamin" . . . but now Pond's restores it!

Pond's Hand Lotion feels soothing and silky on your hands. Never sticky or greasy. It sinks deep into the pores—quickly! 1/- a bottle at all stores and chemists.

• **USE POND'S EVERY TIME YOU WASH YOUR HANDS**





# TROUSSEAU PIECES . . .

• COIN SPOTS for a cool summer night when you dine at home on the balcony. The deep, lined hood and zippered front are distinctive details.

• A FULL, white skirt of sharkskin, a bright blue jersey top, a scarlet belt, and a white turban are the ingredients for this supper success.

• FOR an unsophisticated mood.—An Old-World dress in hair-line striped blue surah silk outlined with broad bands of black velvet.

● You'll love these for leisure hours and informal entertaining in your new home.



*Revue*



## Honeymoon Elegance . . .

• SOFT perma-violet cashmere (top left) makes this house coat worn over a pleated, flesh-pink chiffon nightie.

• THE WATER-LILY green nightie (centre) is a perfect foil to a coat of floral taffeta outlined in pink, blue, and green.

• PLEATED orchid chiffon nightie and negligee with Neapolitan violet ribbon accenting the empire bodice.

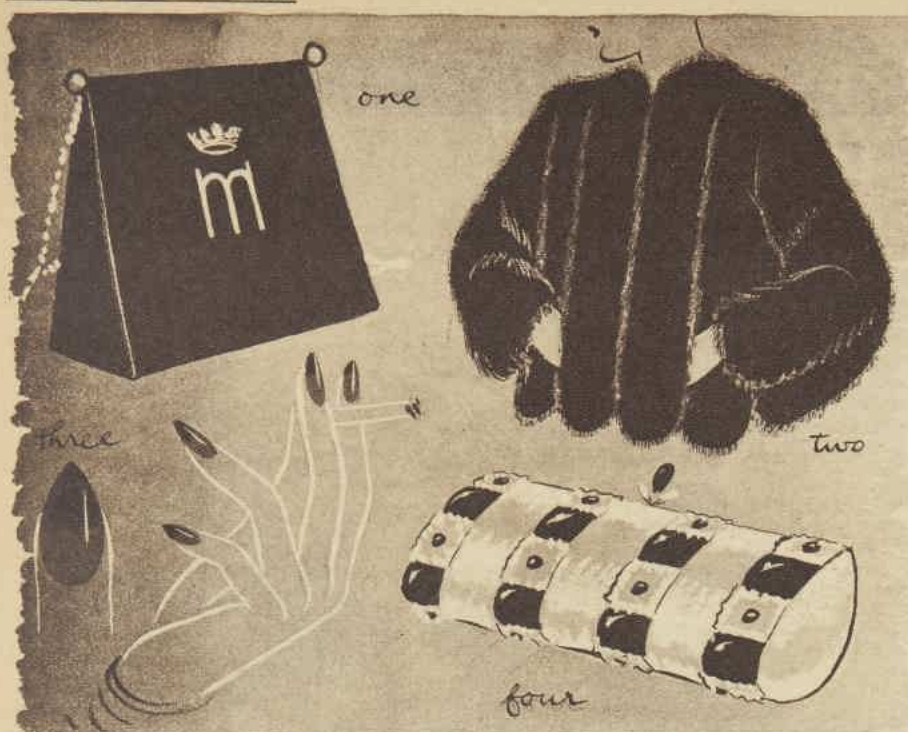




By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

## PARIS SNAPSHOTS

Sketched by PETROV



1 H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT is the first person in England to have a plain gold initial on her handbag surmounted by a gold crest or coat-of-arms.

For the past few days the Duchess has been using a plain black suede handbag whose only decoration is a fine gold "M," with a small gold crown above it.

2 SHORT FOX or squirrel coats, are now given a space between lining and fur at the bottom of the two front panels into which the wearer can slip her hands instead of carrying a muff. These muff-pockets are padded with cotton-wool, but so carefully done that they don't look bulky.

3 FINGER-NAILS are more like claws than ever at the moment as they are trimmed into rather short, sharp points. They are shaded from a pale natural shade at the base to a brilliant red at the points. This is done by merging three or four different toned varnishes, putting the next layer on before the previous one is dry.

4 AT A GALA DINNER in the fashionable Bois de Boulogne I saw an evening bag consisting of large link bracelets set with precious stones, sewn at intervals on a gold lame handbag.

5 MADEMOISELLE, being of an economical turn of mind, has evolved the hat with detachable trimmings.

These trimmings are of all types—flower posies, wreaths of suede flowers, a single feather, a large bow or a ruched veil—each attached to a piece of ribbon that fastens on with press-studs and can thus be changed in the twinkling of an eye.



YOU CAN'T GO TO SCHOOL ON AN EMPTY STOMACH!



Breakfast was a problem in the Potter family. Betty just would not eat.



"What can I do?" Mother asked her next door neighbour. "Try Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. My kiddies can't resist the funny little Snap! Cracklet and Pop! when you pour on the milk."



Now Betty sits down happily to a big bowl of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles every morn'ing . . . and she's looking much better for it already.

Remember Rice Bubbles are such a nourishing easily digested food, they're just the breakfast every growing child should have.

READY IN A JIFFY! No cooking needed with Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. You just pour them straight out of the packet on to your plate. Your grocer sells Kellogg's Rice Bubbles.



R.12



6 HAIRDRESSING is gradually becoming more and more ornate, and many Parisiennes have taken to fringes in the past week or two. Some of the newest evening coiffures are finished with two corkscrew curls falling down the back of the neck or over the left shoulder. Tying a bunch of curls on the very top of the head with a moire ribbon bow of medium width is also considered very chic.

7 WALKING down the Rue de la Paix the other day a woman attracted much attention by wearing natural sweet-peas as a necklace on her plain white linen frock. Her pockets contained little glass holders (such as men used to have tucked in their button-holes) in which the same flowers were blooming. Her white kid bag was trimmed in the same way.

8 HANDKERCHIEFS in triplicate are favored by the French spectator sports girl. They are of different sizes, a fairly large one for the head which she twists into a turban, a smaller one for a scarf which she thrusts into the neck of her dress or suit, and the third, really a handkerchief, which she tucks into her pocket. Most popular materials are spotted foulards or reversible prints.



# NAOMI WATERS writes about

## This is how to wear a BUSTLE . . . or is it?

By NAOMI WATERS

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly  
Air Mailed from London

"YOU will wear bustles"—that is the latest command from Fashion.

You have swept up your hair to fit Edwardian dignity . . . You have simpered coyly from behind a crinoline . . . You have played Josephine in Empire bodice and trailing skirt . . . and now you are to protrude from behind in the most amazing manner.

One day the fashion magnates will return to the Stone Age for their inspiration, and then I will come into my own . . . For upstairs in the attic, the winter residence of a family of moths, is a leopard skin, and with this fastened across my shoulder with a green ribbon, and something fancy in the way of clubs in my hand, I will saunter down Bond Street with the best of them.

Now bustles are not the most attractive fashion we have been asked to cope with, but they bring with them good news for those of you who have long struggled with hips that spread and spread . . .

Well, now you can let them spread . . .

For the new silhouette is broad shoulders, narrow waist and HIPS.

Every dress for the coming season is designed to accentuate the "hippy" look.

Fullness is placed four inches below the waist.

Panniers are new . . . but bustles are the highest star of all.

### Just nonsense!

THERE are two schools of thought concerning the bustle . . . One that it is cut part and parcel of your dress and the other that it is added nonsense in a contrasting material or color.

My own opinion is that the bustle is a piece of nonsense and should be treated as such.

A bustle of black, pink and grey striped taffeta perched precariously on the back of a

black frock is, no doubt, smart. But the question arises . . . What do you do with it when you sit down? . . .

You obviously cannot sit on it . . . Do you detach it, and sit nursing it throughout a cinema? Or do you sit crabwise and tuck it under your arm?

I feel that neither action is really helpful towards making you attractive to your escort,

*You*  
HER FEATURE  
—and her subject—  
EVERY WEEK.

who will be startled enough in the beginning at the sight of you imitating an arrogant cock pheasant.

I cannot help feeling that here is a fashion that in theory may be charming, but before it is brought into practice needs a great deal of careful consideration.

Easier to wear are the modified bustle coats. I saw one beauty with a multi-gore back converging at a slim waist and flared sharply for the bustle effect.

Shirred on fullness in a back panel is another technique. The simplest is a circular cut back panel shaped up into a point at the waist.

### Kind to hips

ALTHOUGH the new season's fashions are kinder to the hips than they have been for years, it does not mean that you can simply relax with regard to your figure and spread all over the place.

For fullness at your hips and back means flat . . . very flat . . . tummies.

So you must resort once more to the nursery and play "Press-ups."

Every morning lie flat on your face on the floor—and remember that closed doors do not keep out draughts when you are lying level with the skirting board—raise yourself on your hands, keeping your toes on the floor and your legs stiff.

Do this a dozen times a day . . . and you can eat what you like at night.

And here's another exercise that will give you a flat tummy. You can do this one standing up.

Bend the knees. Hollow back. Now pull tummy in, down and tuck lower back in and under as you do so.

With knees still bent and posterior tucked in, breathe in and out, drawing tummy in and up. Repeat 10 times.

These are great exercises, but don't forget that to keep your tummy disciplined you must not let it slump into an ugly little bulge after you've stopped exercising.

AS USED IN EXPENSIVE LONDON BEAUTY SALONS

## NOW . . . luxurious Beauty Care for every woman

The luxury of the very expensive at prices for everyday! You must actually use these marvellously beautifying creams and powders to know their luxurious quality! You can use them regularly and plentifully, now that they have been made available to you in dainty 1/- sizes.



### REVELRY Creams

Enquire VANISHING CREAM—for a most finished make-up, jars . . . 1/-  
Luxurious CLEANSING CREAM—deep-cleansing, soothing and nourishing . . . jars 1/-



### REVELRY Face Powder

New, English-type; SOFT-TEXTURED to give your skin a soft, matt finish. All Shades . . . 1/-



### COUPON

For Large Sample of REVELRY FACE POWDER  
Post this coupon with your name and address to: J. & T. ATKINSONS LTD., BOX 5328 88, G.P.O., SYDNEY. For a handy size box of Revelry Face Powder, with Dainty Powder Puff, ENCLOSE 2d. IN STAMPS FOR PACKING AND POSTAGE.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Mark Shade required: — BACHEL, AFRICOT, SULTAN, NATURAL. —

also  
REVELRY PERFUME  
The fresh modern note . . . 1/6  
REVELRY TALCUM  
Silky-soft and refreshing . . . 1/6



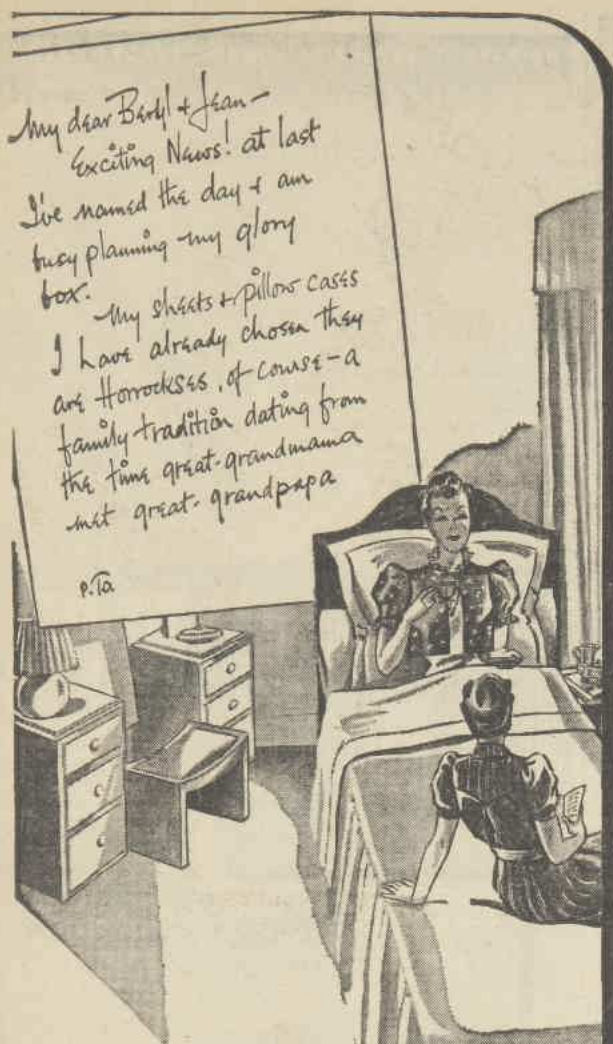
THE BOY IS RIGHT. He knows from experience that the sooner Sloan's Liniment is applied to his bruise the quicker the pain will ease. Mother, too, knows that Sloan's helps Nature work faster by speeding a supply of fresh healing blood to replace the congested blood in the bruised tissues. She knows that disfiguring "black and blue" spots are less likely to follow a bruise when Sloan's is used promptly. Sloan's should be in every mother's medicine cabinet.

**SLOAN'S**  
Family LINIMENT

MAKES NATURE WORK  
Faster

THIS LOVELY GOWN in olive-green duchess satin from Traquair is typical of the modern "bustled" gown. Its train and bustle show definite late-Victorian influence, while its pleated bodice and shoulder-strap epaulets are definitely late 1939.





**Horrockses**  
SHEETS PILLOWCASES & TOWELS  
Quality - Comfort - Economy

## STOP YOUR Rupture Worries!

### PROOF!

One leading N.W. Doctor, writing on 3/1/38, says: "I order your appliance for my patients, because I consider them preferable to any other type."

Mr. W. J. W., of A. N.S.W., writing on 25/1/38, says: "The double appliance obtained from you about 9 months ago is undoubtedly my most trusty possession, and I would not be without it. Even though I am a manual worker and a cyclist, I have great pleasure in telling you my left hernia has completely disappeared (healed) since consistently wearing your appliance. So the proof is there. The resilient supports have done and are doing wonders for me."

Mrs. J. W. Small of Box 32, Rainbow, Vic., writing on 26/5/38, says: "I have written to you twice now, stating that it was a perfect success. I had a pretty bad rupture, and had to wear the pad night and day, but I only wore it for 11 months, and then left it off. I was completely cured, and have had no trouble with it since. My Doctor saw it when it was bad, and he has examined it since, and he said it was a wonderful cure, one would never know it had been bad. It's over 10 years since I got your appliance, and I had been bad for 15 years before."



### 14 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Send your name and address and 2s. stamp, and we will post you under plain sealed cover full details of the Roussel Modern Scientific Rupture Appliance. Learn also how YOU CAN WEAR THE ROUSSEL APPLIANCE FOR A FORTNIGHT FREE AND ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK. We make one especially to suit your individual requirements. TRY IT OUT FOR 14 DAYS in any way you think fit. Then, if you are not satisfied, it won't cost you a penny. YOU ARE TO BE THE SOLE JUDGE. If convenient by all means call for a personal interview. You will be under no obligation. No matter where you live, we guarantee to fit you perfectly. ADDRESS: THE ROUSSEL APPLIANCE CO. (DEPT. 34), 34 Pitt Street, SYDNEY.

## Exquisite cutwork linens to adorn your tea-table

TRAYCLOTH, tea-cosy and serviette traced ready for working in buttercup and brown on white or colored linen.

JUST imagine how attractive this set would look when completed—tea-cosy, traycloth and matching serviettes—all worked in a new cutwork design in tones of buttercup and brown.

The work is so simple to do, too. You can obtain the set with design stamped ready for your needle and cotton in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen, or on white, yellow, green or blue organdie.

The traycloth measures 11 by 17 inches, the serviettes 11 by 11 inches, and the tea-cosy 13 by 10 inches. Price for the three pieces is 5/6, postage free.

Bought separately prices are: Traycloth, 2/-; Serviettes, 1/- each. Tea-cosy, 3/6, all postage free. To do the cutwork design you will need the following Anchor stranded cottons:

Two skeins, F.443 (buttercup) and two skeins, F.476 (light brown).

### Needlework Notions

#### Send to This Address!

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O.  
Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O.  
Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O.  
Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O.  
Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O.  
Sydney: Box 4299YY, G.P.O.  
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.



HERE is the tea-cosy from the cutwork set. As you will see, the design is very simple to work, but very attractive when finished. Traycloth and serviettes can be obtained to match.

Cottons for working may also be obtained from our Needlework Department, price 11d. a skein extra.

When working use three strands of thread over a load thread of six strands, and use buttonhole-stitch.

The diagram below will show you where the different colors go. The stitch guide gives the shade number of cotton, so that if you follow both diagrams closely you should find the set extremely simple to work.

THIS little diagram indicates the shade of cotton to use in various parts of the design.

443

476



A CLOSE-UP of the cutwork design. Changes in shade of cottons are clearly indicated, so you should have no trouble in working the set. Tea-cosy, traycloth, and serviette make up the set, which is traced for working on white or colored linen.

## In Colorful Iceland POPPY DESIGN

ENCHANTING luncheon or supper set, including cloth, serviette, tea-cosy, traymobile cloth, and d'oyley.

THE set is traced already for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen, and may be obtained from our Needlework Department.

Each piece may be bought separately at the following prices:—

Cloth, 36 x 36 inches, 7/6.  
Cloth, 45 x 45 inches, 8/9.  
Cloth, 54 x 54 inches, 11/6.  
Cloth, 72 x 72 inches, 19/6.  
Cloth, 54 x 72 inches, 17/6.  
Serviette, 11 x 11 inches, 1/-.  
Serviette, 15 x 15 inches, 1/2.  
Tea-cosy, 13 x 10 inches, 3/6.  
Traymobile cloth, 14 x 25 inches, 4/6.

D'oyley, 8 x 8 inches, 1/-.

D'oyley, 5 x 11 inches, 1/-.

Broder cottons for working this design may also be obtained from our Needlework Department, price 11d. a skein extra.

To do the design work the flower, stamens and leaves in satin-stitch, and the stems in stem-stitch. Edges are spoke-stitched ready for crochet border.

This design would be really lovely worked in Iceland poppy colors on white or cream linen. However, if you like colored linens, you could work out an equally attractive color scheme, with the Iceland poppy colors on, say, blue or green.

When ordering, give the exact size of the cloth and of the serviettes you require. Cloths are available in several sizes, and serviettes in two, large and small.



YOU can obtain this enchanting Iceland poppy design traced on cloths in various sizes, serviettes, tea-cosy, traymobile cloth, and d'oyleys.



# OUR PATTERN SERVICE

**SMART CLOTHES..**  
for all the family



WW3032

WW3032.—Full skirt, form-fitting jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. two contrasts, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3033.—Pretty neck and belt motif. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3034.—Slimming waistline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast.

WW3035.—For the rink. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds. for blouse, and 2½yds. for skirt, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3036.—For the little chap 4-10yrs. Requires: ½yd., 54ins. wide, for trousers, and 1½ to 1½yds. for shirt, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 10d.

WW3037.—To wear with a suit. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 10d.

WW3038.—Tailored for tennis. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

## Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



WW3035

WW3036

WW3037

## Special Concession Pattern

Three Versions of  
Petticoat Frock

Sizes 32, 34, and 36in.  
bust

No. 1: Requires 4½yds.,  
36ins. wide, and ½yd.  
contrast, 36ins. wide.

No. 2: Requires  
4½yds., 36ins.  
wide, and  
1½yds. contrast.

No. 3: Requires  
4½yds., 36ins.  
wide, and ½yd.  
contrast.



## Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 4289YY, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z.: Box 4289YY, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers, use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for at addresses appearing on page 3.  
PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....  
STREET .....  
TOWN .....  
STATE .....  
SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon 442

WW3038



## Stop INFLAMMATION and PAIN

Inflammation is shown by redness, swelling, heat and pain in the affected part. In such conditions Iodex is of exceptional value, as the iodine content penetrates deeply into the tissues, quickly dispelling inflammation, congestion and pain.



**Swollen Glands, Sore Throat, Mumps.** For the external First Aid treatment of these troubles, Iodex is of great service, and its prompt use may prevent serious complications, but—see your doctor promptly.



**Boils.** A recent letter says:—"I suffered from a number of nasty boils on my face and neck. Am pleased to say that after six or seven applications of Iodex I was rid of the boils entirely."

**FREE!** Write for valuable Iodex First Aid Book. Every home should have one. The Iodex Co., Box 34, P.O., North Sydney.

# IODEX

NO-STAIN IODINE

Price 2/- from all Chemists

## HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and can be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 2 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this poisonous waste stays in the body. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up at night, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

Ask your chemist for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS... used successfully the world over by millions of people. They give quick relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. So be sure you get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS.

## Her Finger Tips Lift Out Corns

Advice of chemist who knows how to wether up corns so they come out easily and painlessly.

"Yes, she was bothered with hard throbbing burning corns—but they didn't last long," said the chemist. If you are suffering from corns—take my advice and put a drop of Frozol-Ice on them. Pain will go quickly—and the corn will wether up and then you can lift it out with your finger-tips.

Go get a 1/8 bottle of Frozol-Ice today from your nearest chemist or store and get rid of corns—corn and all.

# What Women are Doing

## Lectures on garden design



MISS HILDA KIRKHOPE instructing senior pupils how to prepare a plan for a landscape garden. She teaches all aspects of garden designing.

TEACHING girl students practical horticulture and garden designing is the interesting job of Miss Hilda Kirkhope, assistant at the Burnley Horticultural College, Melbourne.

Miss Kirkhope has charge of the herbaceous borders, Australian trees, shrubs and rock gardens in the spacious gardens of the college, which is on the banks of the Yarra at Burnley, a few miles out of Melbourne.

Her students comprise about 35 girls, who are taught the main principles of garden designing. Plans for attractive landscape gardens are prepared and carried out with actual plants and trees.

Miss Kirkhope considers that the trend of design for gardens is becoming more modern, in keeping with modern architecture.

In planning a garden, she says, the type of house must be the first consideration so that house and garden will appear as a harmonious whole.

To obtain the best results it is often necessary to make use of fewer plants than in old-style gardens. Instead, delightful effects are obtained by the way in which plants and trees are grouped.

After she had trained at the Burnley College Miss Kirkhope for some time ran her own flower farm, where she obtained further valuable experience. Later she returned to the college as a member of its staff.

About two years ago she went to England and studied garden architecture for a year while working with a London firm.

Many of the girls studying under her direction at Burnley will themselves become professional landscape gardeners, an occupation that is appealing to an increasing number of students.

## To take up new nursing post in Adelaide

ON her return from England, where she has been doing post-graduate nursing work, Sister Lucy Lillywhite, of Adelaide, will take up the position of tutor superintendent at the new school of training for nurses in Adelaide. The school will be opened early next year.

Sister Lillywhite, who is the second Florence Nightingale Scholarship winner to go abroad to do post-graduate work, took a course in hospital administration and training at Bedford College, London. She also visited other London hospitals and is now making a tour of Continental hospitals where preliminary classes for nurses are held, to gain ideas for her new position.

She is expected back in Adelaide in December.

## Valuable work as dairy research officer

WHEN Miss Joyce Griffiths left her home in Derbyshire, England, for Australia, three and a half years ago, she intended to return in two years' time. She finds herself still here, but has promised to spend Christmas at home with her people.

After a year in Melbourne she went to Brisbane to a position in the Department of Agriculture, and for some time has been engaged in the department's dairy research laboratory as bacteriologist.

Her work covers all branches of dairying, including surveys of butter factories, and laboratory testing of milk, cream, butter and cheese, as well as advisory work in connection with clean milk production and correct handling of dairy products on the farms.

Miss Griffiths is a graduate of the University of Reading, Berkshire, the only University in England where a degree course in dairying can be undertaken. In recent years this course has increased in popularity among women, mainly because people are becoming more conscious of the importance of hygiene in the handling of dairy products.

It is a three years' course. The first year is devoted to pure science and after that the practical side is covered.

Before returning to England, Miss Griffiths will visit the southern States.

## Artist is also expert at tapestries

MISS NORAH GURDON, well-known Victorian painter of landscapes, is also keenly interested in tapestry work.

She lives at Kalaroma in the Dandenong Ranges and when she is not out with her easel painting the lovely Australian bush country around her home she spends all her spare time at her tapestry looms.

She sketches her own designs and produces attractive floor rugs, mats and bags.

Miss Gurdon gained many ideas for tapestries during travels overseas. She was particularly impressed by exquisite weaving, brass work and other handicrafts carried out by natives in the streets of Tunis, and by hand-woven woollen goods and glass, and enamel work produced in Norway and Sweden.

## Returns to medical mission in the Sudan

AFTER having spent several years in Australia, Mrs. Ronald Trudinger has returned to continue her work with the Sudan United Mission. Her husband, Dr. Trudinger, is in charge of a small hospital run by the mission, and Mrs. Trudinger assists him as a nurse. She is a trainee of the Adelaide Hospital.

"We treat about 1000 patients a month," she said. "In earlier days we had to go out among the tribes and bring them in for treatment, but we have won their confidence, and they now come in of their own accord."

Mrs. Trudinger, who sailed on August 2 by the *Largo Bay* with her husband, who has been on furlough, expects to return to Adelaide in three or four years.

## New club will foster interest in ballet

WITH a view to fostering greater appreciation of the ballet, a group of South Australians have just formed a ballet club, with Mrs. Herbert Shorney as its first president.

"It is encouraging," Mrs. Shorney said, "that prominent overseas artists have promised their support to the club when they come to Australia. They will give us lectures, accompanied by demonstrations of the ballet."

"We are hoping to form a class specially for young folk, and it is our ambition to have a performance of ballet at least once a year, beginning as soon as the class is sufficiently trained."

Miss Joanne Priest, well-known ballet dancer in Adelaide, has offered to train the class.

## Runs debating class for Lyceum Club

BECAUSE of her ready wit, her ability to speak without notes and keep her audience on the alert and simmering with laughter, Mrs. H. W. Lewis is one of the most popular speakers in Adelaide.

Always keenly interested in debating, she conducted a debating class for some time for the Women's Non-Party Association in South Australia, and she is now doing the same thing for the Lyceum Club.

Last year the international relations committee of the Australian Federation of University Women paid tribute to her powers of oratory by electing her chairman during the Federation's conference in Sydney.

## She organises children's work for the Red Cross

AS organising secretary of the Victorian Junior Red Cross Society, Miss Diane Lade is in touch with work done by about 95,000 children throughout Victoria for local charities linked with the Red Cross.

Schoolchildren—even tiny ones—give splendid help to the Red Cross, Miss Lade says. They make clothes and shirts for the Red Cross Cupboard, and these are distributed among sick children of unemployed returned soldiers. Children also pay for the services of an almoner at the Children's Hospital. They raise the money for this by bazaars and fetes, penny concerts and similar efforts.

Victorian children are grouped into about 2000 Red Cross "circles," and Miss Lade visits them—in the country as well as in Melbourne—to talk to the children about Red Cross activities, and how they can help.

As well as organising all this at Red Cross headquarters, Miss Lade edits the Junior Red Cross magazine called "I Serve."

She also deals with overseas correspondence between Australian Junior Red Cross members and members of similar organisations in other countries.

In many schools in Australia the children make up albums full of pictures and newspaper and magazine cuttings dealing with Australian life. They forward these to Miss Lade at headquarters, and she sends them to groups of children in other countries.



## USE Michels AND COUNT YOUR COMPLIMENTS

● Compliments galore—and romance—come to the woman whose mouth is kissable, whose lips are kept young and lovely with Michel Lipstick. Michel Lipstick is a well-balanced lipstick. It spreads evenly, gives a feeling of dewy freshness. Keeps lips soft and appealing. It is truly permanent. Its colors are flattering and its perfume inviting.

## 6 BEAUTIFYING SHADES

BLONDE CHERRY  
VIVID CAPUCINE  
SCARLET RASPBERRY

Price 2/- each

OBTAINABLE  
FROM ALL  
CHEMISTS  
AND STORES



## Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded, or grey hair, which turns black, brown, or light brown as you desire. Of course, you should do the mixing yourself to save unnecessary expense."

"Just get a small box of Orlex Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky, and does not rub off. Tidy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

## Results of "BREAKFAST D-LIGHT" Competition

If your name is not listed below you still may be a winner. Other results will be published on September 2.

**AUGUST AWARDS**  
Alwyn Jones, 17 Malakoff Street, Marickville, N.S.W.: "Breakfast D-Light" appetising and light. Keeps users "Healthy," "Happy," and "Bright." Builds "Bone" and "Muscle" in young and old. Best and most "popular" cereal sold.  
Jack Taylor, 57 Simpson Street, Bondi, N.S.W.: "Breakfast D-Light is delicious. Robert Opperman ate it, and he is thriving, tireless, and tough; so the proof of Breakfast D-Light is in the eating."  
Ivy Jones, 6/- 37 Melachian Street, East Orange, N.S.W.: "Because it is perfectly delicious satisfying, and its dependable nutritive elements give outstanding physical developments. I love Breakfast D-Light's crisp, inviting appearance, quality, and flavor."  
B. Figer, "The Summit," Brisbane Street, East Maitland, N.S.W.: "Extremely nutritious, easily prepared, and readily digested. Breakfast D-Light benefits aged or infirm alike. Imparts a delicious flavour to soups, cakes, and puddings."  
Nora Bally, 381 Conadilly Street, Gunnedah, N.S.W.: "Breakfast D-Light is easily prepared and digested, and is non-heating. It makes delicious scones and puddings, and is ideal for babies and invalids."  
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Billy Heininger, Baddow, Maryborough, Qld.: "Gran says Mum's not wealthy but wise, she uses Breakfast D-Light on Baking Day, also for our morning meal, everyone enjoys it from Gran to baby."





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Junior Misses Salon, Second Floor



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Neckwear, Ground Floor





Lady Cilento and her son David show —

## DON'TS FOR MOTHERS

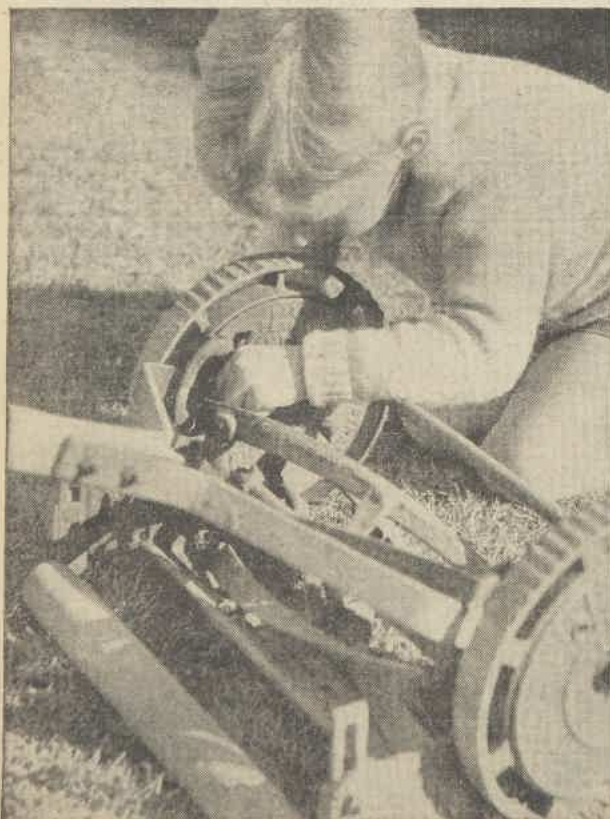
**L**ADY CILENTO, herself a doctor, is one of Australia's best-known authorities on mothercraft. She has six children. The youngest of them, David, co-operated with his mother in these pictures demonstrating safety rules in the care of children.



**DON'T FORGET** a child loves animals. Let him have a pet, teach him to look after it. David and Collie Mac are great friends.



**DON'T LEAVE** the car unlocked with ignition key in switch. Cars can be started easily when a child thinks he would like to drive.



**DON'T LEAVE LAWN-MOWER**, sharp tools, where baby can play with them. Matches, knives, scissors should be out of harm's way.



**DON'T BE** without a suitable playing area and harmless toys. David has a sandpit in the backyard. Wooden spoons, old saucepans make good playthings. Knives are out of reach.



**DON'T FORGET** the daily fruit. Baby must have plenty of vitamins. Lady Cilento finds that David looks forward to his morning apple. Plenty of milk, plenty of sleep are good rules.



**DON'T LET** sugar lump and chocolate interfere with digestion. Biscuit snacks do him no good.



**DON'T DRIVE** yourself so hard that you've no time to play with him, talk, read to him.



**DON'T LEAVE** bottles on a concrete path. Glass jars are dangerous playthings, easily broken. These are don'ts worth remembering. They will keep baby safe. Make them a habit.



# MARY MAGUIRE'S own story of her MARRIAGE

"When I met Bobby nothing else mattered"

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

"I'm not a tragic bride because I had a wheel-chair wedding. I'm the happiest girl in the world," said screen star Mary Maguire when I saw her immediately after her wedding.

In her own words Mary told the story of her romance and marriage to Captain Robert Gordon-Canning—a romance as vivid and thrilling as any screen play Mary has played in.



CAPT. GORDON-CANNING  
—married to Mary Maguire.



GLAMOR GIRL. Mary Maguire sent this picture to a fan in Australia. It was taken a few days before she left Hollywood.

I DO not feel the frail, tragic figure I seem to present to the world," she said, "because my new-found happiness is already banishing the shadow of the long period of recuperation lying ahead of me.

"I am planning a flight to Australia at the end of 1940 with my husband.

"I want to show 'my Bobby' the country of my birth and introduce him to the friendly people of my childhood.

"I would like him to love the sea, the sun, and the open spaces for which I often pine.

"I am happily married and have no more film ambitions, though I hope to make at least one picture a year.

"My first role in the New Year will be in 'Society Hostess' as the wife of a popular social figure.

"Both Robert and myself are very fond of children, and hope we will be blessed with a son and a daughter.

"Bobby says he dislikes bridge and golf—playing women, I am neither.

"Bob says he will teach me to hunt, shoot and fish when I'm well. He says he likes me as I am, and that he first fell in love with me because I was the first film star he had met who did not talk shop.

"He wrote to my parents for permission to marry before pro-

posing to me—a courtesy which increased my affection for him, though it was a case of love at first sight.

"I'm glad now that I must play the part of chatelaine in an English country home. I learned cooking and dressmaking and did a domestic science course at Queensland University.

"This will stand me in good stead, because, though a staff of eight servants is installed at Sandwich, Kent, I shall be able to take over control of my house without any fears about my new role, which is more thrilling than any I've ever had in films.

"Events have moved swiftly in my life.

"It is only six years since I begged the Mother Superior at Loretto Convent in Brisbane to allow me to take the veil.

"The Mother Superior answered: 'Your vocation lies in the outside world.'

## Peaceful life

"SHE was right, but despite this I am still deeply religious. I hope I have not allowed adulation and the glamorous life of a film star to spoil me. At a recent house party I was the only one who went to church before breakfast.

"Now I am married I hope to live a quiet peaceful life.

"I do not intend to take part in any of my husband's political activities. With an occasional film I shall find plenty to do.

"When I look back over my career I am amazed at the experiences I have undergone in a few short years.

"It is hard for even myself to believe that my career was nearly wrecked from the outset. This happened when the Melbourne Board of Education refused consent for me to appear in a film, 'Diggers in Blighty.' I was then twelve years old.

"But other chances came and I played in Australian films before the call came to go to Hollywood, and after Hollywood, London and Bobby.

"Bobby conforms to my idea of the ideal man . . . I ALWAYS wanted to marry a man who looked like Clive Brook, the film star. He was my childhood hero, and Robert is a very 'Clive Brookish' person.

"When I met Bobby nothing else mattered.

"Now I frequently compare him with Clive Brook, who is a friend of both of us.

"I AM determined that our marriage, which I believe was made in heaven, will be a success.

"I do not believe in divorce and hope that our lives will be devoted to each other.

"Career or ambition will not come between us. People have asked me how I felt about going back to hospital while Bobby went to Scotland to shoot grouse.

"We discussed all that. It is the ideal arrangement until I get well.

"I don't want Bobby to brood or worry.

"I never thought there would be such interest in our wedding.

"It was almost impossible to get through the crowd. When I hove in sight in my wheel-chair they raised a



MARY MAGUIRE wore this blue satin negligee and hood when she married Capt. Gordon-Canning in London recently.

RIGHT: Mary looked like this in a recent Gracie Fields film.

cheer. I think all the world loves a lover and ours was a true lovers' romance.

"I had nurses in attendance to look after me, but all my eyes were for Bobby. He held my hand as I was wheeled into the registry to sign, and he stooped and kissed me.

"That was the greatest moment of a hectic week of planning and preparation.

"My family have been perfect bricks. They wanted my happiness to come first and my wishes were met almost before they were uttered.

"Friends have been so kind. My room here (at the hospital) is banked with flowers daily from my friends.

"Prince Paul, who was in this hospital for an operation, sent me his best wishes. Donald Budge, tennis champion, sent me a collection of lovely swing records.

"But Bobby's presents I shall never forget. A Rolls Royce, a mink coat, jewels. I've got to think hard or I shall imagine he's a fairy-tale prince and I am still in the movies."



Mary Maguire



HE said, "That should have been written on Joan's grave. She died, you know," he went on in a quite intimate voice, "of pneumonia following a chill. She was a reckless little thing, never very strong; she got up too soon after influenza."

"Yes, Susan." He smiled absently and tenderly, and Julie knew that he was devoted to his small daughter. "I've got a photograph of her." He opened his wallet and handed it to Julie. Julie looked at it with a sudden pang at her heart. Just a little girl like any other little girl, just such a snapshot as hundreds of adoring fathers carried in their wallets.

"She isn't exactly pretty, I suppose," Edward said fondly.

Julie told him warmly, "I think she looks a darling."

With the first hesitancy she had seen in him, he said, "I want you to like her."

A week later Edward and Julie came out of a restaurant in London together.

"Shall we walk?" he asked. "Yes, do let's," Julie's voice came strangely; she felt herself tense. Lights, traffic darting hither and thither, swam together in confusion before her eyes.

Edward said, "Is it shocking, do you think, for you to be coming to my flat?"

"Not unless it shocks you."

"I want to talk to you."

She dared to press his arm lightly against her side. Leaves were still falling in the squares as they walked through Mayfair, mist came milky and soft out of the park, the moon swam over the houses like a Chinese lantern.

Edward's flat was in a big block by the river, very modern, with window boxes, a balcony, a swim-

## One Touch of Nature

Continued from Page 5

ming pool in the courtyard, and the river sliding romantically outside the windows.

"I took it for Susan," he said. They were both nervous, not meeting each other's eyes, breathing rather fast.

Edward's sitting-room had brown leather chairs, brown linen curtains, books. It wasn't the best room in the flat. Susan had that for her nursery.

He gave Julie a cigarette, and stood before her, his back to the fire.

"I want to tell you about my first marriage—about Joan." Her heart gave a great jump. He went on, "I want you to know everything about me, if you want to hear it."

"Of course I want to hear it," Julie said. She put out her hand to him, and he took it and kissed it, saying,

"You can guess why I want to tell you, Julie."

The warm, glowing color swept in a flood over her face. She looked down at the carpet. "Yes, I can guess."

"Julie, I want to tell you all this just once, and then never think of it again. It's a very short story, a very ordinary story, I daresay. Joan and I married when we were very young, when I was twenty-one and she was just eighteen. She was very lovely, and I was mad about her. I did not think what marriage meant, neither of us thought what marriage meant. She was very delicate. Her father warned me she was very delicate and very excitable. I didn't think what that meant either. We had met and loved each other in an atmosphere of excitement—Joan's first season, dances, parties, flowers, music. I didn't realise that was her life, that that was all she wanted from life. I thought that when we were married we would both grow together, that our characters would deepen, settle."

He paused, and went over to the window. "I don't think anyone realised but her mother and myself what was happening. Joan wouldn't obey her doctor's order. We took her from doctor to doctor, but she wouldn't give any of them a chance. She was enchanting, exquisite, with a child's obstinacy, a child's determination and recklessness. She would go to parties, she would drink cocktails and champagne, she would sit up night after night in smoky, hot rooms until the early hours."

He paused again, and Julie had the impression that he was leaving out episode after episode in his story, that there were things he was going to suppress. He found the story difficult to tell because there was so much to suppress.

Then Susan came, and when she had got used to the idea that Susan was coming, Joan loved her. All Joan's friends had a child or two, beautifully dressed, and most efficiently looked after by nurses and governesses. Joan was more enchanting than ever with Susan, but that didn't make any difference to the life she meant to live. I had hoped that it would, but it didn't. One day Joan had a cold. I wanted her to stay in, but she wouldn't. She wanted to go to the races, and she went. Two days later she was dead—pneumonia."

Julie said softly, "Poor little Joan." Edward turned and came across the room to her. He dropped on one knee beside her and took her hands. "Julie, you know why I have told you this. I want you to marry me, Julie. I have dreamed of what it would be like to marry a woman like you, a beautiful, generous, intelligent woman, who loved me."

I HAVE dreamed of what it would be for Susan to have a mother who would understand her and guide her and love her. Susan and I both need someone to love us. Will you come and do it, Julie?"

She opened her arms to him, and her beautiful face was alight with tenderness. "That is all I could ever hope for from life," she said.

"Julie!"

Then she was in his arms, and his lips were on hers, and the world dropped away from them, and surely, she thought, her heart must perish in this frightened rapture.

He said that Susan was staying with her grandmother, and they must go down to see her.

"Of course, darling. And will she come to the wedding?" Julie asked. They had decided to get married at once. Why not?

Edward's face assumed the anxious, conscientious look which Julie was beginning to associate with Susan. "I think perhaps not. There might be some confusion in her mind. Children are so sensitive, and, after all, Susan is only six."

"Edward, my darling, you can trust me with Susan; I promise you that. I love children, though I don't know anything about them, but I'll find out and I'll do everything for Susan. She is so little, very likely she will forget there was ever anyone but me. I'll make a up to her, Edward."

"My darling, I'm sure you will."

No fuss, no reception, no bother. Just the two of them, and a friend of Edward's and a girl-friend of Julie's. That was all they wanted for their wedding. They both agreed about that—they agreed about everything.

The week before they were married they went down to see Susan. Susan was to stay with her grandmother until they came back from their honeymoon. Then they would all three live in the flat while Julie hunted for a house. Somewhere outside London, with a garden, and a paddock for a pony. Susan had always wanted to live in the country.

Julie chose her clothes carefully for the week-end. She had already met Edward's mother, and she was sweet—that was all right. Edward's mother was delighted that Edward was marrying Julie. The parson Julie's clothes were aimed at was Susan. Little girls loved clothes and they loved bottles and jars. Julie looked forward to having Susan visit her in the morning and play with the things on her dressing table, so she took the fitted dressing case that Edward had given her.

Please turn to Page 36

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## What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- To make mock turtle soup you would need a  
Fresh eel—calf's head—pig's foot—chicken—kidney and tomato—leg-of-mutton.
- Which of these games are not played with a ball?  
Backgammon—ice hockey—badminton—fives—lacrosse—squash.
- An alfresco meal is one that is  
Eaten with a fork only—eaten in the open air—eaten sitting cross-legged on cushions—composed entirely of cold meats.
- Who wrote these words:  
"For the female of the species is more deadly than the male?"  
Sir Henry Newbolt—Alfred Noyes—Rudyard Kipling—John Masefield.
- If you had some rose-vinegar you would use it  
To cure your chilblains—as a perfume—to add brilliance to your hair—as a flavoring for a cake.
- What great British general came to Australia before the War to report on Australia's defences?  
Lord Roberts—Lord Kitchener—Earl Haig—Sir William Birdwood—Sir Ian Hamilton.
- What do these ingredients make:  
1 cup butter, 2 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon salt, few grains cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice?  
Hollandaise sauce—Queen of bread puddings—Welsh rarebit—egg sauce.
- Who discovered and named the Murray River?  
Charles Sturt—Hamilton Hume—William Hovell—Burke and Wills.
- Which of these women pilots flew the Tasman Sea to New Zealand?  
Amy Johnson—Jean Batten—Mrs. Bonney—Amelia Earhart.
- One of the chief difficulties found by people who are born color-blind is to distinguish between two of the following colors:  
Green—yellow—blue—red black—purple.

Answers on Page 36.



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# HONGKONG: British island fears blockade



**HONGKONG**, eastern outpost of the British Empire, refuge of Chinese and foreigners from war-torn China, is built on a small island separated from the Chinese mainland by a mile of water. Across the channel is Kowloon

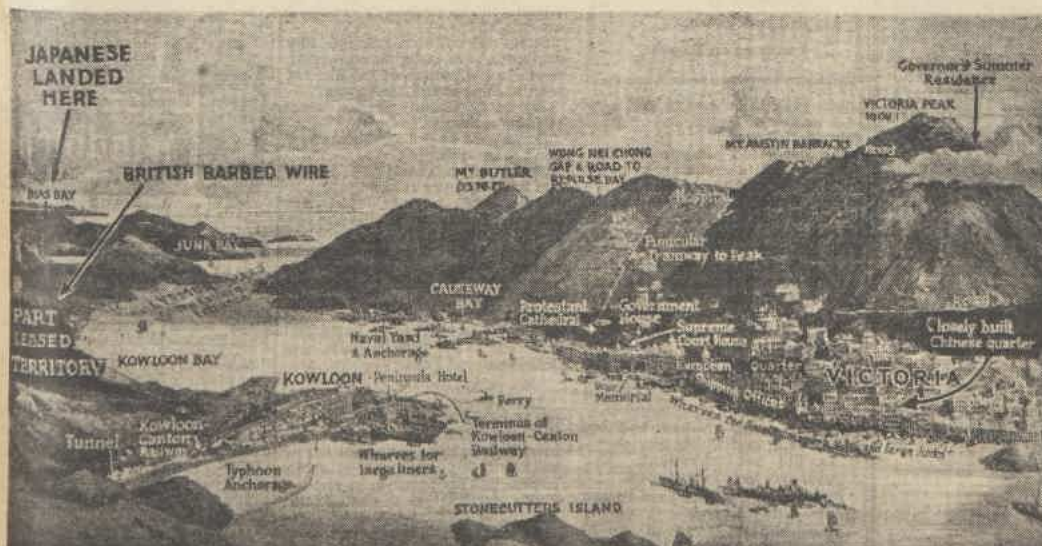
Peninsula, also a British possession, and behind that the New Territories, leased from China in 1860 for a period of 99 years. Hongkong, ceded to the British in 1841, has become a vast clearing-house for China's trade goods.



**VICTORIA**, capital city of Hongkong and the British concessions on the mainland, is built on the harbor's edge. On the mainland opposite are the shipbuilding yards, wharves and warehouses of Kowloon. Before it was ceded to Britain in 1841 Hongkong was a barren island, haunt of fishermen and pirates.



**SIKHS** from India garrison Hongkong. Here they are digging trenches. City has police of four nations—English, White Russians, Chinese, Sikhs.



**DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW** of Hongkong shows in the top left-hand corner Bias Bay, where the Japanese landed for their march against Canton, cutting British-built railway . . . Britain placed barbed wire, dug trenches round Hongkong territory . . . Britain built roads, schools, hospitals; 1,200,000 Chinese live under British rule.



**CIVILIANS** are organised in a volunteer force . . . American, European women fled from war-zone to Hongkong refuge.





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306-308 PITT STREET. DESK 3

**B**UT it wasn't like that at all.

As the car drove up, Edward's mother, accompanied by Susan, appeared on the porch. Susan had on a checked flannel dress with a white collar, her hair had been newly brushed, and her bow was only just beginning to slide. She stood on one leg and rubbed a shoe against her clean sock.

Her grandmother said wearily, "Darling, don't do that." Susan began to chew the ends of her hair, and was told, "Don't do that, either." Surely, surely, thought Julie, such a plain, rather touching little girl couldn't be a difficult conquest for anyone. She thought warmly, "Bless her, the darling, she shall dirty as many pairs of socks and chew her hair as much as she likes as soon as she is with me."

Julie held out her hand. "How do you do, Susan."

"How do you do?" A pair of large grey eyes regarded her with what could only be mistrust, thought Julie, with stunned surprise, as Susan went across to fling her arms passionately round her father's neck and whisper in his ear.

"Don't whisper, Susan," said her grandmother. "If you have anything to say, say it right out when there are other people present."

"I said," Susan enunciated clearly, "why did you bring that lady, Daddy? I don't want her."

Julie achieved a laugh, and put her hand easily on Susan's head, that was the dim soft color of a young mouse's coat. "I'm afraid we rather asked for that. Wait until you see what I've got for you in my case, Susan."

Susan asked with mild interest, "Why, is it my birthday?"

"No. This is just an un-birthday present," said Julie.

Susan's interest died an instant death. "Oh!"

"Aren't you going to say thank you?" said Edward's mother.

"Thank you very much," said Susan obediently and absently, her eyes on the tea-tray. "Can I have a lump of sugar?"

A horrible premonition of failure

## One Touch of Nature

Continued from Page 34

swept over Julie like a cold wave. Susan was not going to like her.

Presently, standing with her in the wide, low-ceilinged chintz-hung bedroom, Edward's mother said, "I'm afraid Susan is rather spoiled."

"I think she is a darling," said Julie warmly, and not quite truthfully, "and, after all, it's quite natural. You can see she is devoted to her father. Wait until I have her alone; perhaps she'll come in and get her doll?"

A few minutes later Susan advanced mistrustfully into the doorway and stood, one finger in her mouth.

"Do you like dolls, Susan?"

"Not very much."

Wrong method, wrong approach. Julie told herself; all her own fault. "Well, I hope you'll like this one. I chose it specially for you." She advanced and laid a parcel in Susan's arms. It was a delightful doll, a baby doll, of rubber—you could bath it. The saleswoman had told her that no little girl in the world could resist such a doll, and, surely, thought Julie, remembering her own childhood, no child in the world could resist the thrill of unwrapping a parcel.

Susan received the parcel politely, but without enthusiasm.

"Thank you very much. May I go now?"

"Don't you want to unwrap it, darling?"

"No, thank you. May I go?"

"Of course," said Julie, with false warmth.

When she changed out of her travelling suit and came downstairs she saw the parcel, still unwrapped, lying on what she guessed to be the nursery table. A small, shrill voice within the room sang, "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do." But Julie did not go in.

There were no early morning visits from Susan. The doll was unwrapped by Grannie, and Susan was sent in with it in her arms. Was it a nice doll? Julie asked. Susan did not know. What was Susan going to call it? Again Susan did not know. Would Susan like Julie to show her how the doll could be washed? "No, thank you—and—may I go now?"

There wasn't any doubt, no doubt at all; Susan did not like Julie.

Susan was a little spoiled, she said; she loved her father; she took a little time to get used to people; all children did. But to Julie the fact that Susan did not like her rang in her ears like a knell of doom.

She thought of it at the altar on her wedding day. It went with her on her honeymoon. Edward was

"For you."

"Darling!" Julie's heart soared, and sang.

Susan said, "Grannie said I must give them to you."

Julie's heart quite ridiculously sank. "Well, that was very nice of Grannie," she said tranquilly. Patience, she told herself, that was what was needed, endless patience and calmness.

"I didn't want to give them to you," Susan proceeded, obviously afraid her point had been missed.

Everyone pretended not to hear, and they went into the sitting-room, Susan hanging affectionately on to her father's hand. Ivy, the new parlor-maid, who was to combine parlor-maiding with a certain amount of care of Susan, had laid tea attractively. The china and silver shone; there was a fat brown plum cake. Susan said appreciatively, "That looks nice."

"Would you like to bring your little chair and table over by me?" asked Julie. Make no difference, the books had said. If the child is rude, don't let it think it has scored off you.

"No, thank you."

Julie continued to smile cheerfully, and Susan went across and whispered in her father's ear.

Edward said, "Speak up, Susan. You must not whisper. What did Grannie tell you?"

"I said," Susan articulated clearly, "is she really going to stay?"

"If you mean Julie, of course she is. She is your new mummy."

Edward lifted his daughter affectionately into his lap.

Susan said, "Is she?"

Julie came across to kneel beside Susan and say, cheerfully, "You see, we're a family now, Susan. We're all going to live together."

"I don't want to be a family with you," Susan said.

Julie told Edward later, "She'll get used to me, poor lamb; no use hurrying her; it's a terrific change in any child's life. Once she gets used to me everything will be all right."

Edward said, "You're an angel."

**B**UT Julie did not

tell Edward of the episode in the bathroom. Bathing and good-night time were very important occasions in a child's life, the books told her. It was then that confidences were made and the doings of the day discussed. Julie had made up her mind that no engagement should be so important that it would prevent her being present at Susan's bath. Later, of course, she would put Susan to bed herself, but to-day perhaps it was better to let Ivy officiate. She had come into the bathroom to find Susan, deliciously small and kissable and pink, sailing a boat with concentration.

Susan had taken no notice of her. She had continued to croon to her boat. "It sails here, and then it sails back, and then it turns over, and evvy-which is drowned dead, and then it comes home in time for tea."

Julie said, "I know a story about a little boat, about three little boats. Would you like to hear it when you are in bed?"

Susan did not even look up. She continued, "It sails down, down, down, to the bottom of the big, big sea, catching fishes for its tea."

Ivy said, "Susan, answer when you are spoken to."

Susan said to Julie, "Go away, I don't want you."

Ivy was scandalised: "Oh, Susan, you naughty little thing!"

Julie said brightly, "No, not naughty; just feeling a little strange, aren't you, Susan?"

Susan gave her a malicious glance. "Go away; go away this very minute, or I'll throw water at you."

There was only one dignified thing to do, one civilised thing to do, and that was to go with a smile, and Julie achieved that.

The next day was Monday, and on Monday Edward went back to the city. The three of them had breakfast together, Susan sitting up to her boiled egg with a table-napkin tied under her chin, and her Teddy perched on a chair beside her.

As soon as Edward had gone Susan got down and began to march out of the room.

"Where are you going, Susan?"

"I am going away."

"Why?" asked Julie.

**"I** DON'T want to stay here," Susan frowned. "But you haven't finished your milk."

"I don't want any more milk," Julie spoke pleasantly and cheerfully. "Now, come along, sweetheart, you know very well you have to finish that up."

Susan's lower lip stuck out. "I won't."

"Finish it up and we'll go into the Park and feed the ducks."

"I don't want to," Susan got down.

"Susan, you are not to leave the room until you have finished your milk." Firmness, Julie told herself; all the books said sometimes firmness was necessary; you had to make the child respect you.

Susan said, "I want to go to the bathroom."

Julie retired defeated. "Very well, but you must come back afterwards and drink your milk."

Susan flashed her another of those brightly malicious glances. "I want Ivy. I don't want you. I want Ivy."

"Very well."

Julie went to the pleasant room she shared with Edward, Edward's own room, the room he had had by himself before she came.

She adored Edward, and Edward adored her, and Edward was depending on her to make Susan love her. She wasn't going to fail him. Children usually liked her, so why shouldn't Susan, poor mite?

Perseverance and patience, she told herself, looking at the river sliding by, silver in the sunlight. Susan didn't mean any of this, poor darling. It was just a protest.

Passing the dining-room door, Ivy called cheerfully, "She has finished her milk, madam."

It wasn't possible, Julie told herself, that a child of six could take a dislike to you. It wasn't possible that a child of six could plan a campaign.

Julie had never dreamed what resources a child of six could possess.

Please turn to Page 38

## It's Going To Set . . . AUSTRALIA TALKING



**HAL PERCY** in

His Big Role  
"THE STRANGE  
ADVENTURES OF  
DR. DANTON"

**2GB**

MON. and THURS.

7.45 p.m.

(Presented by Woolworths)

### The answer is—

1. Calf's head.
2. Backgammon is played with draughts and dice. Ice hockey with a puck. Badminton with a shuttlecock.
3. Eaten in the open air.
4. Kipling.
5. As a perfume.
6. Lord Kitchener.
7. Hollandaise sauce.
8. Charles Sturt.
9. Jean Batten.
10. Red and green.

Questions on Page 34.

trusting her to be good to Susan, to be a mother to Susan, and she was going to fail him.

But she wasn't going to fail him. Julie took a strange library of books for a bride with her, on her honeymoon. Books on the psychology of the child, on the modern treatment of children. While Edward golfed, Julie sat rocking on the hotel terrace, and read them. Patience was the thing, endless patience and endless understanding. You never let the child see that you were annoyed, that you had lost your temper—that was fatal. You were patient, patient, and again patient. For children did not do things because they were naughty; they did what appeared to be naughty things because they had some complex which had not been solved, and which they themselves did not understand. The naughtiness was their protest.

And so they came home to the flat.

When the door opened, Susan appeared. She wore a new flowered silk smock, her bow had triumphantly slipped over one eye, and she carried a bunch of roses, which she thrust at Julie.

## WINDOWS BRILLIANT

3 TIMES  
QUICKER

I SHAKE SOME WINDOLENE  
ON TO A SOFT CLOTH . . .

APPLY LIGHTLY TO  
WINDOW—NO HARD  
RUBBING IS NECESSARY

ALLOW A MOMENT  
TO DRY—THEN GIVE  
A QUICK POLISH  
WITH A DRY DUSTER

No water to splash carpets—no hard rubbing! Windolene cleans in a jiffy—removes grease and fly-marks—gives a lasting gloss. It's economical too—a tin cleans over 200 square feet of glass! Try it on your windows and mirrors. Send for a free sample tin of Windolene to Rockits (Over Sea) Ltd., Dept. A, Bourke Street, Western, N.S.W.

**Windolene**  
CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

## Eczema Vanishes in Seven Days

Powerful Antiseptic Prescription  
Stops Itching Instantly, and Bells  
That Discharge are Quickly Healed.

Now that tens of thousands know that Moone's Emerald Oil helps to reduce ugly, dangerous varicose veins, we want them to know that this wonderfully effective agent will dry up eczema eruptions in a few days and cause the scales to drop off and disappear.

It acts the same way with any skin disease, such as barber's itch, psoriasis, redness and inflammatory skin troubles.

Moone's Emerald Oil is not a patent medicine, but is a surgeon's prescription for years has been successfully used in private and hospital practice. All leading chemists dispense it, and complete directions for home use come with each bottle.\*\*\*





• **SIR RUPERT CLARKE**, twenty-year-old baronet who holds Australia's only hereditary title, at Prince's with Pamela Holmes at Court.



• **SUSAN PHILLIPS** at Prince's with Bob du Pont of the American millionaire family, who declined to face the camera.



• **FAIR-HAIRED** Bettina MacPhillamy, who will be hostess at cocktails at Hopewood House this Friday, goes dancing with Bill Woodward.



• **MELBOURNE VISITOR** Mrs. Lockhart Little with Clifford Huntman in a supper party given by Mrs. Fred Payne after Lord Lurgan's recital.

# Miss Midnight's JOTTINGS

## Outside looking in . . .

**FOUND** a new pastime for a winter Sunday afternoon. Go along to Kirribilli and poke your nose through the iron gate railings at Admiralty House.

Maybe you'll have to queue up or book nose-room because the old Admiralty House, home in Sydney of the Duke and Duchess of Kent during the Royal Governor-Generalship, is becoming quite one of the sights.

On off days the Duke and Duchess will be able to chat over the back fence with the George Deatons, who live in Kirribilli House, lovely old gabled mansion next door. One time it was the residence of Admiralty House staff, and more recently the home of Elsie Lungdren before she became Mrs. Lex Albert.

Near the A.H. gates there used to be a pleasant little waterside park. But a well-meaning council has brightened it up a bit. They've pulled out all the old trees and put in startling red seats and some nice progressive patches of concrete.

The parish church has been brightened, too. The old grey spike is now pillar-box red.

## Nearest neighbors . . .

**THE** Kents will doubtless have many who claim to be their nearest neighbors, so I'll tell you just how the position stands. The Vales—Sheila, Joyce and Molly—will be able to watch them playing tennis. They live in Kingsgate, just across the road, and so does Winsome Hall.

Gwen and Jean Mark, just down Carabella Street a bit, are next-nearest.

In Westward Ho, the next-but-one waterfront mansion, live the S. O. Bielbys, of a well-known patent medicine firm.

Mrs. Dan Kelly, with sons Dom, Lincoln and Kevin, lives up the hill in the old house overlooking all the now-built-on land which used to belong to their family.

And last comes the rather exclusive Ellamang Avenue coterie . . . Hornderns, Sinclairs, Whites, Andreas', and O'Briens.

So perhaps it won't be long before there is a fade-out of the socialites' attitude . . . "Kirribilli? But my dear, it's definitely on the wrong side of the harbor."

## Spring Gambol . . .

"**RUSTLE** of Spring" they called it. Mr. Mares, maybe, would have called it "unsettled with cyclonic disturbance off coast, and squalls pretty rampant," or something technical like that.

I walk into the Trocadero for the spring fashion parade in my new grey suit and find I should have brought football boots to be suitably attired. There are fourteen hundred women—mostly irate, because they arrived to find their reserved seats firmly occupied by others who refuse to budge.

Imagine the scene for yourself! When things settle down a bit I look around and see young Mrs. Arnold Green at a table with Adare Marks, Margery Nall, Mary Cobb and Betty Billerwell.

There's a new shade introduced by a mannequin. Seine-blue. I hear Mrs. Oliver Osborne ask, "What is Seine-blue?" . . . and Marie O'Brien's definition, "Oh, like the Danube, I suppose. Dark grey."

## Society lunches . . .

**I** LUNCH in town . . . oysters at the Australia, lobster mornay at Romano's, and a biscuit ice at Prince's. Which is as good a way as I know of seeing who's in town and with whom.

Margaret Tait, in two shades of pink tweeds, says "hello" as she dashes into the Australia foyer to meet her tall fiance, Gordon Welch.

Across to Romano's and down the stairs past Napoleon's bust . . . Luigi tells me that an old lady has just asked him if that bust is of the founder of Romano's.

Dinah Meeks is alone at a table, in her green with leopard skin dressings, waiting for her husband.

Lord Lurgan is alone, too . . . and has lunched there alone almost daily. Oh dear!

Joan, of THE Wentworths, is all a la spring and Wordsworth with a bunch of daffodils on one lapel. She's a guest in a pre-sailing party given for Betty Godsall . . . Yolande Clarkson the hostess.

Mrs. James Sixsmith arrives, accompanied by James, jun., and a brand-new football. Six-year-old Sixsmith has had measles and it's his first day in town since . . . hence the football, which, once bought, he insisted on carrying home.

I doff my hat to Napoleon, cross the street again, and am in Prince's.

Belinda Street and Don Mackay are at their usual table . . . Di Downes and the Macdonald sisters from Camden have their heads together . . . Nola Gough's in a new green chip-straw boater . . . Joan Ritchie in ermine.

## A laird's a laird . . .

**SO** seldom do we get two real live lords under one Australian roof-tree. The Con. practically turned into a pantheon by the presence of Lord Gowrie (in audience) and Lord Lurgan (on stage) for the latter's one-and-only concert.

Chock full of society. All the peltry from ermine to erminette. The rank, ye ken, dear Mr. Bobbie Burns, is still the guinea stamp and a laird's a laird for a' that.

I go backstage and ask Lord L. about his fan mail. He is most discreet, but I see no use his denying it as there's a fulsome bundle of it on the table, as yet unread.

Does he think the full house was at all due to his title? . . . He smiles and says: "Well, you perhaps know your Sydney better than I."

## Did you know that . . .

**MARGARET FIELDING JONES** is flying? Can be found at Mascot or in the air every Sunday. She hopes to get her licence before Christmas.

## Packed scuppers . . .

**NOTHING** frigid about the Glacierium packed to the scuppers with socialites both on and off skates for the Red Cross Ice Cabaret. Hans Johnsen doing the rumba and mannequins criss-crossing the ice in spring models . . . but I declare no one enjoys it half so much as the J.R.C. youngsters who parade in white uniforms. They get a pink-iced cake and a biscuit.

Peggy Minnett looks nice modelling an organza evening frock. But she shivers and says, "Wish it was a winter woollies parade."

Robin Eakin shows off some snappy new frocks—she has a sway with her.



• **BY AIR MAIL** arrived this picture of the Australian-born Rancee of Padakota at Grand Prix meeting, Longchamps, wearing a much-talked-about straw yashmak hat.



• **FAY HENDY** wore this cute white tulle headgear to the Radford-Hill wedding at St. Mark's. She is with Eric Rogers, of Melbourne, also a guest.



• **MIDNIGHT SCENE** at Bankers' Ball at the Trocadero . . . Marion Lobban drinks a toast with the Union Bank's manager, Arthur Penn.



• **MARCUS BALKIND** and his bride (Jill Samuels) donned "going away" clothes after their wedding reception and then went on to dance at Romano's with their bridal party.



## Glances are SPOTLIGHTS



...and men approve the natural beauty Tangee gives

When glances are cast your way, do your lips reflect a harsh artificial coarseness or true loveliness? You'll never need to fear—if you use Tangee. Its magic Color Change Principle assures youthful, natural color. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the one shade most becoming to you. Try Tangee today. He will approve.

World's Most Famous Lipstick  
**TANGEE**  
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Aust. Agents, Turnleys, Melb. and Sydney.

"W **OULD** you like to go to the Zoo, Susan?"

"No, thank you."  
"Would you like to go in the Park with your tricycle?"  
"No, thank you."  
A pause, then—  
"I should like Ivy to take me out," Susan said.

Susan couldn't know Ivy wasn't supposed to be her nursemaid, that Julie had said that she herself would look after Susan and really get to know her, if Ivy would look after her on the occasions when Julie was forced to be out.

"Go and get your coat and hat, Susan," Julie would say brightly. "It's time to go out."

"I don't want to go out."

"Run along, now, and be a good girl." The brightness would be wearing a little thin.

"I don't want to."

"Now, come along, young lady," Julie would take hold of Susan's arm, and Susan would immediately yell.

"You're hurting me!"

"Susan, I couldn't possibly hurt you!"

"You did hurt me; you hurt my arm."

Be patient, Julie would tell herself, be patient, be calm. Remember what the books tell you.

"Well, darling," Julie would say. "I didn't mean to hurt you, you know that. You know I love you, darling. Now be a good girl and

come along and we'll have a nice time in the Park."

"I don't want to," and Susan would rush into the nearest room and fling herself full-length in a chair.

Julie would bring her coat and hat and an odious garment called Susan's "long legs." Grannie had decreed that Susan should wear "long legs," detestable waist-length garters of velveteen, for one more year.

"Come along, now," Susan would suffer her legs to be inserted in the "long legs," and her coat to be buttoned round her neck. But when they had finally got out, Susan would wail, "I'm tired, my legs ache; I don't want to go on."

Walkers in the Park would be shocked, or amused, to see a charming looking girl tugging, firmly, but kindly, a small, unwilling child by the hand. Very often Susan would cry, and Susan had a bottomless reservoir of crystal tears very close to the surface.

Once they passed an elderly, old-fashioned Nanny, who shot Susan one glance: "Playing up!" she said disgustedly.

Susan was so surprised she forgot to whine for quite two minutes.

But that evening the same child would climb, in diminutive pyjamas and dressing gown, into her father's lap, and put her arms round his neck and croon, "Will you come and say good-night to me when I'm in bed, Daddy? I do love you, Daddy,

## One Touch of Nature

Continued from Page 36

don't I? Will you come and say a truly proper good-night?"

And then perhaps there would be a whisper, and Edward, softened by small arms, by the warmth of a small body, would say, gently, "Darling, you must not whisper."

"But what," Susan once said, "do you do when you want to say something rude? I don't want her, I want you."

Bright, malicious eyes regarded Julie over Edward's shoulder. Julie was conscious of a feeling of horror. It couldn't be that she was beginning to dislike Susan. You couldn't, if you were grown up and sane, feel that you really loathed a small creature of six; you couldn't feel that there was a battle going on between you and that in some way you scored a point by saying, "Of course, go and say good-night to Susan alone, Edward; I'll go later."

Edward stood up, his daughter in his arms. "Well, you two girls will be seeing a good deal of each other this week-end. I'm going to Manchester, worse luck, but I'll be back after lunch on Sunday. I'll lunch on the train."

Susan said, "Couldn't I go to Grannie? I love my Grannie."

Edward told her with the first sharpness Julie had ever heard in his voice, "No, you couldn't. Don't be such an ungrateful little monkey, after all Julie has done for you. You've got to stay here and look after her for me."

Susan said softly, "I don't want to."

"She'll get over it," Edward came across to where Julie was standing by the window, after he had carried Susan to her room. "You've done everything that you could do, darling, and she's just a naughty little scrap; she'll get over it."

Julie said with more brightness than she felt, "Of course, she will." But her heart sank. Edward was disappointed, and she felt his disappointment. Her throat suddenly turned to iron, and tears misted her eyes. She said hastily, "I must go and see Ivy for a minute," and left the room.

"I told Daddy I didn't want you, didn't I?" Susan's eyes shone triumphantly at Julie across the table.

"You did, and don't you think it was rather rude?" said Julie mildly. "No, I don't." Susan turned to observe the dishes Ivy was bringing in—"What's for lunch?"

"Chicken."

Susan made a face. It was Sunday, and Julie and Susan had been alone since Friday night. For one hour, when they had sailed a boat on the Round Pond, Susan had softened, but for the rest of the time she had been a fiend.

Julie said, "But you like chicken, Susan." That was a tactical error, and Susan took full advantage of it.

"No, I don't."

"You said you did."

"No; I never did!"

**T**HIS was ridiculous, this was fantastic; you couldn't sit here and bicker with a child of six.

"Now, that's enough," Julie said, capably carving. "Eat it up."

"I don't want to," Susan turned round in her chair and stared over the back of it. Ivy left the room with a snort.

"Come along, Susan."

Susan said, nothing, but she began to sing loudly, "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do."

"Susan, be quiet at once!" Julie put a plate of chicken breast neatly carved into nice little pieces, steamed potato and carrot, in front of Susan.

Susan gave her chair a push. "Take that beastly old stuff away."

"Susan!"

"I hate it; I'm not going to eat it. I won't—so there!"

In the lightning fashion of which she had command, Susan's face was suddenly crimson.

"You are going to eat that up at once," said Julie with authority. Susan was difficult about her meals, but she adored chicken. She had never refused to eat it before, and Julie had ordered a nice roast chicken as an extravagance so that she should be able to tell Edward Susan had eaten a good lunch.

**I** WONT eat it," Susan looked obstinate.

"You will."

All that Julie had suffered from Susan rose up and took her by the throat. She left her chair and walked swiftly round the table to Susan's side. She was losing her temper, and she was glad to be losing it. She had been patient and understanding too long. She could feel all the precepts, all the self-control, the calmness her books had enjoined, dropping from her, and she was glad of it.

She told Susan, "You are going to eat your dinner up, here and now."

Susan looked up at her, and if Julie was angry, so was Susan. Her face was crimson, her eyes flashing. She took her plate in both hands, and, before Julie could stop her, she had thrown it on the floor.

There was a click inside Julie's brain and her temper suddenly went. She picked Susan out of her chair and gave her two good slaps, hard slaps.

There was a silence. They looked at each other. Susan opened her mouth to howl, it opened wider and wider, and Julie watched it, fascinated.

And then, suddenly, abruptly, Susan began to laugh. She laughed and laughed, and all at once she clung round Julie's knees. When Julie staggered a little and sat down, for the first time she climbed into Julie's lap, and Julie's arms went round her and felt her smallness and her fragility and her little bones, that were somehow like bird's bones.

She put her head on Julie's shoulder.

"Was I very naughty?"

"Very."

"I'm sorry I was a naughty girl."

"That's all right."

Susan gave a sniff, but she did not move; she continued to sit on Julie's lap, with her thin little legs hanging down, her head on Julie's shoulder.

"Is the plate broken?" she inquired.

"No, I don't think so."

Susan's body was shaken by a gust of merriment. "It went flop," she said, gleefully pointing to the debris on the floor, "specially the carrots."

"You were a very naughty little girl, Susan."

Susan said, "I love you. Can I have some more chicken, now? I like chicken, really."

"Yes."

"And I do really love you."

"I love you, too, Susan."

Something soft touched her cheek, and Susan scrambled down. With an enormous sigh of sheer bliss, Julie realised that Susan was won.

When Edward came in, Susan was on Julie's lap reading about Red Indians.

"Sit down, Daddy," Susan instructed him, "and don't make a noise. This is very exciting, and Julie reads beautifully. Don't you think she reads very well?"

Edward, slightly stupefied, said, "Splendidly."

"How on earth did you do it?" he asked Julie when they were alone.

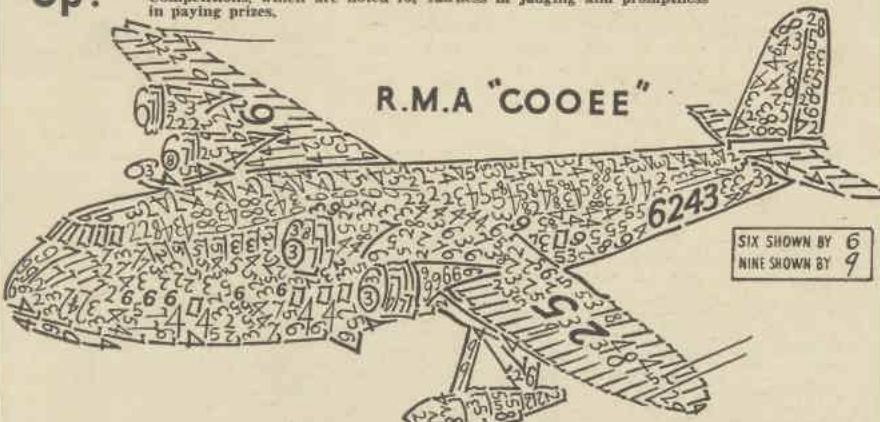
"It was a lesson from Shakespeare," Julie told him. "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

(Copyright)

## • If You Get a Correct Answer You Must Win a Prize!

Add Them Up!

The Royal Mail Airship "Cooee" is off on a long flight. The total of all figures in the drawing represents the number of miles she travels. Mrs. M. McNulty, of Brisbane, had never before won a prize, and little did she realise when she picked up a pen to work out one last Figure Skill that she would win £150, but she tried and won. **YOU CAN DO THE SAME. It's the Competition you like! There is no catch. There is no guesswork. There are Special Cash Prizes for young and old. Twenty people have already won £100 or £150 EACH in past Figure Skill Competitions, which are noted for fairness in judging and promptness in paying prizes.**



Mrs. M. McNULTY, winner of first prize, £150, in our last Figure Skill Competition.

Here are just some of the twenty names and addresses of competitors who have cash won

Mr. G. GREAVES, 27 St. George St., TOOWONG, BRISBANE, Q. £100

Mr. O. CARLSON, 2 Benwarrin Rd., MONT ALBERT, VIC. £100

Mr. M. WILSON, 80 Baptist St., REDFERN, N.S.W. £100

Mr. S. SPURWAY, East Crescent St., McMAHON'S PT., N.S.W. £150

£100 or £150 CASH in recent Figure Skill Competitions.

A. B. MacGREGOR, 24 Bond St., SYDNEY, N.S.W. £100

Miss S. STRAHAN, Brighton Rd., ELSTERNWICK, VIC. £100

Mr. C. W. ELBOURNE, W.C. & I. Commission, LEETON, N.S.W. £100

Mr. G. H. BIZZELL, Howland Terrace, IPSWICH, Q'LAND. £100

### WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!

- Print by hand or write by hand all figures shown in the above drawing, but do not include the 6 and 9 shown in the example. All figures are single: e.g., 3, 2, 4, 5, 8, 7, 1, 9. There are no double figures or noughts or zeros.
- Add up the figures and forward the sheet or sheets of paper showing the additions (as we can check them), along with the coupon containing your name and address.
- All entries will be judged on the 31st September, by the Directors of The Weston Company Pty. Ltd., and the Advertising Manager of "The Australian Women's Weekly" in the presence of the Press. The first prize of £150 cash will be paid to the person sending in the correct or nearest correct solution of this Figure Skill Competition. Should more than one person send in the correct answer the prize will be awarded for general neatness of figures presented in the simplest manner. Second prize will be awarded to the next best solution and so on, until all the prizes are distributed.
- School teachers, commercial artists and draughtsmen and first or second prize-winners in any of the previous Figure Skill Competitions are debarred from entering.
- No correspondence will be entered into with the Competition.
- One person may forward any number of entries on plain paper, provided each entry is accompanied by a POSTAL NOTE FOR 1/-, AND A STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS. Send all entries in the same envelope.

The Secretary, "Figure Skill" Competition, Box 4120 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

\* Age. The total of all figures in the above drawing is

Enclosed is a POSTAL NOTE for 1/- and my paper showing the above numbers added up, together with a STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING MY NAME AND ADDRESS. I certify that this is my own work and I am eligible to compete in accordance with the conditions, and I agree to accept the decision of the judges as final.

NAME

STREET

TOWN

STATE

Please write plainly, and state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

**1st Prize, £150**  
**2nd Prize, £25**

10 at £1 each, 50 at 10/-

And a special prize for EVERY correct entry received.

\* SPECIAL CASH PRIZES FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

£10/10/- BEST ENTRY (Over 60)

\* £5 BEST BOYS' ENTRY (Under 16)

\* £5 BEST GIRLS' ENTRY (Under 16)

\* Competitors over 60 years and under 16 years of age please state age on coupon.

CLOSING DATE	RESULTS	EXTRA COPIES FREE
8 P.M. THURSDAY, SEPT. 21.	Posted to EVERY Competitor immediately after judging.	Write to the address on coupon for additional copies, and enclose stamped addressed envelope.

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sore, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes the good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/-

## Piles Go Quick

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why salves and cutting fail. Dr. Leonard's Vacuoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds, because it relieves this congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vacuoid has given quick safe and lasting relief to thousands of Pile Sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Vacuoid with this guarantee.



# The Movie World

August 26, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

First Page

## YOUTHFUL RIVALS

...are best of friends



● On the sands of Santa Barbara beach resort. From left: Susan Hayward, Joseph Allen, Ellen Drew, Robert Preston, Betty Grable. Betty is the only one not a member of the "Golden Circle."

### SEVENTEEN MOVIE STARLETS HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME

SEVENTEEN youngsters now make up Paramount's charmed "Golden Circle," a specially selected group of actors and actresses being groomed for movie stardom.

Seventeen youngsters are finding time to have a good time together.

The "Golden Circle" of ambition is proving a real circle of friendship as well.

In working hours, its members study dramatics and diction in the Paramount coaching school, attend physical culture and fencing classes, and handle graduated roles in new pictures.

Out of working hours they play

tennis together, go swimming, plan picnics. And occasionally take a week's holiday off for a jaunt to Santa Barbara or some other resort.

The average age of the "Golden Circle" members is just nineteen.

The latest recruit is the first real blonde of the group.

Evelyn Keyes is her name, and she has been playing the role of Suellen in "Gone With the Wind."

Evelyn is a genuine silver blonde. But her appeal is her own. Fresh-faced, demure, she has real beauty—and talent.

You already know such "Golden Circle" members as Robert Preston, Louise Campbell, William Holden, and Ellen Drew.



● This lovely, laughing girl, with the dramatic hair-do, is silver blonde Evelyn Keyes, latest member of Paramount's "Golden Circle" group of talented youngsters being groomed for stardom.

**"DAMP-SET"**  
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Young Mr. Fonda is . . .

## HENRY to the studio: HANK to his friends

HE WANTS TO TOUR THE WORLD  
WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN

By JOAN McLEOD from Hollywood

**H**ENRY FONDA and his wife dropped back into Hollywood this week—and I mean dropped. They zoomed down from an aeroplane cruise of South America.

Now Henry—Hank to his friends, and therefore to me—likes privacy. But Henry—who shall be Hank from now on—is also liked more than ever to-day by the fans.

So I thought the time had come for a special interview.

I waited for him at his home—a nice home, with the usual swimming pool and lovely gardens. The Fonda children—baby and young Miss Fonda, who is really Henry's stepdaughter—were sunning on the lawn with their nurse.

Then Hank came striding in, the whole six-foot-one of him. He had been doing color tests out at 20th Century-Fox for "Drums Along the Mohawk." Now, this film is a technicolor story of America's 18th century pioneers and Indians. It is also one of the studio's biggest for the year. And it is also a vehicle for the gleaming Claudette Colbert. So you can see how Hank's stock has soared in the last year.

### Second marriage

**H**ANK greeted me with that grave courtesy—and that glint of underlying humor—which is so typical of him.

He has black hair which would wave—if allowed—and those boyish good looks.

His deep blue eyes lit up as he talked about that South American trip. "Fran and I loved it."

Mrs. Hank, his second wife, was Frances Brokaw, a member of New York society, and a very charming woman.

She and Hank had a marvellous time in New York—which they took in on their way to South America. They saw every show in town, avoided reporters, saw all their friends, kept away from night-clubs, and really rested.

Their is one of the most unpublicised, and perhaps the happiest, marriages in Hollywood. If you think that Hank still nourishes secret adoration of his first wife—star Margaret Sullivan—forget it.

That was a feverish romance between two ambitious, stage-crazy Broadway youngsters. They have long since grown out of it.

### Future plans

**H**ANK and Mrs. Hank both want to travel—they are passionately fond of it. They want to live in Paris, London, Rome, Cairo, and everywhere else you could think of.

Hank frankly admitted to me that he is trying to make as much hay as possible while the Californian sun shines—and he is saving a good deal of his hay.

"I like to live in a decent place, but I don't intend to let Hollywood's ease for luxury ruin me. Hollywood won't want me always, and I want to be able to retire gracefully and comfortably."

He thinks that a life away from the screen will let his children grow up strong and self-reliant, with, he fervently hopes, a sense of humor.

You wouldn't think that the serious Mr. Fonda of the screen had a sense of humor, would you? He has—to such an extent that people judge him as too easy-going, too unaffected by his theatre struggles, and, of all ridiculous things, too vague.

Where his acting is concerned, Hank is the most direct, conscientious and humble person in the

world. That emotional shyness of his in real life has no bearing on the feeling, intelligence and subtlety of his screen work.

I asked him how he had liked playing "Young Mr. Lincoln"—his first really deep character role. Hank didn't want to talk about it.

"Sure, it was a big part and a tough part and a challenging part and a rewarding part from my point of view. But the thing is that my point of view doesn't matter: it isn't that kind of picture."

Hank became very emphatic. "It wasn't my picture. You know whose picture it was? Abe Lincoln's. I could talk about Lincoln till the cows come home. But who wants to hear an actor talk about Lincoln?"

But Hank is thankful that at last Hollywood has let him forget the role of "Barefoot Boy." He was tired of the people who would remember things like "Way Down

**F**EW actors have made as remarkable progress as Henry Fonda. Four years ago he was earning just £75 a week as a contract player for Fox. To-day, under his new contract with the same studio, he receives £16,250 for each picture. He earns the same sum with outside work, too.



• Young Mr. Fonda in two moods. Hank laughs from the top of the page and Henry muses over his next screen role.

East," and forget things like "Jezebel" and "Blockade."

He knows what happened to those other "barefoot boys" of the screen, Richard Barthelmess and Charles Ray, who played country lads so long that they were like filmland Peter Pans—their studios simply wouldn't let them grow up.

Then the public got tired of wistful, misunderstood rustics—and what happened? Richard Barthelmess and Charles Ray lost their screen careers. Dick has certainly won his back again; but that is another story.

And in person Hank is so completely the young man of the cities—with a nice taste in good tailoring, quiet and easy manners, and a general air of having the world at his finger-tips.

He is even ready to talk about

the education of children. He hopes for great things from his pair—his little stepdaughter is adored by him—who, in that delightful household, have every chance of growing up splendid citizens.

I couldn't get him to be serious about his "early struggles," which most stars are so ready to talk about.

### First films

**H**E laughs at the early days when, as a failure as a journalist, he starred as a stage extra.

But how he loves the big cities! The country just doesn't enter into his scheme of things.

Funny thing about Hank, this distaste for rusticity. He got his first chance on the screen with a homespun, heart-tugging role. He told me how it happened, too.

"The Farmer Takes a Wife" was Marc Connelly's Theatre Guild play, and he had an important part in it—a part which affected his whole life. For Winfield Sheehan, Fox producer, saw the play once—watched Henry give that lovely subtle performance as the young farmer who adored the barge girl—and gave him a long-term contract.

As you remember, Henry's first Hollywood job was to repeat that role. Janet Gaynor was billed as the star, but Henry made the impression.

Another funny thing about Hank. Hollywood has not yet capitalised on his bubbling sense of humor. He has played in only one comedy—"The Moon's Our Home," with ex-wife Margaret Sullivan. He has been allowed to let that sense of fun come through—some scenes in "Alexander

Graham Bell" are gorgeous. But Mr. Fonda as a star comedian? Hollywood cannot see it—at least, not yet.

And the most significant thing about Hank—he has as many if not more genuine friends than anyone else in Hollywood. He loves having fun. He loves sport.

If you are round the hills of Santa Monica in the small hours, you may see Henry tearing along in his car, his black hair blowing in the wind. One of his ideas of fun is to dash out of the house in the middle of the night and go for a long drive, miles and miles, with Frances or a couple of friends.

For it's travel again, do you see? And it fills in the spare hours for Hank until he, Frances and the children can really see the whole of the world.



**Bette Davis...****As famed Elizabeth****DASHING ERROL FLYNN TO PLAY AN ENGLISH EARL IN BETTE'S COLOR PICTURE****From BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood**

**H**OLLYWOOD is making its first screen drama on Elizabeth of England, with Bette Davis as the colorful, autocratic Queen.

This is the third period drama in which you will be seeing Bette in the next few months.

The first will be as the ill-fated Empress Carlotta, in the film "Juarez," the story of the young Archduke Maximilian, who ruled as Emperor over Mexico for three years, and his struggles to maintain his empire against the Indian liberator, Juarez.

The second—a break between two regal roles—will be "The Old Maid," drama of rivalry between two sisters, with Miriam Hopkins.

The title of the third is "The Lady and the Knight." Its subject is the romance between the ageing queen, Elizabeth, and the youthful Earl of Essex—played by Errol Flynn.

Amazingly enough, this is the first time Flynn and Bette Davis have been starred together, although both have been carrying the burden of Warner Bros.' most exciting roles for several years.

It is fitting that Hollywood's queen actress should play the role of Queen.

After she finishes "The Lady and the Knight," Bette goes off for a well-earned holiday.

But Warners already have two more films ready for her, both carrying a million-dollar budget.

Both are modern stories, "West of Prisco" and "Three Strangers." The latter was written by Mark Hellinger, well-known columnist and movie director.

**Daring venture**

**A**ND what other actress would dare to play the drama of a 60-year-old queen infatuated by a 21-year-old courtier?

For those, history tells us, were the respective ages of Elizabeth and Essex, when the Earl first won favor at the Court.

Few movie heroines would risk their personal popularity to play such a role.

But then, few actresses still as young and attractive as Bette would be capable of it.

Curiously enough, this exciting period—when England first began her quest for Empire, and established herself as mistress of the seas, when literature flourished as never before or since in England—has practically escaped the roving eye of the Hollywood movie-makers.

The first multiple reel film—the first movie to run longer than 10 minutes or so—ever to reach English-speaking audiences was a French film, "Elizabeth the Queen," which starred Sarah Bernhardt.

Hollywood developed the technique of this film, but left its subject alone.

England, of course, has made the Elizabethan era the subject of screen drama. Its most recent venture was "Fire Over England." But the part of Queen Elizabeth was taken by Flora Robson, a well-known character actress and not a star.

Now Hollywood's quest for historical drama for its premier players has led the producer to the Golden Age of England, the sixteenth century.

**Famous personages**

**T**HE story of Elizabeth and Essex as screened by Warner Brothers was adapted from the stage play, "Elizabeth and Essex," by Maxwell Anderson.

It takes in many of the colorful figures who made up Court life of that day.

And it has some of Hollywood's best-known character players in these roles.

Errol Flynn is the handsome young Earl of Essex, who, as Elizabeth's favorite, ruled Court and country—only to be overthrown through the intrigues of his fellow courtiers and the wayward fancy of his Queen.

An attractive role for jaunty Mr. Flynn? Burly Britisher Donald Crisp plays Francis Bacon, literary genius and corrupt Court official, the man who betrayed his friend and patron, Essex.

Sir Walter Raleigh (the man who introduced potatoes and tobacco into England, and waged war against the Spaniards), a bitter rival of Essex, is played by Vincent Price.

Price, you remember, came to Hollywood from Broadway, where he played Albert in the play, "Victoria Regina."

He made a picture for Universal some time ago, but was burdened with a silly role in a

• First color shot taken from Warner Brothers' technicolor film, "The Lady and the Knight," showing Bette Davis in regal splendor as England's "Good Queen Bess." Errol Flynn plays opposite as the ill-starred Earl of Essex.

very thin story, so this part may be considered the real start of his screen career.

Robert Warwick plays Lord Mountjoy, who succeeded Essex in Elizabeth's favor.

Alan Hale is the rebellious Irish Earl of Tyrone, whom Essex, as commander of England's forces in Ireland, overthrew.

Not mentioned in history, but an important character in the film, is Lady Penelope Gray, played by Olivia de Havilland—a lady who loved and lost Lord Essex.

The film, however, is keeping to history, as nearly as possible, as far as the characters are concerned.

**BETTE AS BRIDE?**

**W**ILL Bette Davis marry George Brent?

The famous pair, as usual, maintain an enigmatic silence on the question. But Hollywood tips they'll be wed by Christmas.

That's when Bette's divorce from Harmon Nelson becomes final. Harmon won his divorce last year on the grounds of mental cruelty. He said Bette preferred reading books and plays to his company.

As fellow stars at Warner Brothers,

Bette and George have known each other for quite a long time.

But their romance blossomed when they made "Dark Victory" together. It continued to bloom during the filming of "The Old Maid," in which they again share screen romance.

For Bette, since then, a luncheon engagement or two with George Raft has been the only interruption to one of Hollywood's staunchest twosomes.

While George, once a favorite young man about town, is now one of the colony's confirmed one-woman men.





**1 SONJA HENIE**, a country schoolteacher, learns from boy friend Lyle Talbot that she has won a screen test.



**2 STUDIO'S** press-agent, Tyrone Power, persuades her to come to Hollywood.



**3 WITH** Power an interested spectator, Sonja is glamorised for the screen.



**4 TO GET** publicity, Power plots a romance for Sonja with Dinehart, her studio boss.



**5 SONJA**, unknowing, falls in love with Rudy Vallee, fellow film star, who takes her out.



**6 MARY HEALEY**, in love with Rudy, tells Sonja on the movie set that her romance is a publicity stunt.



MERLE OBERON, Samuel Goldwyn  
Star of "Wuthering Heights."

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	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>
ADDRESS	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
CITY	Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	REDHEAD	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
STATE	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
	Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	

A79

## Skater in Hollywood Romance

• SONJA HENIE in her new musical plays a little school-teacher from Scandinavia who becomes a Hollywood star. Her "romance," that with her studio's main masculine attraction, Rudy Vallee, is cooked up by press-agent Tyrone Power. Mr. Power writes Vallee's love-letters and love songs, arranges parties for him—then finds out that he himself loves Sonja deeply. 20th Century-Fox decorates "Second Fiddle" with Irving Berlin tunes, songs from Rudy Vallee and that new discovery, Mary Healy—and with, of course, Sonja's own brilliant skating numbers.

## On the set with WILL MAHONEY

**WILL MAHONEY** makes his first public appearance in Australia without his famous cigar in the Australian film, "Come Up Smiling."

Will, the Irish-American comedian now on his second visit to Australia, with his wife, Evie Hayes, is known far and wide for the extraordinary number of cigars he smokes.

A cigar is his most familiar stage prop—his constant friend and companion off stage.

They were "a nuisance" when making a picture.

"The audience would wonder what on earth was happening if I appeared in one scene with a half-smoked cigar, and immediately in the next one with one of a different length.

"A cigar, you see, doesn't wait while you make a movie.

"But I keep a box handy on the sidelines," said Will.

Will was interviewed on Cine-sound's indoor set of "Come Up Smiling" under difficulties.

On one of his rare days off from work he was busy on the sidelines taking his own moving camera shots of Evie, rehearsing on the set, for private consumption.

Will says he has no definite plans for the future. "I have stage contracts waiting for me in London. But I'm in no hurry to get back. I like it here."

Will says he enjoys making pictures—despite the exertion.

"It's a crazy game. And it's cost me eight bowler hats so far. There are so many people on the set that they step on them when I leave them around.

"But it's good fun.

"It took me a couple of days to get into the running. I 'blew up' my lines at the beginning once or twice.

"You'd be surprised how easily you forget when the cameras begin grinding. Every actor does it at some time or other—even the experienced 'hands'.

"It's easy enough to know what the other actors are doing wrong. But you can't tell how you're going when you get up in front of the cameras."

Will likes the part he plays in "Come Up Smiling." "I'm a nice little bloke trying to make something of myself," he says.

He has one song to sing. "It's a lovely little song. A lullaby I sing to a sheep."



## SCREEN ODDITIES ★ By CHARLES BRUNO



## GLORIA HOLDEN'S

SCREEN APPEARANCE WAS IMPROVED BY A BROKEN NOSE—FRACTURED WHEN SHE FELL FROM HER HORSE, HER NOSE WAS MADE MORE SYMMETRICAL BY SURGEONS THAN IT HAD BEEN BEFORE.

LOUIS JEAN HEYDT HAS BEEN GLORIA HOLDEN'S HUSBAND IN AT LEAST 20 FILMS BUT HAS MET HER ONLY 3 TIMES OUTSIDE OF THE STUDIOS.

MOST STARS WILL NOT POSE FOR CAMERA PORTRAITS AFTER 3 P.M. FACES GENERALLY SHOW FATIGUE IN THE LATE AFTER-NOON —



## Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

**CAROLE LOMBARD** is making a speedy recovery from her appendicitis operation. She was taken ill on the set early this month and rushed to hospital where the doctor ordered an immediate operation.

**SURPRISE** engagement of the week was that of Brian Aherne and Joan Fontaine—Olivia de Havilland's sister.

It came as a real shock to Hollywood. For over a year Conrad Nagel has been Joan's devoted swain, and friends were tipping they would be married this year.

**SONJA HENIE'S** vacation in her native Norway has been cut short by a summons to report at once to the studio. She had hoped to spend several months at home, but it seems that her new story, "Everything Happens at Night," cannot wait.

**UNA O'CONNOR**, noted English character actress, who left Hollywood last year for English films, is hurrying from England for an important role in Warners' adaptation of the James Hilton novel "We Are Not Alone," which stars Paul Muni. Miss O'Connor's last Hollywood picture was "Robin Hood."

**LAURENCE OLIVIER** will leave the cast of Katherine Cornell's successful New York play, "No Time for Comedy," next month, and report to the Selznick studios for the much-coveted male lead in "Rebecca," screen version of the Daphne du Maurier novel. Decision for feminine lead at present lies between Vivien Leigh and Margaret Sullivan. But Hollywood tips Vivien will get the part.

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## PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

## ★★ CLOUDS OVER EUROPE

(Week's Best Release.)

Ralph Richardson, Laurence Olivier, Valerie Hobson. (Columbia.)

DON'T be worried by the title. "Clouds Over Europe" is a grand thriller, sparkling with comedy—and enlivened by the presence of the maddest detective possible.

He is Ralph Richardson, in a black hat like Mr. Eden, and carrying an umbrella like Mr. Chamberlain.

And he is a nuisance to everybody because he insists that there is a logical, sinister motive behind the steady disappearance of new test planes.

Mr. Richardson bobs in and out of air-works and of restaurants and of motor-cars.

He pauses for a bit of cooking. And, in the thick of every piece of action, he telephones a beautiful girl called "Daphne," to tell her that he is sorry he cannot meet her for dinner.

A romance? Not exactly. The real romance of the film is left for Laurence Olivier, as a quarrelsome young test pilot, and Valerie Hobson, as an inquisitive girl reporter.

Mr. Olivier is very good-looking, and Valerie Hobson is very attractive—in a new, wide-eyed way.

But it is Mr. Richardson who becomes your boon companion in an exciting entertainment; and you will spare a laugh for his valet, Gus McNaughton.

I have just one word of warning for you: The dialogue is very witty—and it is also very quickly spoken. So keep your ears pricked—and prepare to enjoy yourself hugely. May-fair; showing.

## ★★ SONG OF THE PLAINS

Nelson Eddy, Virginia Bruce. (MGM.)

"SONG OF THE PLAINS" is an active yarn about early Western days, with Nelson Eddy as its singing hero.

Song—with Eddy at his best in rousing ballads—robust comedy and witty dialogue help to make it sound all-round entertainment.

Eddy himself has never been more manly or likeable.

And, with Virginia Bruce as his attractive partner in an appealing romance, he is confident of feminine applause.

But "Song of the Plains" is even more remarkable for the work of its supporting players, especially Victor McLaglen, as the fighting, hard-drinking, stupid Irishman, and Charles Butterworth—a positive joy in the film—as Eddy's dry, witty off-sider.

Promising much at the beginning, it sags later. Period is the 'sixties, pioneering days of the railroads, with Edward Arnold, villainous financier, trying to shift the small landowners owning property around the railroad—by fair means or foul.

To the rescue comes young lawyer Nelson Eddy, son of one of the landowners, Lionel Barrymore.

There's a grand fistic battle for Eddy with Victor McLaglen—and when I say Eddy comes out on top you'll know he puts up a pretty realistic performance. — Liberty; showing.

## ★ EX-CHAMP

Victor McLaglen, Nan Grey. (Universal.)

THIS is slow-moving and sentimental melodrama of a former boxing champion with Victor McLaglen doing a grand job in this role.

As the "ex-champ," kindly, soft-hearted, who still lives his past glories, McLaglen is a real person—and enlivens an otherwise flat routine story.

The theme runs along two well-worn threads—leading from McLaglen's college-educated son (Donald Briggs), now ashamed of his father, and his loyal daughter (Nan Grey).

The son, completely unworthy, leaves home, but the daughter sticks to her father, and encourages him to train young Tom Brown as a fighter. Thus the veteran rediscovered the lost joy of the boxing ring.

In a melodramatic, time-honored climax the bad son returns to wreck the carefully-laid boxing plans.—Capitol; showing.

## Our Film Gradings

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★★ Average  
★ No stars — below average.

## ★ ROYAL DIVORCE

Ruth Chatterton, Pierre Blanchard, Frank Cellier. (Gaumont-British.)

THE love-story of Napoleon and his first wife, Josephine, told with the emphasis always on personal romance, and on the two stars.

Produced with grace and charm as it is, the film is slow.

Its first half, in which Ruth Chatterton displays the caprice, frivolity and coquettish charm of the Josephine who was loved by—but did not love—Napoleon is most entertaining.

This light touch still suits Ruth Chatterton nicely—as do the Empire gowns.

But when drama comes on the scene—when she loves Napoleon the Emperor—the film begins to lose reality. Ruth Chatterton as the soulful, tragic woman is—well, just another actress.

On the other hand, Pierre Blanchard, the French actor, sustains the role and the temperament of his character throughout.

His Napoleon is the Napoleon of the love-letters to Josephine—the man who divorced her because he must have an heir, but who still loved her.—Victory; showing.

## ★ HOTEL IMPERIAL

Isa Miranda, Ray Milland. (Paramount.)

STORY of espionage and romantic adventure in war time, "Hotel Imperial" is average entertainment.

The setting is the Hotel Imperial, and a small border town in Galicia which is alternately occupied by Russian and Austrian troops during the Great War.

Into this town comes Isa Miranda, Austrian, bent on avenging her sister's death.

The film has in its heroine, Miranda, former star of Italian films, a sophisticated in the Dietrich tradition. Whether she can act still remains to be seen. She gets little chance to show her ability in this film.

Incidentally, she wears some strikingly exotic gowns which never look in the least dishevelled.

Most human person is Reginald Owen, as the bibulous general with a leaning towards art and models.—Prince Edward; showing.

## ★ PYJAMA GIRL MYSTERY

Documentary. (Enterprise Films.)

THIS Australian-made picture, produced for the "Australia Today" series, is a reconstruction of a world-famous murder mystery.

Its makers had the co-operation of the authorities.

The film outlines the crime, and shows the steps taken by the police, both here and abroad, to establish the identity of the "Pyjama Girl."

It has been well produced, with a terse commentary and a well-knit selection of the known facts.

The producers have been careful, too, to avoid the sensational and the gruesome angles. They have handled a grim subject well.—Capitol; showing.

## Shows Still Running

\*\*\* Dark Victory. Bette Davis, George Brent in poignant tragedy. Century, 5th week.

\*\*\* Goodbye Mr. Chips. Robert Donat, Greer Garson in beautifully human drama. St. James, 4th week.

\*\*\* The Story of Irene and Vernon Castle. Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire in enchanting biography of famous dancers. Regent, 3rd week.

\*\*\* Rose of Washington Square. Alice Faye, Tyrone Power in appealing musical drama. Plaza, 3rd week.

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If you asked your chemist about the formula printed on each box of De Witt's Pills he would tell you that these pills contain those special ingredients that pass unchanged through the digestive tract, straight to the kidneys. You yourself have complete proof that these pills act at once on weak kidneys, because, 24 hours from the first dose, the urine is discoloured. This fact tells you that vital medicaments are cleansing the kidneys. As you take De Witt's Pills for a little while your kidneys are so strengthened that they resume their natural action and clear right out of the system the poisons and impurities that cause your bad backache.

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## WINTER

after the retreating figure of the baron. On either side of him moved one of the strangers, just a fraction of a pace behind, and it was clear to Winter with a perfect understanding that Crall had been arrested and moved now under restraint.

As for the man from the Baltic, Winter heartily wished him elsewhere and all his works with him; but the white face of Mary Lee Manners was quite a different thing. It was easy for him to circle the room and intercept the slowly moving trio before they reached the door. He broke right in upon them, waving a cheerful greeting to the baron.

"Ah, Crall!" he cried. "My dear old Crall! How the devil should I know that I was to see you here?"

The baron regarded him with an eye of stony suffering and some bewilderment, but Winter carried himself forward on the false tide of his own enthusiasm. He clapped his hands upon the shoulders of the baron and shook him with enthusiastic excess of pleasure.

"Crall," he said, "it's a splendid thing to see you. And you've thought about handling those automobile parts in Latvia, haven't you? It will be money in your pocket, old man, and something in mine, too!"

A glimmer of light crossed the eyes of Crall. He had been walking with one hand dropped lightly into the top of a trouser pocket. But he withdrew it and held both hands out to Winter.

"How can I refuse good things?" asked Crall, as Winter exchanged a double grip with him. "We shall have to sit down and talk it over, Winter."

"A delight to see you!" But just now I have something important with these gentlemen. . . . forgive me . . . a little later . . .

He walked on, leaving inside the ample grip of Winter something of cold metal, the size and shape of a spoon. Winter slipped it into a pocket, taking out a cigarette case at the same time, and while he was so employed he scanned the room with a furtive glance; for the zest of a game had swept over him and he felt that he had become the fox in a hunt where he could not name the dogs.

In this manner he saw the young

## Blind Buff

Continued from Page 11

Comte de Crainville in the near distance. He was aware, also, that the two escorts of Crall were looking back towards him and that Crainville was shaking his head and smiling a little, as though to say that no harm could come from a simple American booby such as Charles Winter; as though to say, also, and very distinctly: "Go on! You have the right man!"

Winter could have laughed aloud; joy, in fact, swelled his throat until it ached, and he drew down a long breath of cigarette smoke as he turned back towards Mary Lee Manners. She was talking and smiling with the baron still, and it seemed strange to Winter that no one was noticing or remarking her pallor.

"Mary Lee, I have that dance now, haven't I?" he asked.

She looked aside at him with a quick impatience.

"Oh, Charlie . . ." she began.

"I'll pay for it," said Winter, smiling.

"With a ring!" laughed the baronet.

"No, it's larger than that," said Winter, laughing in his turn. For he felt such an ecstasy of adventure that he was sure the joy of it would give him laughter for the rest of his days. If only no fingertip in all this touched and tarnished Mary Lee Manners.

"Larger than a ring?" said the Englishman. "Precious as the devil, I suppose. Have men died for it?"

"A man may die for it," answered Winter, with the same cheerful laughter.

Mary Lee looked at him with new eyes and turned quickly.

"We should dance this," she said.

"Excuse me, Harry . . ."

"I have it!" said Winter, as they stepped through the hall into the great entrance of the ballroom.

"Walk slowly . . ." she said. "I'm not going to faint, but I'm near it."

Charlie, you got it from him?"

"Didn't you see me stop him near the door?" asked Winter.

"But with the two of them looking on? Charlie, what am I to say to you? What am I to do about it? You've been one of us all this while, and I never guessed! . . . I thought you were only being stupid! . . ."

That hateful man Crall! He might have dropped a hint to me. But it's like him not to. He's such a beast!"

"He is," agreed Winter cheerfully.

"I can dance, now," she said.

They stepped out into the dance. The color was coming swiftly back to her; and delight shone from her, as she looked up to him.

"How did you dare?" she asked. "You know what it will be for this . . . ten years or more on some Devil's Island! But under the very eyes of that fiend, Louis Strannel, and with Du Bois watching! They didn't suspect!"

"I was an old friend and I hadn't seen Crall for years, it seemed. So I had to take hold of him. I had to shake him and maul him a bit. I was so pleased to see him. So we managed it very easily. What happens when they search Crall and find nothing, I can't tell."

"Wait till we get in the thick of the crowd before you give it to me," said Mary Lee. "You know, Charlie, I almost wish that you were not one of us. But, of course, you're not like the rotten rest of the men in this game. No, I don't really wish you out of the adventure; if only the dirt will wash off; if only it hasn't rubbed in under the skin."

"Like Crall?" he asked.

She shuddered.

"Poor, poor devil!" she said. " . . . and I knew there was somebody over him, giving orders, but I never dreamed it was you . . ."

He was beginning to understand his new position in her eyes. He had been almost a negligible creature before, and now her whole mind was engrossed, yet she had seen enough of Crall and others of his ilk to feel a profound repugnance for all the professional international liars. In one stroke he was both brightened and darkened.

Taking advantage of a pause in the dancing, Winter drew the metal spool out of his pocket. Partly with his eyes and partly with his fingers he saw that it was merely a little aluminium can such as is used to hold a daylight-loading cartridge for a miniature camera.

"Give it to me . . . now!" she pleaded.

He said: "Mary Lee, what a lovely dancer you are. You make me want to say something with my feet."

"Hush! Hush!" she whispered. "Suppose that Brisslon looks at you with his X-ray eyes? . . . Give it to me now, Charlie." He laughed.

"People are looking!" she breathed. "They're noticing you."

"Darn the people!" said Charles Winter. "They only wish they were dancing in my boots, but I wouldn't trade with a king."

"You don't mean that. You scoff at me for an up-stage little fool. I'm not a very clever person. I don't belong in this game at all! And all the while I thought I was being one of the few really patriotic Americans! What shall I think of myself?"

"You're more than a patriot. You're a darling," said Winter, with happiness rushing up like bright champagne bubbles through his brain. And then he saw that his last words had not pleased her.

"We've got to get away; now!" she insisted. "We could go out through the garden, and the street and the Seine are just beyond . . ."

They went out, leaving the music suddenly walled away to dimness and the sound of dancing feet like a wind, almost as loud as the orchestra. The garden offered a neat little French pattern into which the thoughts of Winter would not fit.

"Now will you give it to me?" she asked.

"How far are you from loving me, Mary Lee?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said.

"You were dreamed of, planned, blue-printed, and built for me to love. That's why all the other people in there were as thin as smoke to me. Did you notice?"

"You did seem to look through them," she said.

"LIKE" things under water, they were all distorted, compared with you. Out here it's better. You don't feel as I do, but even you can see that we have the world in our hands. It's all for us."

"I think it is," she whispered.

"And even the automobile horns and the trams taking corners are making music for us," said Winter.

"Charlie, I adore you," said the girl, and kissed him.

But he knew the love he talked about was only a pleasant part of the adventure for her.

He parted the velvet mouth of the evening bag and slipped the aluminium case into it.

"What have you done to me?" she asked. "I'd forgotten it completely! And . . . merciful heaven, Du Bois and Strannel are coming after us!"

"Walk straight on," said Winter. His breath was gone, as though he had plunged into cold water.

"My knees are going crazy under me," she said. "I'm going to crash, Charlie!"

"You won't crash," he told her. "You've had a good time at the dance, and you won't mind paying the piper . . ."

"But Devil's Island . . . hurry, Charlie! They're almost at our heels!"

They were walking from the garden onto the sidewalk, but there was no chance to get across the street, for a moving wall of taxicabs and private cars rolled past the kerb.

"We're gone!" whispered the girl. "Give me the bag," said Winter.

"I'll die before I'd do that!" she said through her teeth. "I'll take my share of the punishment . . ."

An empty taxi was passing. He snatched the bag from her and tossed it through the open window of the car.

It was tan-colored. He tried to read the licence number at the rear, but the next car in the line blotted out the chance. Something else about the taxi was noteworthy, but he could not think what it was.

Then the two French agents appeared on either side of them.

"Mademoiselle Manners, I have the privilege of knowing you?" said one of them, with smiling eyes and a flash of teeth.

"Monsieur Strannel, is it not?" said the girl. The real touch of danger washed all fear out of her. She was lovely and perfect in her ease.

"With Monsieur Du Bois, I am authorised to take you and Monsieur the young American," said Strannel, "unless you choose to make everything simple, unless you choose to have everything forgotten and give me at once the small matter that you know of."

"Monsieur Strannel, I haven't the least idea what you're speaking of," said the girl. "What small matter is it?"

Du Bois said: "We want what Winter took from Crall and gave to you." He held out his hand, adding: "Or else we'll have it by right of search, and after that you will come to feel that God has forgotten you, mademoiselle."

"WILL you talk for me?" said the girl to Winter. "I'm afraid that I'm about to lose my temper."

Strannel and Du Bois took them to a little dingy office building. There the two men searched Winter to the skin, while a black-browed matron handled the girl in another room. After Winter had dressed the two Frenchmen sat in silence, studying him. Once Du Bois leaned and spat on the floor at his feet. Not a word was spoken until Mary Lee Manners returned.

"And you found . . .?" said Strannel, standing up and holding out a receptive hand toward the matron.

She laughed, looking Mary Lee up and down. "I found nothing for you or monsieur," she said.

The calm of the two Frenchmen broke into a sudden storm of language. Then silence, and a few big, rounded curves like the last large drops of a thunderstorm, and at last: "Monsieur Winter . . . Mademoiselle Manners . . . we are desolated."

All of France, it appeared, was apologising; and though their eyes to the last moment doubted and cursed the Americans, they were given freedom.

"And now?" said Winter, when they were in a taxicab.

The girl cried: "That detestable, gross . . . Charlie, are you actually laughing?"

"I was thinking of Strannel and Du Bois," said Winter.

"It's gone forever. All Crall's work, too," mourned Mary Lee. "Into a taxicab, one of ten thousand . . . it's as though you threw it into the sea!"

"Do you remember anything about that cab?" asked Winter.

She closed her eyes and said, slowly: "It was faded tan in color. Vintage of about 1928. The right fender was rumpled a bit. A home-made repair. The driver had a walrus moustache. He was fifty . . . but, oh, Charlie, every taxi-driver in Paris was at the Marne, and is fifty years old, and has a walrus moustache! What can we do?"

Please turn to Page 46

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# Real Life Stories

## Short and Snappy

### WALKED TO HIS FATE

MOTHER had a small poultry farm, and it was my job to deliver turkeys alive to the hotel.

It was a two miles' tramp, and how I hated the trip, carrying a gobble weighing at least 14lbs.

One hot day I had a brainwave. I tore two holes in the bag, forced the legs of the bird through them, and, holding the neck of the bag, let him walk.

Several cyclists "poked fun" at me on the way, but it was worth it.

10/6 to Mrs. R. Martin, Geelong Rd., West Footscray, Melbourne.

### WRONG DIAGNOSIS

MY cousin's little son was rather delicate, and when late one cold night she heard him breathing unnaturally she hurriedly sent for the doctor.

Imagine how she felt when the doctor pulled back the covers and disclosed, not a pneumonia case, but the family cat purring contentedly in sonny's arms.

2/6 to Mrs. M. Peters, Buckle St., Northgate, Qld.

### ROYAL INTERLUDE

THE late King George, Queen Mary and Princess Mary visited the factory where I worked in Dundee (Scotland) and we were told to keep busy while the Royal Family passed through the rooms.

Being young and foolish I waited till the Royal party were only a few yards from me and then set my looms in motion. And then just as they had passed my shuttle flew out.

It sailed over the top of Queen Mary's head and landed a few yards away. No notice was taken of the incident, but I shivered for days.

2/6 to Miss Mary Scott, 217 Somerville Rd., West Footscray, Vic.

### THE NUDISTS

IT was a sunny day after a week of rain in the town on the Murray where we lived, when a neighbor called to tell me in a shocked voice that my two little daughters were swimming in the gutter outside the post office.

On hurrying to the spot I found two small nudists enjoying a swim and two complete sets of clothes laundered in muddy water adorning the post office fence.

2/6 to Mrs. S. P. Riley, Lockhart, N.S.W.

### FORGOT INJURY

WHILE I was looking over a coal mine at Lithgow a man was injured, and as there was no ambulance it was decided to carry him home on a stretcher.

It was a hot day and they were very tired when they reached his gate, so their feelings can be imagined when he said: "Hold on, boys, that gate has a tricky latch." At this he got off the stretcher, opened the gate and walked inside.

2/6 to Mervin Green, Railway St., Wrona, N.S.W.

### POURED TOO SOON

THERE were only two of us in the carriage of the Kyogle mail travelling from Brisbane to Sydney, and as we were seated at opposite ends of the compartment the other passenger asked me to sit closer to her so that we could chat more easily.

I had only just moved, when the waiter, coming along the corridor with a tray of tea, lost his balance and the contents, including a large pot of hot tea, fell on the seat I had just vacated.

2/6 to Miss J. Franklin, P.O., Bundaberg, Qld.

### SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column. Full address at top of Page 3.

## WHALE under boat



"I could have stepped from the boat on to the whale."

### Fishermen's 10 seconds of terror

IT was a beautiful day in May, with the sun shining warmly and a slight nor-east breeze ruffling the waters of Lake Macquarie, as we headed our launch for Swansea heads to spend a day "outside" fishing.

The little boat wound its way down to the heads and across the bar with its "chop," and once "outside" we headed due east.

When about a mile from the shore we dropped anchor. Not long afterwards we had our lines out, and everything was peaceful except for the swell which, when it neared a small island, curled up nastily and thundered down on the rocky shore.

I was seated in the stern of the boat facing the front, and my friend was looking from the front aft, when all of a sudden the bottom of the ocean "came up."

"The engine, get it going," I gasped out. Not twenty yards in front of us were two whales. A couple of seconds and down they went again, and I estimated that they would come up underneath us.

Clinging tightly to the boat, I wondered what would happen. Sure enough, one whale came up almost underneath us, and the wash caused the boat to rock perilously.

The whale passed a foot from us. I could have stepped from the boat on to its back.

During those ten seconds of suspense I had visions of being flung high into the air by the enormous tail and trying to swim to the island.

The danger passed as quickly as it came, but we did not breathe freely again until we saw the huge tails disappearing over the horizon.

5/1/- to A. N. McKinnon, Renwick St., Toronto, N.S.W.

### Thrilling chase

THE taxi in which my fiancé and I were returning home from a party was stopped by a policeman who jumped aboard and ordered the driver to follow a car.

The chase went on for miles, and by the time we were out by Warwick Farm my fiancé and I were huddled on the back seat, too frightened to move, as the policeman was firing at the car ahead.

Suddenly it stopped, and one of the fugitives ran into the bush. The other brandished a bottle, but soon they were captured.

Returning to town, the prisoners occupied the back seat, while we were in front.

2/6 to Miss W. White, Prince's Highway, Blackhurst, N.S.W.

### Trapped on bridge

VISITING Queenstown, a mining town on the west coast of Tasmania, I was walking along the railway line between Strahan and Queenstown, when I came to the bridge crossing the King River.

Being ignorant of the running of the trains I hesitated, but eventually moved forward. As I neared the centre of the bridge I was startled by the shrill whistle of an approaching train.

There was not time to return, nor could I reach the other side. Forty feet below was the river.

There was only one way out. Trembling in every limb I quickly lowered myself and, clinging to the edge of the bridge, hung in mid-air until the train dashed past. Although dizzy I hauled myself up and got off the bridge as fast as possible.

2/6 to Miss Patricia Gibson, Eelectra, Tas.

### Bed as prison

DURING heavy rain, my mate and I had to make a "wet" camp close to the Macquarie River, near Warren.

Having neither tent nor stretchers and very little bedding, we stripped three sheets of bark, built a gunyah, and made a fire near the entrance. Then we stripped a couple more sheets and lay on them.

About midnight I was awakened by yells from my mate, and found that the heat of the fire had caused the bark to curl up and envelop him.

It was a queer sight to see a pair of feet sticking out one end of a blue gum encasement, and a head at the other. But with the aid of a tomahawk I soon released him.

2/6 to Albrt. Petterson, Mendooran Rd., Gilgandra, N.S.W.

### The outlaw

TIGER was the only horse on our farm who was troublesome. He was an outlaw, but having no fear of animals, and my father being away, I decided to ride him for a change.

Everything would have been all right had not my brother and I decided to race to the house. Whether Tiger objected to my brother drawing ahead, or whether it was simply bad temper, I cannot say, but suddenly I found myself flying through the air to land with startling suddenness on the grass.

Tiger rushed across and stood over me. His bloodshot eyes and foaming mouth told me he was a killer. But fortunately my cry of terror brought my brother back and he drove the maddened horse off with a whip he seldom carried.

But for his presence of mind and courage I would have been kicked to death.

2/6 to Miss L. Redden, Tuart St., Bunbury, W.A.

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"WHAT was in that purse, besides?" he asked.

"Two thousand-franc notes, and about five hundred in smaller things," she said. "And a compact. A few cigarettes. A little bit of a lighter that Crall gave me."

"Anything else?"  
"Nothing but a letter."  
"About what?" he asked.  
"Oh, nothing. Mostly about me."  
"Loving you?"  
"Yes, rather," she answered.

"That's bad," said he.

"Darling!" said Mary Lee. "But what can we do?"

"You're going back to the dance," said Winter, "and I'm going some place where I can think."

"I'm not going to the dance," she said. "I don't feel like it."

"You're going back to the dance," said Winter.

"Do I have to?" said the girl.

"You do," said Winter.

He sat at a sidewalk cafe drinking demis of the bad French beer which even the genius of Pasteur could not improve, and across the blank slate of his mind walked vague silhouettes out of the Parisian night while he handed and rehandled again and again that picture of the taxi cab which the girl had described so succinctly; yet she had not given him the extra clue for which he was reaching. The car was old, and yet there was something brand-new about it. Not the paint. Not the motor. Nothing in the sight of it. And then, at the hour's end, he realised that the strangeness, the newness, had been in the sound the old cab made. It was not the usual grinding of worn parts but a smooth, sleek whisper; and he remembered that he had sold a certain number of rear-ends at a very sad bargain to the owner of a small taxi company in Paris. He even could remember the home address of the man, and the good pate and bad wine which had accompanied their talk about the deal.

In half an hour he was at the door of his former client, and then in the hall where the starved little man in a nightgown hugged himself in defence against the deadly cold.

"You have a tan-colored cab, monsieur?"

"Monsieur, all my cabs are tan-colored."

"How many cabs have you?"

"Seventy-five, monsieur."

"Seventy-five!" said Winter. "But you have one driver about fifty years old."

"All my drivers are about that age."

"And they all have moustaches?"

"Not one!" said the proprietor of the taxis.

"What? Not one?"

"With a moustache? No! I never

## Blind Buff

Continued from Page 44.

shall employ a man with a dirty face!"

"Monsieur, think! I implore you to think again. Among them all, there is at least one who is equipped with a rather large, grey moustache."

"No, there is not one."

Winter stared a moment into nothingness.

"Not a single one of your drivers?" he asked.

"Not a single one," said the Frenchman, wearily submitting to the dangers of night draughts and the talk of barbarous Americans.

"But there is at least a single substitute?" said Winter.

"None!" said the proprietor.

"None, except Pierre, who occasionally drives a cab for me at night."

"Ah, that is the man!" cried Winter. "You do have this one Pierre who is a driver for you, then?"

"No," said the Frenchman. "He is not a driver."

"But in the name of blue heaven—you've just told me that he sometimes drives for you at night."

"True. But he is not a driver. He is a mechanic who occasionally drives."

"He was on the streets with a car this very evening?"

"I would not deny it. It is, in fact, true. But he is only a mechanic, he and his filthy face of hair!"

"My dear friend, do me the honor and favor of giving me his address."

That was how he stepped, an hour later, into talk with Monsieur Gregoire Vasec in a dirty little smoke-stained cafe away off by the Gare du Nord, which is near the end of the Parisian world. It was very late and Gregoire yawned at the little, bright, glass of rum which he was drinking. He looked up at tall Charles Winter with the fleshy, wrinkled brow of a retired pirate, slightly softened by time and fat, but still in his heart of hearts true to knife and gun.

"As for the money," said Winter, taking the opposite chair, uninvited, "as for the twenty-five hundred francs, I think it might be arranged for you to keep a part or all of it, but everything else in the velvet bag must be placed in my hands."

"Monsieur," said Gregoire Vasec, smiling and showing three yellow teeth and the end of his tongue, "monsieur, only once in my life did I wish to be a German and that was to have a chance to run a bayonet into a few American pigs and open them up to the brisquet. But if you keep your voice down, monsieur, perhaps I shall not cut your throat."

Louis closed the street door and locked it. He was a resolute man and wore a ruff-neck sweater which gave him a desperate air.

"Bring two more glasses of rum," said Winter, and when they came he said: "Monsieur, I drink to you and to that dear ally, la belle France! May the franc decline until only Americans can drink your wine. May the Maginot Line fill with mud."

Every Frenchman has at least one oath of his own, reserved for the moments nearest his heart.

"Despair of heaven!" said Gregoire Vasec, half rising from his chair. Then he lowered himself, though his eyes were on fire as he answered: "May the wind keep blowing Kansas into Kentucky and Kentucky into Virginia, and Virginia into the sea."

They both drank their rum to their respective toasts.

"Have you been in Kansas in summer?" said Winter.

"It is true that I have been in Kansas in summer. Have you?"

"I have," said Winter. "And it is as near hell as the Gare du Nord in January."

Vasec stared for a long moment. At last he said: "Monsieur, I can only say that you are an American!"

"Concerning the velvet purse," said Winter.

"I know nothing about it," said Vasec.

"You will keep the money that was in it, but the rest of the contents are nothing to you."

"Monsieur the American, I know nothing about this velvet purse, but if I had it all the dollars in America would not buy it from me. America—Kansas—August—and no wine! Bah! I spit! Not all the dollars in America."

"Monsieur, in France I pay with francs."

The vast face of Vasec twisted into a grin.

"I see," he said, "that you are a gentleman of understanding. Shall we say—ten thousand francs?"

"If I were a rich man, I would pay it gladly. Monsieur Vasec, it is the honor of a woman!"

At these words, Louis stealthily drew near from behind the bar.

"A beautiful French girl," said Winter.

"Manners is not a French name," said Vasec.

"No," said Winter. "It is Norman."

Vasec blinked, swallowing the idea with his eyes.

"The letter," he said, "I have read. In French it would have been beautiful."

"But not beautiful if it fell into certain hands," said Winter.

"Ah, there is a husband?" said Vasec.

"There is a husband," said Winter, sadly.

"That is exactly my case," said Louis and Vasec, in one voice.

"Rum!" called Vasec.

It was brought.

"Even if he is an American, he is a lover," admitted Vasec. He quoted: "... but even the pain is dear to me, because it comes from you."

He added: "Monsieur, those are the words of a poet."

"They are!" said Louis.

"I am overwhelmed," said Winter.

"Is that letter yours?" asked Louis and Vasec, speaking as one.

Winter bowed his head, as one submitting to a judgment.

Vasec rose. "Come with me!" he commanded, and when they reached the street he pressed into the hand of Winter the velvet purse. The fingers of the American instantly found the hard cylinder of the aluminium case inside. "Farewell and good fortune—brother!" said the mechanic, and grasped the hand of Winter with fingers only slightly slippery with grease.

The maid offered long difficulties at the door of Mary Lee's apartment the next morning, until her mistress heard Winter's voice and came running, half in a dressing-gown and half out of it. She pulled Winter through the door with an eager hand and dismissed the maid.

Mary Lee, with clasped hands, asked: "If it's bad news, wait. If it's good news, tell me now, Charlie!" she pleaded.

He took the aluminium cylinder from his pocket, shook a roll of film out of it, and stretched towards the window light a yard of little negatives of some twenty or more blue prints.

"You have it!" cried Mary Lee. "It's the one. I know it's the real thing..."

"It's real enough to send a lot of poor devils to hell a little faster in the next war," said Winter, and he touched the flame of his lighter to the celluloid and tossed it on the hearth. She ran towards it with a great outcry, almost reaching her hands into the spouting fire.

"It's the only copy of the plans in the whole world!" she wailed. "Charlie, do you know what you've done?"

The film was a twist of grey ashes on the hearth by this time.

Winter said: "I love everything about you. The way you wrinkle your nose is more to me than all the other women in the world. But I'd send you to the devil twenty times a minute before I'd help you in this sort of business. I'm not one of you. I took a blind hand in the game last night because I saw you were in a pinch. That's all."

She had risen from the hearth and turned, but he was alarmed to see that her glance was not focused on him. He had not dreamed that her heart could be so entirely in her work; now the shock that he saw in her eyes was like terror; so like it that he glanced over his shoulder and saw behind him the door of the apartment slowly and silently opening upon the figure of fat Louis Brisson and a sour-faced young man beside him.

They entered in absolute silence, with Brisson pointing to the hearth. His companion crossed the room hastily, leaned over the little circle of ashes, and then turned to Brisson with a helpless gesture of both hands. Brisson was white; his smile seemed to be permanently worked into a wet clay.

"There is nothing?"

"Nothing!" said the assistant.

Brisson turned to the girl, saying: "You will be leaving France, Mademoiselle Manners?"

Mary Lee could not speak. That courage which had enabled her to face Du Bois and Strannel deserted her utterly in the presence of this terrible little man. He stepped to big Charles Winter, looked at him with his dull eyes, and murmured: "I should have known you better—before, monsieur." Then he added: "God forgive you—France never will!"

"That's rather a silly thing to say, isn't it?" asked Winter.

Brisson took a deep breath, shuddered, and then forced himself to whirl on his heel and leave the room, with his helper behind him.

"Charlie, how did you dare?" whispered the girl, "To Brisson!"

"It's simply that I can't stand the old Latin grandiloquence. Brisson may be the very devil on wheels, but personally I think some of the fat is getting into his brain..."

Mary Lee, since you have to leave France, will you let me take you home?"

"I haven't a home to go to," said she, sadly.

"Don't be a complete idiot," answered Winter. "You have mine, of course."

"Then for heaven's sake, Charlie, let's go to it!" said Mary Lee.

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# ETIQUETTE

More hints for . . .

## Dance hostesses and guests

Arrangements for a dance vary according to whether it is to be a large one, such as official ball, or a small, informal gathering.

Mrs. Massey Lyon, noted authority on social procedure, this week gives more helpful advice on etiquette problems to hostesses and guests.

- By -

**MRS. MASSEY LYON**

Published by Special Arrangement.

IN recent years it has become the custom to give dinner parties on the night of a big dance.

This not only ensures that many of the guests meet each other before the dance, but that the young people are certain of plenty of dancing partners.

Often the dinner hostess sends the list of her dinner guests to the dance hostess, who in turn forwards invitations to them with—in the case of guests who are not yet known to her—the intimation "With Mrs. Dinner Giver's compliments" at the top of Mrs. Dance Giver's invitation to the dance.

For a small dance at home, cards of invitation are on a less formal scale. They may be entirely handwritten, may take the form of a brief note, or the date and "dancing" may be written on a visiting-card.

In place of band or orchestra two or three musicians may be sufficient, and a buffet supper, available throughout the evening, takes the place of a formal supper.

At a small informal dance dinner suits may be worn by men guests.

Refreshments could include sandwiches, asparagus rolls, chicken or oyster patties, cakes, jellies, sweets and ices, with coffee and fruit "cups" and alcoholic drinks, if desired, at a separate buffet. For a more extensive buffet various cold joints, poultry, and salads can be added.

Two other types of dance figure in the social season—the subscription dance, and the public dance for some charity.

### Subscription dances

THE subscription dance is similar to a big private dance. Guests are invited, with the difference that the guests pay for their own tickets and those of any other guests they bring in their party.

Also, there is usually a group of hostesses, each one looking after the people on her guest list, instead of one hostess.

The subscription dance is often a means of returning hospitality by those who cannot themselves give big dances.

At a public dance tickets are available to anyone who wishes to buy them, each party being a separate unit with its own hostess or hostesses, the patronesses or committee making any special guests their particular responsibility.

At subscription or public dances it is bad manners for anyone taken by a hostess to leave her party and join another, or even give more than one or two dances to someone in another party. That is, unless the situation is made clear in the beginning and the hostess tells her guests to enjoy themselves as they like and considers her part finished when she has introduced them to each other.

Entertaining in night clubs or hotel ballrooms, where dancing is held regularly can be quite impromptu, and it is permissible for the hostess to telephone her guests on the same day. Again, the party, big or small, should be a self-contained unit. Gloves are not necessary at these parties.

Parties for public dances or night clubs often pay for tickets or admittance individually. In that case the hostess of the party usually asks her guests to dine first.

At public and subscription dances, and also at night clubs, a small tip of a shilling or so is given to the cloak-room attendant, or half-a-crown may be given by the hostess of a party of young girls.

No tips whatever are given in a private house for a single entertainment. This does not apply, of



AT A CHILDREN'S PARTY it is wise to begin proceedings with the all-important tea. If it is a birthday party the young host cuts the birthday cake.

course, when anyone has been a "staying guest" in a private house. The "country house" season, with its programme of Hunt Club and County dances, is peculiar to England.

The nearest parallel to this season in Australia is the round of country race weeks.

The County Ball and Race Week Ball have a few points in common. Programmes are more in evidence than at city dances, supper is a more lavish meal, and house party dinners precede the ball.

When programmes are provided at a dance, they are distributed among the guests as they enter the ballroom.

This is the procedure for booking a dance:

The man, on going up to the girl he wishes to dance with, asks, "May I have the pleasure of a dance?" or, if he knows her well, "May I have a dance with you?"

Programmes are compared to see what dances are available.

It is usual for the girl to hand her programme to the man, who then writes her name on his programme and his name on hers.

But, very often, especially if they know each other well, they write each other's name down without exchanging programmes.

At the end of a dance they have had together, a man always thanks the girl for the dance. She need not say "Thank you" also, but some remark such as "I enjoyed it" is gracious.

If there is clapping to persuade the orchestra to play an encore, it should be left to the men dancers.

At the end of the dance the man escorts the girl back to the table where she is sitting or to the group of friends with whom she came.

Or he may ask her if she would like some refreshments. And—of course—there may be a moon to be seen from the balcony!

If a girl arrives unaccompanied at a dance her host or hostess will ensure that there is a taxi to take her home or make arrangements for other guests to escort her.

A matter of special concern to

### Gifts of flowers

WHEN a man is escorting a girl to a dance it is a charming gesture—though, of course, it is not compulsory—to send her flowers to wear.

The gesture is doubly charming if he asks the florist to telephone her to find out the color of her frock so that flowers can be chosen to tone with it.

### Programme

1. Jimmy
2. Ron Guthrie
3. Peter Scott
4. H. Eagan
5. R. H.
6. Bill W.
7. Jimmy
8. SUPPER
9. David Bennett
10. J. Townsend
11. Jimmy
12. EXTRA

DANCE PROGRAMMES are given to the guests at some big dances, at country dances, and at young people's dances.

women at a Service, Highland or Hunt ball is the question of dress.

For once, the men in their bright uniforms, tartans or hunting coats provide the brightest color in the ballroom. Black and pastel colors are the safest colors for women to wear.

### Children's parties

CHILDREN'S parties no longer appeal to young people in their teens. They demand dances of their own.

Older girls who have made their debut, their young male escorts, and "young marrieds" usually enjoy themselves at such dances for the younger members of the family.

Invitations are sent out in the same way as invitations for a "grown up" dance, with the names of the young host or hostess instead of the parents' on top of the cards, and the usual time is half an hour or an hour earlier than for an adults' dance.

Two suppers are provided, one for the young people and a second for any elders at the dance.

Programmes are in order for young people's dances.

The parents of the young host or hostess make introductions a much greater responsibility than at an adult dance.

For a children's party, from four to seven is the orthodox time, and proceedings are best begun straight away with the tea party.

This should be served in the dining-room, with plenty of table room for the small guests and a few adults to assist.

Food and drinks can be attractive and "partied" enough to make the party a spree, without departing too far from regulation nursery fare.

Games, a Punch and Judy show or a conjurer will keep the small



WHILE EVENING DRESS is essential for men at a big dance, dinner suits can be worn to a small private dance. Sometimes both types of dress are seen at the same small function.

guests entertained after they have demolished the tea.

At Christmas time a fancy-dress party has a special appeal.

Gifts, perhaps on a Christmas-tree, add to the success of the party, but it is neither good form nor common sense to give costly presents.

Party frocks, of course, are given an airing at all such functions, but any adults attending the party either as guests or to help the hostess wear afternoon dress.

Next Week: Afternoon and evening receptions, luncheon and garden parties.

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moonlight—but practical, too.  
And, of course, fashion-making  
with its pocket and hankie and  
all. One of Kayser's 'Good-  
Nightiest' thrills.

I insist on  
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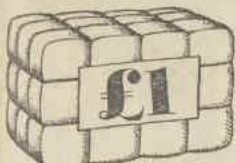


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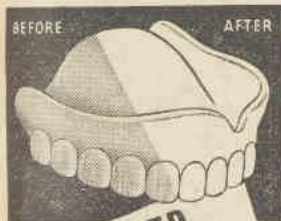
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## Betty's "racey" narratives



THERE WILL BE spectacular scenes at Randwick when the Duke and Duchess of Kent attend the races to see their horses compete for the big events.

## Randwick prepares for the racing Duke and his Duchess

By BETTY GEE

We are all excited about the Duke of Kent's decision to race thoroughbreds in Australia, and aren't we looking forward to seeing the Duchess at Randwick and Flemington!

Out at Randwick they have got a hustle on and the Vice-Regal suites are being renovated and redecorated for the visitors.

THINK of it! You and I will be able to see them welcomed by the chairman of the A.J.C. and his committee, and ushered into the club precincts to the strains of the National Anthem. But what will happen after they go out of our sight?

I'll tell you. They will be conducted to their suites within the official grandstands.

At Flemington, Randwick, and Caulfield there is one for the Governor-General and another for the State Governor.

If too many Governors come they have to mix it.

In 1934 when the Duke of Gloucester was in Australia there were five Interstate Governors at Flemington and Randwick. Everywhere you went you bumped into Vice-Royalty.

These Vice-Regal suites are extensive.

They embrace a large assembly-room to seat 50. There are lounges, retiring and rest rooms for either sex and all possible mod. cons.

They are richly carpeted and artistically decorated, while sporting pictures of worth adorn the walls.

## Lavish decorations

IN each of these Vice-Regal suites 20 to 25 sit down to a sumptuous luncheon. They seat 50 for afternoon tea.

Tables are lavishly decorated with orchids and other rare blooms from the Jockey Club's conservatories and hot-houses down near the three-furlong turn.

A liveried butler presides in each suite with an extensive staff for serving and waiting.

Folk prominent socially among the A.J.C. members, or visitors of distinction from abroad, are usually the guests of Vice-Royalty at these racecourse functions.

Lunch or afternoon tea over, the parties gather in the Vice-Regal boxes in the centre of the grandstands to see the racing. The boxes are carpeted and cushioned to the last degree of comfort.

There will be spectacular scenes on the racecourse when the Duke and Duchess of Kent arrive. I wonder if they will drive up the straight in an open victoria.

Gone are the days of splendid pageantry which marked the advent of Vice-Royalty in my grandfather's good old days.

I haven't seen a horse-drawn victoria up the Flemington straight with a bodyguard of lancers, outriders and postillions since the Duke of Gloucester arrived thus at Flemington for Peter Pan's Centenary Melbourne Cup in 1934.

It was funny that day, too, how the weather smiled on this Old-World custom.

It had rained cats and dogs for five hours. As the Duke and his retinue arrived on the course to the accompaniment of vociferous cheers the clouds broke and the sun peeped out and shone until the Duke and his party were under shelter and saw the Melbourne Cup run.

Probably this custom will be re-established.

And if it is, I hope they don't come by motor car as former Governor-Generals Sir Isaac Isaacs and Lord Gowrie did, with horse-lancers to lead them down the straight. No, definitely the horse-drawn victoria is the only correct form of pageantry for a racecourse.

The Duke is bringing at least three horses, Dhooti, presented to him by the world's greatest racehorse magnate, the Aga Khan, Moon Ray, given to him by the Aga's son, Prince Aly Khan, and Greenwich, a successful racehorse in England. This means that when they are in racing trim the Duke will mingle freely with racing crowds, members and officials to witness the saddling, etc.

By the way, Lady Barclay-Harvey, wife of the Governor of South Australia, is also a racing fan. Two horses are coming from England to race in Australia under her black-and-white colors. It won't surprise me to see the advent of the Vice-Regal colors provide a fillip for the turf. The rich and socially ambitious will find no easier way of

rubbing shoulders with Vice-Royalty than mutual Turf interests.

I should say, too, that there will be a bit of a rush to get into Jack Holt's stable at Mentone, Victoria, now that he qualifies to put over his door, "Under Vice-Regal Patronage." He's training the Duke of Kent's horses when they come out.

Well, now we'll get down to tin-tacks, with the important racing of the brand-new season right on top of us, as it were.

We travel on Saturday to Warwick Farm for the opening of the spring round of festivities, and I hope the party is a success—for the punters—but these early spring blooms are not always easy to pick.

However, there is one certainty—High Caste for the Hobartville Stakes, providing, of course, that he draws favorably, and isn't bumped out of it as he was in his first Sydney race on this course last April.

I am afraid the bookies will be crying short odds about High Caste, but even if the butcher and baker have to go short I'm going to put 15 on him.

## Back Defaulter

I MIGHT have a Tote saver on Reading. Darby Munro's going to ride him.

And another certainty is Defaulter in the Warwick Stakes. I don't care which or what opposes him, I'm told to empty out all I can afford on him. And then every other race he runs in this spring.

I have Te Hero for the Campbelltown, straight from somebody whose sister walks out with the strapper who valets the horse. He says he'll win this, and the Epsom, too.

The stable is also going for the Spring Handicap with Jan Baz, and Warwick Farm is his favorite course.

I've had a strong tip from the Syndicate for Marengo in the Novice race. He likes this course. Won his first race there, in fact. That's why he's been saved for a killing in this race.

## Australian who thought of two minutes' silence

Just arrived in Australia from England is the widow of Mr. Edward George Honey, Australian-born journalist, who first thought of the Two Minutes' Silence that marks our Armistice Day ceremonies.

Although he died several years ago, Mr. Honey's name will live on for all time in the official records relating to the origin of the impressive ceremony.

MRS. HONEY said that her husband suggested a national period of silence as a tribute to those who fell in the war in a newspaper article which he wrote in 1919.

The suggestion received immediate recognition.

Mr. Honey was asked to be present at an official rehearsal at which a Five Minutes' Silence was tried out. It was decided, however, that five minutes was too long for the great crowds to retain an immovable and silent attitude, so a period of two minutes was fixed.

"Then, on November 7," said Mrs. Honey, "the King sent out a message

to the nation asking for two minutes' silence from eleven o'clock on November 11, which would be the annual day of remembrance for the armistice."

Four years after the two minutes' silence was adopted Mr. Honey died at the early age of 36 in a hospital in Middlesex, England.

Before he went to England Mr. Honey was a well-known journalist in Australia. His greatest friend in England was Harold Lake, who wrote the words of the famous song, "I Hear You Calling Me," after the death of his fiancée.

Mrs. Honey has come to Australia to see her sister, Mrs. H. Harley, who lives at East Melbourne.



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EXCUSE to prop her head upon her partner's chest.

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SYD-9

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A few weeks ago, a young, good-looking Canadian had his first glimpse of Australia from the deck of a Scandinavian freighter.

A day after he had landed in Sydney he visited station 2GB and asked for an audition. Twenty-four hours later the ink was drying on the contract which made him a featured artist over the station for three mornings a week.

THIS is the story of "Smilin' Billy" Blinkhorn's discovery of Australia.

For seven years he was a universal favorite in Canadian commercial radio. Seeking fresh fields to explore he left his home country and determined to break into Australian radio, where he was completely unknown.

His enterprise earned its reward, and now he has a fan mail that has already overshot the two-hundred-a-week mark.

"Smilin' Billy," although a native of Vancouver, is no "drug-store cowboy," and he learned dozens of songs in the cow-country of British Columbia and points east during his travels.

Already, at twenty-four, he knows more of these hill-ballads than many a veteran range rider.

### Sang with cowboys

HIS mastery of these traditional ballads of America's outdoors dates back to the time when, as a youth of 14 or so, he cast admiring eyes on the display of guitars in a music-shop window. "I swore I'd have one of those guitars, and finally got together the few dollars I needed," said Billy.

From then on he has never looked back. Accepted as the protegee of the leader of a team of cowboy singers and musicians, "Smilin' Billy" worked his way up rapidly until he had achieved twelfth place in the popularity ballot in Canadian radio.

Canada's cowboys look much the same in the Canadian hills as they do in the cow-country of Texas, and they sing the same traditional songs, according to Billy.

Every year the cattle-raising districts stage their big rodeos which attract hundreds of entrants from Canada and U.S.A.

It was in this atmosphere that Billy learned many of the hundreds of cowboy and hillbilly songs in his repertoire.

He picked up many more in the British Columbian ranch country, where the picturesque sombreros and leather "chaps" of the typical American cow-puncher are the usual wear.

Billy has all the "open-air man's" contempt for cities, but he likes Sydney.

When he first landed here the only place he knew anything about was the home of a friend in Rockdale, of which he had secured the address before he left Canada.

Australians, according to Billy, are among the world's most friendly

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SATURDAY, August 26.—Music in the News.

SUNDAY, August 27.—June Marsden—Astrology for business folk.

MONDAY, August 28.—The Australian Women's Weekly Celebrity Recital.

TUESDAY, August 29.—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

people. They show the greatest courtesy and charm towards strangers.

"I've travelled a lot on trains while here, and I've never had any need to worry about getting lost in most out-of-the-way spots.

"There's always somebody who sees you're a stranger, and tries to make things easy for you."

"Smilin' Billy" is heard from 2GB at 7.15 a.m. every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

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## The Man in My Life

Continued from Page 6

THEY had reported the hold-up to the police at the airport; had left a detailed description of their chauffeur; and the officials had promised a prompt search. But Ranney had scant hopes in the matter.

"Those two men," he said, "will be out of Miami within half an hour. I have a notion that if we ever see them again, it'll be in New York."

They reached Alamogordo shortly after noon the following day, and Ranney at once hired an open car and its gaunt dungaree-clad owner to run them seventy miles, through desert and Indian country, to Little Alamo.

At any other time it might have been a fascinating trip. Half-way to the town they passed the hogans of a Zuni village, and saw a few ragged Indians come out to watch them pass, and then the road dipped into the shadows of a long narrow canyon whose walls glistened like copper. It was here that their driver turned his head to inquire, "You folks artists, mebbe?"

"No," said Ranney, startled.

"Why?"

"I drove two-three o' them artists fellers out this year. The scenery around Little Alamo ain't bad."

"Is it much of a town?"

"Nah."

"I hope," put in Leslie, "there's some sort of hotel."

"Well, Pop Hancock runs a place where he rents out rooms," the man said, "though there's mighty few folks goes through Little Alamo. The road don't get you nowhere except to the Hopi country."

Ranney muttered, "What makes people go to live there, I wonder?"

"You got me, mister," the driver laughed. "Aint anythin' to do, unless you hanker to raise a few sheep or mebbe trade with the Zunis."

"Ever hear of a family named Roake?"

"Roake, hey?" The gaunt man considered while the car climbed out of the canyon to plunge again into bounding sunshine. The infinite dusty barrenness of the country about them was relieved only by clumps of cactus and chaparral and a few stark junipers. "Nope," he said at last. "But then I don't get to Little Alamo often." Pop Hancock'll most likely know.

It was late afternoon when they reached Little Alamo—and Leslie's heart began pounding again with hope and premonition. She was, she felt certain, on the brink of a crisis.

Pop Hancock's small adobe hotel, operated in conjunction with a gasoline pump, had been conceived in the spirit of Spanish architecture, but America had impinged upon it with an awkward lean-to—a combination workshop and chicken coop. The driver rounded his horn repeatedly, until an enormous figure, fat and bald and round of face, waddled out of the workshop.

"Folks aim to stay over, Pop," cheerfully announced the driver.

"That depends," Ranney quickly corrected. Stepping out of the car, he asked Hancock, "Happen to know if some people named Roake still live here?"

The fat man pointed his hammer uphill, beyond the hotel. "About two miles up yonder," he said.

Somehow the words stunned Leslie. So the trip had not been futile. She followed the fat man up to her room with increasing nervousness.

The low-ceilinged room was sur-

prisingly clean. A few Indian rugs lay scattered over a floor that appeared to have been recently washed, and the four-poster bed promised comfort. There were two small windows set so low in the wall that she had to stoop to peer out of them.

She washed hurriedly, driven by constant presentiment, changed to a short white dress, bound a striped bandanna about her hair, and ran down. Philip Ranney was talking just outside the door to the enormous Pop Hancock and a black-haired young woman, either Indian or Mexican, who was the hotelkeeper's wife. The car from Alamogordo had already departed.

"Oh, Les!" Ranney came to her at once, his manner brisk. "Pop Hancock is taking us down the road to a place where we can hire a buckboard. We'll drive out to the Roake house. We can be back in time for supper."

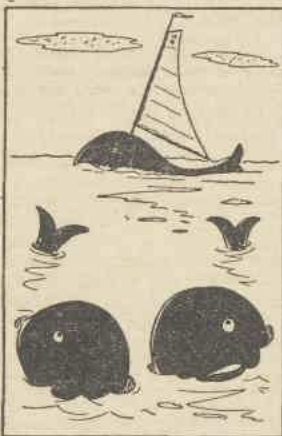
They walked along the dusty road with the waddling Pop Hancock; and presently Ranney asked, "Who's up there besides Margaret Roake? Has she a family?"

"Well, she got a husband, Tom's his name. And they got a youngster. Boy eight or nine."

"What do they do up there?"

"Not much of anything," Hancock grunted. "Raise a few chickens an' sheep. They sort o' keep to themselves mostly—though Tom Roake he prob'ly spends his time, day an' night, readin' books. That's

### Animal Antics



"HE'S getting lazier every day."

about all the mail he ever gets—books."

"Been here long?"

"Let's see, now." Rubbing his chin, Hancock dipped into memory. "No, it ain't so long. Reckon they came out here—yes, just about seven years ago."

Seven years ago! . . . The words blazed like flame in Leslie's brain.

"What—what's Tom Roake like?" she whispered.

"Tom?" Hancock shrugged. "Middle-sized feller, kind o' skinny, around forty." He glanced at her queerly. "Don't you folks know the Roakes?"

"Only Mrs. Roake," Ranney said quickly.

The bony grey mare they hired for a dollar panted and snorted in her struggle up the long hill. The buckboard swayed into ruts, rocking like a ship, and heaved over stones.

Philip Ranney, holding the reins, chuckled. "I haven't done anything like this since I was a kid. I ought to make love to you, Les. I've always wanted to court a girl in a buggy."

Leslie didn't answer. She had to cling to the back of the seat to avoid being thrown off the wagon. Her face, as she peered up the winding trail, was taut.

"Don't look so scared," Ranney advised.

"I'm not scared. I'm just—tense. I feel something's going to happen."

They were almost a mile above Little Alamo when, at a level spot in the road, Ranney stopped the horse.

"I suppose we're both riding with the same idea," he said. "In a few minutes you may find Bert."

She waited, nodding, inexplicably breathless.

He looked down at his lap, and his words came more slowly. "Les, there's something I'd like to get off my chest."

She murmured, "Yes, Phil?" in a spell that was almost fear.

"If this man does turn out to be Bert," he said in those low, taut tones, "it'll make quite a difference in your life. It'll make quite a difference in mine, too." He lifted his face to meet her eyes, and he swallowed hard. "I wonder if you know, Les, that I'm pretty hopelessly in love with you."

And then a rush of crazy excitement began thumping in her heart. She started to speak but no words came.

"I've got to say this now," he continued heavily. "In a few minutes, if Tom Roake turns out to be Bert, everything may be changed. You'll be different. You'll have new problems. . . . Now we're still as we were. I—I'm taking advantage of this moment."

HER damp hand fell on his. She heard herself whispering, "Phil!" and abruptly looked away, unseeing, across the desert.

He frowned down at her hand lying on his own. "Maybe it was crazy to start something like this now. I have only one excuse. Sometime, somehow, I want to marry you."

It was fantastic. Here they sat on a buckboard on the edge of the New Mexican desert—Leslie Cameron and Special Prosecutor Philip Ranney, of New York. Three weeks ago they hadn't known each other. Three weeks ago Harley Pitt had been begging her to have Bert declared legally dead so that he might marry her. And now . . .

"Phil," she managed, feeling choked. "I wish I knew what to say. It—it would be simpler, maybe, if I were sure about Bert—"

"Do you still love him?"

"I loved him terribly, painfully—"

"You're evading the question. Do you still love him?"

"I—I don't know . . . Yes, I think I do . . . I must."

"You love Bert as you remember him," he said with a touch of bitterness. "Not as he'd be to-day."

"The Bert I remember is the only one I know."

"Suppose you find him up there now, living with the Roake woman? What would you do then?"

She could only bite her lip, avoiding his gaze.

And then Philip Ranney abruptly drew her into his arms. She caught her breath, lifted her head, and felt his lips press down on hers. He held her through an eternity, and she didn't stir.

As abruptly as he had seized her he released her. Grim, he snatched up the reins. "I'll be hanged if I let you go back to him," he said. "I love you! . . . Come on," he flung hoarsely at the mare. "Giddyap!"

Neither of them talked after that. Leslie knew she couldn't trust her voice.

They rolled over the shoulder of a ridge, to see a mountain valley stretched before them. It contained scattered patches of grass where a few sheep grazed. A quarter of a mile away a small red-roofed adobe house and its barn stood under clusters of cottonwoods. Smoke rose lazily from a chimney. They could see a child playing with a dog. When he spied the buckboard he watched it for a while in amazement, then dashed incontinently into the house.

"That," Ranney said, "must be the Roake place."

As they rumbled on, a tall woman

in a home-spun grey dress stepped out of the house. The boy was not with her now, but the small brown dog scampered about her feet. She stood motionless, shaded by cottonwoods, and watched the wagon approach. Her hair was black, combed back from her forehead with uncompromising severity. Her face, when they were close enough to discern its expression, was hard, thin-lipped, forbidding.

"All she needs is a rifle in her hands," growled Ranney, "to make the welcome perfect."

He stopped the horse in front of the house. The woman remained unmoving. She was young, Leslie decided in surprise; perhaps thirty-five at most, though the desert sun and the loneliness had conspired to draw harsh lines in her face.

"How do you do?" Ranney drew off his hat and smiled. "This is the Roake place, isn't it?"

The woman nodded.

"Are you Mrs. Roake?"

"That's right."

Please turn to Page 52

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3 HUNTER ST. SYDNEY



# The Man in My Life

Continued from Page 51

HE hesitated, then decided on candor. "My name's Ranney—Philip Ranney. This is Mrs. Leslie Cameron."

If the names held any significance at all for her, the woman succeeded admirably in concealing the fact.

"Well?" she asked. Ranney said, "Of course you remember hearing of Mrs. Cameron? Mrs. Herbert Cameron, of New York?"

"I don't know anybody in New York."

"Except, of course," Ranney quietly persisted, "your sister Ariene? We saw her the other day in Miami."

"You're making a mistake, I have no sister."

Ranney, arching his brows, repeated incredulously, "Ariene? Ariene Bray?"

"Never heard of her."

The boy, a youngster of eight or nine, timidly thrust his head out the door. The woman at once waved him inside, turned to her visitors, and said with terse finality, "Sorry. Looks as if you've come to the wrong place."

Though dismayed, neither Leslie nor Philip Ranney was willing to accept dismissal so simply. Leslie gave way to an exhortation she could not suppress.

"Mrs. Roake, we've come all the way from Florida to see you! We know Ariene has been sending you money. We know she had a sister named Margaret. We believe you're that sister. If you'd only let us come in and talk—"

"I'm telling you I never heard of any Ariene!"

"Perhaps your husband has," suggested Ranney.

"If he has, he never mentioned the name to me."

"Couldn't we see him?"

The woman stood unanswering for several seconds. Then she shrugged. "No reason why you can't." She walked to a corner of the house and called loudly, "Tom! Oh, Tom! Some folks to see you!"

Leslie's whole body pounded as she sprang down from the wagon. She felt wet with perspiration. Philip, too, descended, his face hard. He walked around the horse and came to stand beside her.

They saw a lean man step out of the barn. He wore dungarees and a dilapidated hat on the back of his head. Watching him approach, Leslie caught her breath. Her eyes widened. She fell back a step, staring.

"Tom," said Margaret Roake, "these folks want to know if you ever heard o' somebody named Bray—Ariene Bray."

The man said in a soft, pleasant drawl, "How do?" He smiled at Leslie and nodded at Philip Ranney. "Bray? Why, no. Never heard tell of her."

Leslie, dazed, hardly knew what he answered. Something had crashed inside her. The man's words didn't matter. Nothing mattered. Nothing at all! Except that Tom Roake was not Bert Cameron.

Their brief stay at the Roake ranch was, for Leslie, a hiatus in life. She was stunned. She left the conversation, the futile questions, the hollow amenities entirely to Philip Ranney.

Her own spirits had utterly collapsed. Before seeing Tom Roake she had known a feeling of suspense that had tightened her nerves to snapping point. And now they had snapped. . . . She was grateful when at last Ranney helped her to the seat of the buckboard and they started back, in deepening twilight, toward Little Alamo.

He must have realised how badly she needed time to recover composure. As soon as they returned to the Hancock Hotel he urged her to go to her room.

She did. She threw herself face down on the bed with a sense of complete futility.

It wasn't only the disappointment

—or was it really a disappointment?—she had encountered at the Roake ranch. What agonised her almost as deeply was the conviction that by remaining loyal to Bert she was making something useless and meaningless of her life. Philip Ranney's kiss had sharpened the poignancy of the feeling.

She was snatched out of the harrowing mood by quick taps at the door—furtive taps. She had a wild conviction that this was Philip, and she couldn't see Philip now. Not with tears in her eyes.

The knocks came again. "Who is it?" Her voice sounded strained.

"Excuse, Mrs. Cameron. Forgot put blankets on bed."

The Mexican woman, Mrs. Hancock. . . . Leslie sighed audibly in relief. She called a weary "Come in."

The black-haired Anita Hancock entered smiling. She carried two Indian blankets which she placed on the foot of the bed.

"Sorry," she apologised. Backing toward the door, she inquired, "You find desert beautiful?"

"Glorious," Leslie murmured without feeling.

"I hope you see Tom Roake! He there, yes?"

"Yes. He was doing some work in the barn."

Anita Hancock was halfway across the threshold when Leslie said that. Now she halted, her hand on the door-knob. She stared in astonishment.

"Work? Tom Roake?"

"Ye-es. Why?"

"But Tom Roake got broken leg last week. Fall from horse. He is laid up."

Leslie straightened on the bed with a jerk.

"Broken leg?" she gasped.

"Sure. Didn't my husband tell?"

"No!" Leslie sprang to her feet, rigid. "Is—Is there any other man on the Roake ranch besides Tom?"

"Sure. Jed Johnson. Looks after



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sheep. And Lucio Fernandez, Lucio is handy man—just a boy."

"What's Johnson like?"

Anita shrugged. "Skinny; middle-sized."

Leslie Cameron's eyes shone with a touch of panic. "Wait," she pleaded. "Wait here, Mrs. Hancock!"

She ran out wildly. She went down the corridor to bang a hand against the door of Philip Ranney's room. "Phil!"

He jerked the door open immediately, and stared at her. His face was tired and lined. "What's up?"

"It wasn't Tom Roake we saw! It was their hired man! Mrs. Hancock just told me!" She rushed on, with frantic, whispered tension, to repeat what she had learned. Philip Ranney caught her arms and his voice thickened.

"We'll go there again," he rapped out. "And this time we'll take Pop Hancock along! They won't be able to palm off a substitute if Hancock is with us! We'll go right after supper."

Leslie protested. She wanted to go at once. But despite his impatience Ranney insisted on their waiting for the meal because he felt that food would do Leslie's nerves some good. The delay proved to be a mistake.

It was scarcely nine o'clock when the buckboard holding the three of them reached the adobe house on the hill. A thin Mexican boy came out of the barn in the moonlight to peer at them curiously. The huge Pop Hancock called to him in Spanish; and it was in Spanish that the boy replied—a long, gurgulous answer accompanied by exaggerated gestures.

Pop Hancock looked stunned. "What does he say?" demanded Ranney.

HANCOCK, brushing a hand back over his bald head, exclaimed: "Doggone if I can make this out! Lucio says the Roakes and their kid piled into their car two hours ago. Heaped the thing full o' clothes. And with Jed Johnson drivin', they all lit out, headin' for Mexico. Tom Roake with his bad leg an' all. They told Lucio they didn't know when they'd come back."

The news left them demoralised. They ran into the house. They searched the place. Ranney hoped to find something, anything—a picture of Tom Roake, possibly, or letters—which would identify the man as Herbert Cameron. But they could uncover nothing more significant than an astonishing collection of books, hundreds of them, all clearly the choice of a man with exacting literary tastes.

"That—that used to be Bert's pride even in New York," Leslie whispered huskily. "His library. . ."

Back at the hotel in Little Alamo an hour later Leslie went shakily to her room. Philip came in abruptly to tell her he had telephoned not only the police at Alamogordo but also David Harwood, his chief assistant in New York. Harwood would at once enlist the official support of the New York police, who in turn would communicate with all the South-western States. "And before morning," he finished, "the authorities down here will be watching every

road for Thomas Roake and his car."

He looked tired, she realised. And older. The yellow lamplight revealed new lines in his powerful face.

"Les," he muttered, "let's get away from here. Let's get back to Alamogordo." He paused to look at her searchingly. "Chances are they'll locate Roake. A man with a broken leg is easy enough to identify. When they call us, we'll be on a railroad."

Leslie nodded, her face white. "Roake must be Bert," she whispered. "If he isn't, why did he run away?"

"With any kind of luck we'll know soon enough." He became bitter. "We'll know, too, who wired Margaret Roake that we were coming."

"Wired her?" Leslie stared.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, it was pretty clear she was expecting us," he snapped. "She wasn't a bit surprised when we told her our names. And she had Johnson, the hired man, coached to pose as her husband. I've just been talking to the Hancocks. Mrs. Hancock said that this afternoon the man who brings the mail had a telegram for the Roakes."

"But who on earth could have sent—"

"No use guessing. The police will dig into it. It came from the same one. I'd say, who tried to make us miss the plane at Miami."

That stay at Alamogordo proved a constant trial.

On the third day Leslie said with sudden inspiration. "Phil, there's one possibility we haven't tried. Isn't there a chance that Margaret Roake may try to communicate with her sister in Miami?"

Ranney said dryly. "Harwood in New York had that idea, too. He's sent a man to watch Ariene and her mail."

She considered an instant, frowning at the floor. "You know, Phil, I—I think I ought to go back to Miami!"

"For another tussle with Ariene? It won't do any good. She's harder than concrete."

"I'm not so sure of that." Eagerness leaped into her voice. "Things are different now. I can tell her I've just come from seeing Margaret. I needn't tell her what happened at Little Alamo. Perhaps if I just assure her that I've actually talked to Margaret Roake. . . . I have a queer idea, Phil, that it may scare the girl out of her wits! It may make her tell something."

Please turn to Page 54



GRUBBING IN THE GARDEN  
PULLING OUT THE WEEDS



CHERISHING THE TULIPS,  
COAXING UP THE SEEDS



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# Mandrake the Magician



## THE STORY SO FAR:

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, has upset the plans of **NICK BLOZZ:** Who fought a duel with a poisoned sword in an attempt to kill Mandrake, who prevented his marrying.

**BETTY:** A pretty heiress. While the duel is in progress Blozz' sword suddenly turns to wax, and Mandrake, after thrashing him with bare fists, forces him to leave the town.

Betty thanks Mandrake and asks him if he has ever been in love. Mandrake evades the question, but Lothar tells her that Mandrake was once in love with the beautiful princess.

**NARDA:** Who went away. Lothar asks Mandrake if he would like to see Narda again, and shows him a paper containing a notice that Narda will arrive on the boat next day.

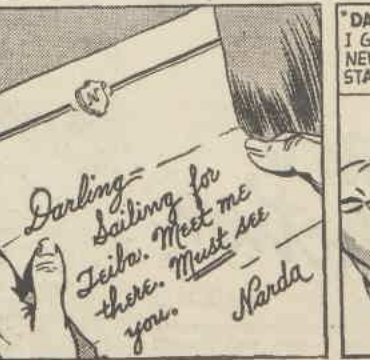
NOW READ ON

Among the arrivals today is the glamorous Princess Narda, ruler with her brother, Prince Segrid, of a romantic and faraway kingdom. Seen in her company was the famed General Manuel. The distinguished couple are stopping in the Royal Suite for a month.



BUT MANDRAKE'S FIGURE-IMAGE ACCOMPANIES THE GUARD TO THE ELEVATOR!

... AND DISSOLVES INTO NOTHING!



TO BE CONTINUED



## Are You Too Fat?

### And Losing Your Good Looks?

If your skin is pimply, eyes dull, tongue fur-coated, and you suffer sick headache, biliousness and depression as well, you can be almost certain that the unhealthy fat is being caused by the absorption of waste digestive matter into your blood stream. Constipation is usually the cause of the trouble.

Disperse the poisonous accumulations by taking Pinkettes and see how quickly the unhealthy fat tissue vanishes and what a remarkable difference a few doses make to your skin, eyes, breath and looks. Pinkettes are compounded of safe laxative ingredients that painlessly exercise lazy bowels. They cleanse the stomach and intestinal tract, unload the congested liver, so effective that you reduce the dose as they make you regular and clean inside. At chemists and stores 1/2 bottle.



**3-IN-ONE OIL**  
LUBRICATES—CLEANS—PREVENTS RUST

For sewing machines, typewriters, guns, tools and all home and office appliances where good lubrication and protection against rust is important.

**3-IN-ONE OIL**  
(Trade-Mark)

*Sparkling beauty in your skin*



*after Pears' Tonic Action*

#### ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to water thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.



Your skin is glowing with new life after a wash with Pears'! Pears' tonic action rouses torpid cells and tissues to their beautifying functions. Your skin is vital, gloriously young again, sparkling with beauty! Every cake of Pears' is matured by a unique months'-long process to make it incomparably pure and mild.

**Pears'**  
ORIGINAL  
TRANSPARENT SOAP

A. & F. PEAR'S LIMITED

10,187,25

## The Man in My Life

Continued from Page 52

blame her for trying to keep Tom out of sight. Their happiness—their very lives—depend on keeping him hidden! And I'm willing to help them!

Leslie asked, "Where are they now?"

"I don't know. Even if I knew, I wouldn't tell you. Isn't it enough that you've driven them out of Little Alamo?" Helen Lunden's voice became harsh. "They'll never come back. They'll be afraid that the place will be watched." She started towards the window, but whirled around, her face white with anger. "Don't you ever stop to realise what you're doing to people? You suddenly get the inspiration to make a search for your husband, and you barge right ahead, not caring what you do to others! If you drag me back into that mess of seven years ago, that doesn't matter. If you disrupt my sister's life, that isn't important, either. Nothing—nothing's important! Nothing except yourself! Why can't you let us have our peace?"

By the time she reached the hotel Leslie had formed no plan for her next move. It was in a mood that verged on desperation that she entered the lobby. She went to the desk for her key, and had just started away when a familiar voice behind her said: "Hello, Lex."

"What—what on earth!" she ejaculated. "Harley!"

"Here to see you." He was in a genial mood. His handsome lean face with its trim little moustache bore a teasing smile.

"When did you get here?" Amazement throbbed in her voice.

"At two o'clock," he said. "I tried your room a dozen times."

She thought, in that access of excitement, "He doesn't know I've been to New Mexico and back since I last spoke to him." And suddenly, for a reason she couldn't have explained, she laughed.

He nodded towards the mezzanine. "Suppose we begin with a cocktail."

Impulsively she slipped her arm under his. "Harley, it's so good to see you! And I have so much to tell you!"

He laughed, "I'm here to listen. Where's Ranney?"

"He's back in New York."

"Oh? I didn't know—"

"You've come at such a blessed time! I was beginning to feel absolutely lost."

When they were at a corner table and the waiter had gone off with their order, he said more seriously, "How much longer is this to go on, Lex?"

"The search?"

"Yes. Once you've done everything possible, and failed," he pointed out, "there's just one thing left, I should think."

"Have Bert declared dead—"

"You'll have to come back to that. It's inevitable."

While they drank she told him the details of her trip to New Mexico, and the story amazed him. Watching his shocked and disapproving expression, Leslie couldn't help wondering again, with a pang of misgiving, whether he had made this trip principally to dissuade her from the search.

And this, she reluctantly had to concede later, had really been his primary motive. For over cocktails Harley spent a great deal of time in pointing out the futility and the danger of continuing the hunt.

She no longer attempted to argue with him. Possibly he was right.

In her room ten minutes later she changed clothes with speculative eyes fixed on her reflection in a mirror. "Am I," she wondered, "making a horrible confusion of life? What if Ariene told the truth and Bert is dead? What if I'm letting his ghost play havoc with us all—not only with Harley and Philip and myself, but with outsiders like Ariene Bray and the Roakes? I'm ripping open wounds that had already begun to heal. I'm letting them bleed again."

The telephone rang.

The shrill sound startled her. Harley, she supposed, with some word he'd forgotten. She picked up the telephone and said, "Hello?"

"Mrs. Cameron?" The deep voice that flowed through the wires was unfamiliar. "I wonder if you remember me. This is Frederick Novack."

There was a pause through which

Leslie stood rigid, unbelieving, her breath choked in her chest. Then she heard Frederick Novack amiably continue, "I've never had the pleasure of meeting you alone, Mrs. Cameron. I've often wanted to."

As steadily as she could manage she said, "Mr. Novack . . . what—what is it?"

"I happen to be in town. Coral Gables, to be exact. I ran into an old friend of mine who told me you were here, too."

"Who?"

"Miss Lunden. . . I understand you're making another—er—search for your husband?" She could hear Frederick Novack clear his throat before he went on: "Mrs. Cameron, my yacht, the Estrella, is in Biscayne Bay. I wonder if you'd care to come aboard to-morrow afternoon. We could cruise for an hour or two. It would give us a chance to be alone and talk."

Leslie tried to keep the beating of her heart out of her choppy voice. "Just what, Mr. Novack, is there for us to discuss? I fail to see—"

"I'm sure you won't mind my being candid. A search such as you're making, you understand, may cause me considerable embarrassment. I'm sure you appreciate that."

"Oh, quite!"

"And I think I could save you the trouble and the anguish of going on with that search."

"How?"

"It's too long a story to go into over the phone. But if you care to talk it over to-morrow afternoon, I'll have my tender waiting to pick you up at two. I'm sure we can be of assistance to each other."

"You—you know what happened to Bert?" she exclaimed, incredulous.

"I have a pretty good idea, Mrs. Cameron. . . . There's a great deal to explain, and I'd like to be alone with you."

Her mind raced. She had no reason to be afraid of Frederick Novack. And nothing could be gained by avoiding him. Perhaps he did know something about Bert.

"Will you come, Mrs. Cameron?"

"Yes!" she said quickly. "At two. . . . Oh, my attorney, Harley Pitt, is here, too. May I bring him?"

"Pitt? Of course. I'll be delighted. . . . Until two o'clock to-morrow, then. . . ."

At dinner, when she told him of Novack's call, Harley was stunned.

"But, my dear," he exclaimed, "you're not going?"

"Why not?"

"Aren't you afraid?"

"Of what?"

That left Harley Pitt nonplussed. Whatever doubts he had were inarticulate. Clearly, he himself had no wish to visit the Estrella. Just as clearly, however, he had no intention of allowing Leslie to go aboard the yacht alone.

So he was with her at two the following afternoon when a tender sped them across the blue waters of Biscayne Bay to the graceful white vessel that was Frederick Novack's delight.

To Be Concluded

**DON'T LET FAIR HAIR DARKEN!**

Fair hair that has gone "mousy" or "off-colour" stays fair, looks bright, and is free from dandruff. It is the secret of a woman's beauty. It is the secret of a woman's youth. It is the secret of a woman's charm. It is the secret of a woman's success. It is the secret of a woman's happiness. It is the secret of a woman's life.

**STA-BLOND SHAMPOOS**

## Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powder, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendaco, starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the germ cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and work and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today. The guarantee protects you.

**Mendaco**  
Ends Asthma • Bronchitis • Hay Fever



# THE HOMEMAKER

August 26, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## NEW COIFFURES—for a new season

YOUTHFUL . . . flattering . . . yet with a hint of sophistication . . . these hair styles show you three different ways you can dress your hair for formal spring occasions. Up and off the face is still the tendency.

By  
JANETTE



●ABOVE: A sweetly old-fashioned hair-do, worn by Rita Hayworth, Columbia player. The hair is parted in the centre and sculptured curls are drawn up from the sides high on top of the head. A front piece is combed over the part, pinned with a diamond pin, and arranged in curls to form a bang.

●RIGHT: Another view of the headdress above, showing the back hair piled high in the centre and the hair from the nape of the neck moulded to the head contour. The short ends at the exact nape are curled and held in place by comb.



●ABOVE: A youthful coiffure designed for Penny Singleton, Columbia player. The hair is waved softly off the temples, combed back, and the short ends curled in soft ringlets. The hair at the back is combed to follow the head contour and is set in two vertical rolls of curls pinned into place at the nape of the neck.

●RIGHT: Front view of the coiffure above, showing the fringe of curls which forms a becoming bang. The hair is kept well away from the ears.



●ABOVE: Coiffure designed for spring dancing. The hair is parted on one side and the top sections are arranged in sculptured curls rolled off the forehead and set fairly closely to the head.

●LEFT: Side view of headdress above. The side pieces are curled upwards in two flat rolls to meet the top curls. At the back the hair is combed smoothly without any waving, and arranged in a double row of soft ringlets that extend from the ears round the neck.



does a man....

SHIRLEY ROSS  
Paramount  
Player

..notice his wife's Hair ?

Make no mistake—there are two times at least every day when you can be sure he DOES notice your hair . . . if it has a youthful healthy gloss; if it is *silky-clean*—or if it's dull or "dandruffy"!

YOU can't be too careful in washing your hair if you want it always to look its best! . . . and that's why thousands of girls never, never use skin soap on their hair! For the chemical effect of soap "alkali" deadens and dries delicate hair, and makes it brittle and hard-to-manage.

Wash soft, lustrous beauty into your hair—keep it wavy with extra "life"—with Colinated, pure, natural, quick-rinsing Shampoo that everyone's talking about!

BLONDES—This new-style Colinated Shampoo preserves sparkling gold brilliance—prevents "alkali patches."

BRUNETTES—Discover fascinating new highlights!

Make your very next shampoo a real "beauty wash" with Colinated—and watch its magic coconut bubbles take away every trace of dust, oily-film, and dandruff scurf . . . Give new, thrilling sheen . . . Help waves . . . Leave hair *silky-clean* . . . and easier to dress!

Colinated  
Shampoo

★ A bottle lasts  
months  
Any Chemist  
or Store.



# YOUR FEET... WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

deserve some attention

BY  
A DOCTOR

DOCTOR, MY FEET ARE MAKING MY LIFE MISERABLE. IS THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN DO FOR THEM TO GIVE ME RELIEF AND COMFORT?



I CAN try, Miss Jones. But feet are easier to injure than cure, you know. It's a great pity that so few people take any care of their feet. After all, most of us are on them most of the day. Surely they deserve some attention to keep them fit.

But what sort of care can one give feet, doctor? I've no time or money for elaborate footbaths and treatments.

There is no need to go to great expense. Some footbaths and treatments are very helpful, but there are certain other essential requirements.

Really, doctor? And what are they?

Briefly, Miss Jones, exercise,

proper nutrition and sensible selection of shoes.

Those are the three rules for foot health, but, unfortunately, very few people observe them. Take the shoes you are wearing now, for instance. They are quite enough to cause trouble. The heels are far too high and the toes too pointed.

But why are these things wrong? Well, let's take the heels first. Heels that are too high are harmful because they make your posture wrong.

The use of high heels now and again—say for evening wear or special occasions—is not so bad, but to wear very high heels all day and

every day and in the evenings as well does serious damage such as shortening of the calf muscles.

Haven't you ever noticed how tired your legs get when you play tennis in low-heeled sandals? That is the result of always wearing heels that are too high.

I didn't realise that.

## Thick ankles

ANOTHER thing about very high heels is that they cause thick ankles. Yes, I thought that would interest you.

Haven't you ever noticed what trim, graceful ankles girls who wear low heels have?

I believe I have noticed it, now you mention it. And that's very important, because I've been thinking lately that my ankles are beginning to thicken.

There's the reason. Very high heels have another bad effect. They send your weight forward and push your toes down into the narrow-pointed toes of your shoes. Then your foot loses all its flexibility.

I see, doctor. And I suppose shoes that are very pointed are bad because they squash the toes together?

Exactly, Miss Jones. Your big toe was meant to go in a straight line with your foot, but it can't do that when a pointed shoe is pressing it

inwards all the time. That is how bunions are formed, you know.

That is worth knowing!

Yes. One of the most sensible things women have done recently is to adopt the fashion for the sandal type of shoe.

First appearing minus toe and heel pieces for evening wear, the sandal has proved so comfortable and so kind to the feet that women are demanding this type for general wear.

The latest reports from America state that women there even go so far as to have toe and heel pieces cut from their day shoes to bring them into line with the sandal style, so popular has this comfortable fashion become.

I suppose they will be worn generally here before long.

I hope they will be. But shoes aren't everything in the care of the feet, although they are very important.

If you want healthy feet you must cultivate healthy muscles and a good circulation not only of the feet and legs, but of the whole body.

## The secret

PLENTY of exercise and the right foods. That is the secret. Exercise to develop the muscles and keep them in trim and the right foods to give them the building material they need.

If you wear the right shoes and remember what I have told you about exercise and diet, I am sure your foot troubles will soon disappear.

Doctor, can you suggest some exercises I might do for my feet?

Yes, I can give you a couple. Remember to perform them with the feet bare or wearing only very light sandals which allow full freedom of movement.

First assume a standing position, or sit if you tire quickly. Stretch one foot forward slightly and let it perform movements on its own. The knee must not move. First waggle your foot from side to side, and then up and down. Take care that all the movements are executed from the ankle, and that the leg does not participate. In other words, bend it in every possible way, twisting it from side to side, up and down, and with a circular motion. Then clench your toes several times and stretch them out.

Another and more passive way to do this exercise is to take your foot in your hand and move it about in the same way as in the first exercise.

I'll certainly try that, doctor. Now what about the second one?

The second foot-bending exercise has a suppling effect on the whole body. Lie down on your left side, supporting yourself with your left arm. Take hold of the toes of your right foot with your right hand, bend your leg and draw it round behind your head so that the back of the knee rests behind your head.

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THESE SIMPLE foot exercises, above and at right, if performed regularly, will help to strengthen the feet. The correct way to do them is described on this page.



# URGENT ACTION NEEDED

if he's  
TIRED-LAZY  
NEVER WANTS  
TO PLAY...



In 95 cases out of 100 the trouble is—

# Faulty Elimination

What's come over him lately? He should be brimming over with health, energy and vigour. But somehow or other, he's fallen victim to Faulty Elimination—one of the most troublesome of all childhood disorders because it can so often go unsuspected. Faulty Elimination means incomplete bowel action. The bowels are not completing their natural function, but are leaving in the system harmful food waste which slowly but surely poisons the blood-stream.

If your child suffers from tiredness, lassitude, indifference, start now to put him on a course of Laxettes. Within a day or two you'll notice a world of difference. Eyes will sparkle again, and he'll be full of fun and life. Laxettes are the favoured aperient in thousands of homes throughout Australia. Kiddies love the smooth chocolate flavour, and there are no unpleasant after-effects of griping or purging.

Get a tin of Laxettes today—genuine Laxettes. At all chemists and stores in two handy sizes—Standard tin . . . 1/6 Trial size . . . 6d.



LAXETTE MANUFACTURING CO., 388 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE, C.I.

**LAXETTES** Correct Faulty Elimination

## For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

## Treatment of colds in children

TOO often the common cold is accepted as inevitable. It is not realised that repeated colds are dangerous, resulting in a lowered resistance to infection, and more serious troubles, such as bronchitis and pneumonia. The latter takes too large a toll of infant life as it is.

There may be a cause or causes for susceptibility to colds which can be discovered and removed.

Preventive treatment, as always, is the best, and strong bodily resistance should be built up to safeguard babies and children, and give them more immunity against this widespread scourge, which still continues largely to defy and baffle medical science.

The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau has prepared a leaflet on the treatment of common colds. Readers interested may obtain a copy of this leaflet free of cost by sending a request, together with a stamped addressed envelope, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

Endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



## I am planting violas this week-end

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

AFTER THAT I INTEND TO . . .

(1) Pay the sweet peas some attention. Some of them have developed mildew; others have wilted. I'll also give the young plants twigs to climb upon between the ground and the trellis.

(2) Spray the cinerarias to control the troublesome leaf miners and thus ensure fine, healthy blooms later on.

(3) And start repotting plants and building up the soil in baskets for ferns, palms, begonias, and a few choice plants that I grow in the bush-house.

It looks like a busy week-end.

It is a bit too early to sow violas, for they require warm weather conditions, but flowering violas or pansies may be set out in the border any time now and will give excellent results.

Rich, fibrous loam is best for these plants, which show quick resentment if grown in heavy soil that is badly cultivated.

If the soil is naturally heavy and moisture retentive, which also means that it will bake up into a brick-like consistency in summer, make it lighter by adding some sand.

Decayed manure of any kind, leaf-mould (rotted leaves) and wood ash will all add vigor to the plants if worked well into the soil before planting.

If you have any of last season's pansy or viola plants that are past their best, split them up and set out the pieces as individual plants.

When transplanting the plants remember that they like plenty of room. Fourteen inches apart is not too much, for they spread fully 1 ft. wide when mature.

Slugs and snails also like pansies, but I found a cure for these pests last year. It consists merely of dusting some superphosphate all round and underneath the plants.

This fertiliser deters the pests, adds size to the flowers, and vigor to the plants when absorbed by the soil.

Some of the best pansies to plant out now are Mastodon, Masterpiece, Bath's Empress, Roggli Giants, French Stained, Trimardeau Giants, and Special Exhibition strains.

### Attend to sweet peas

SWEET PEAS need some attention now. Many of them have shown some dislike for the foggy, moist conditions since being planted out earlier in the season.

They have developed mildew and a form of rust or leaf spot, while many have wilted and died for no apparent reason this year.

Regular dusting with sulphur, or spraying with colloidal sulphur, will prevent mildew, but it will not cure it once it has appeared.

Biologists have not yet found the cause of wilting, although they con-

FOR INTERIOR DECORATION PANSIES look well arranged flat in a large shallow bowl or dish as shown above in the natural-color photograph taken in The Australian Women's Weekly studio.

sider it due to some physiological weakness.

Sweet peas that are flopping all over the ground under the trellis will need to be given some assistance to reach the wire-netting.

Short twigs thrust into the soil will enable the plants to reach the wire. I find that prunings from plum and peach trees are ideal.

An occasional dose of weak sulphate of potash, about 1 ounce to 2 gallons of water, will help to keep off mildew and add vigor to the plants.

### Now for cinerarias

CINERARIAS are beginning to develop their buds, and that is usually a sign for the

second you have sprayed them. It takes time for the nicotine to dry up their soft little bodies.

Leaf miners are also troublesome to cinerarias. The fly lays its eggs on the underside of the leaf. When the grubs hatch out they eat their way into the leaf and mine through the tissue.

Yellow tunnels spread out in all directions and soon the leaf is ruined, turns brown and dies.

What you have to do is spray the leaves, both sides, once a week, with nicotine sulphate. This stuff smells strongly to the flies and away they go to lay their eggs somewhere else.

You have to keep the spray going until the buds open if you want good-sized flowers and healthy leaves.

### Time for repotting

I AM also going to start repotting ferns, palms, begonias, and a few choice plants that I grow in the bush-house.

For this purpose I have stored up a big heap of wood ashes, some rotted turf, compost from the rubbish heap, some well-pulverised charcoal, a little decayed manure and some sand.

These will be used according to the various plant requirements. For instance, the begonias require more old turf than do the ferns. Palms require more manure than ferns, and ferns require more leaf-mould than anything else.

Drainage is one of the principal things to watch when repotting, and for this purpose I use cinders and pieces of broken pots.

I always use a piece of stout wood, about 1 1/2 ins. in diameter, which has a rounded end. The blunt end will not injure roots or stems when plunged into the soil to firm them in the pot.

I shake out all the old soil when repotting, and usually wash the rest away from the roots with the hose. After repotting I soak the pots in a bucket of water until all bubbling ceases.

They are then put aside to drain and replaced in the bush-house.

Much the same applies to baskets containing asparagus and other ferns.

### Those fruit trees

ATTEND to those peach trees. Spray against leaf curl by using lime sulphur, making the mixture one in 40.

See that you have the bottle in each tree to guard against the dreaded fruit fly.

Spray the apples, pears and quinces against codlin moth. This should be done as soon as the blossoms begin to form, then again in November and again in January.

Make the spray of arsenate of lead, using one level desert-spoonful to every gallon of water.

The trunks of these trees should also be bagged.

first of the aphid horde to do their dirty work.

These little green insects crowd round the buds from which they suck the juices. Arsenate of lead is no use to them, for they simply will not take it.

Gardeners often forget that sucking insects such as aphides, thrips and bugs of various kinds cannot be killed with arsenicals.

Aphides, therefore, must be sprayed with nicotine sulphate, which kills them on contact. But don't expect them to drop dead the



—But only since I've started those 2 cups of "Old Gold" Cocoa a day . . .

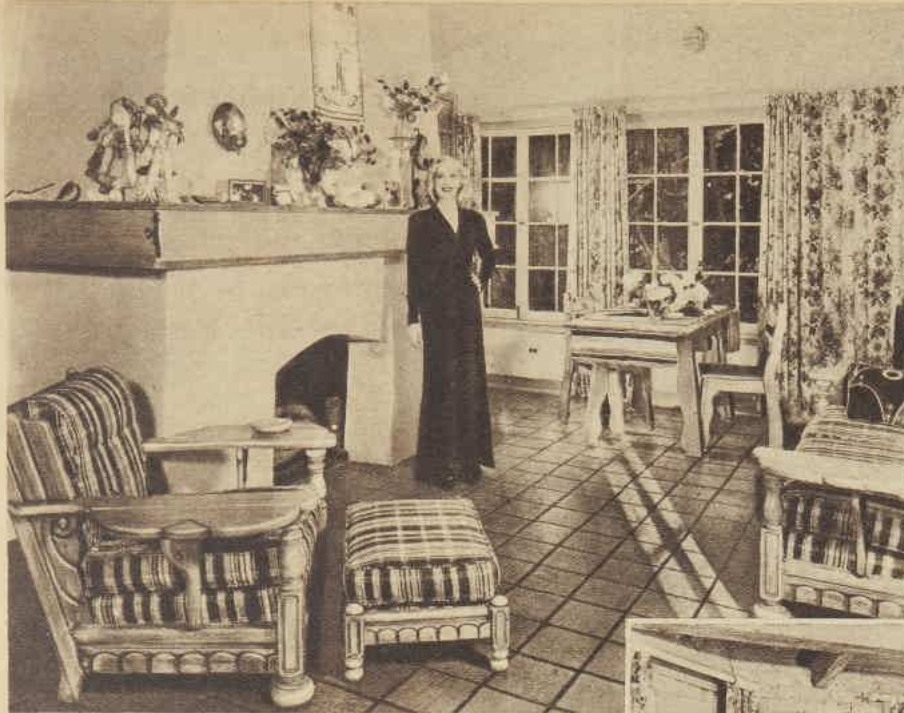
"The chaps used to call me 'Solemn'. I never used to enjoy things much. If there was any fun going they rarely used to rope me in. Then one day I started a new habit, started having a cup of 'Old Gold' Cocoa with my breakfast and another last thing at night. I began sleeping like a top, waking as fresh as a daisy.

ONE AT BREAKFAST  
ONE AT NIGHT  
FOR ALL DAY FITNESS  
AND ALL NIGHT SLEEP

eating a simply magnificent breakfast, spending the day bursting with energy. I began enjoying all the fun. And—well—yesterday the chaps elected me President of our Sports Club! They call me 'Smile-a-Minute' now, and I like it, and I like the new outlook on life that 'Old Gold' Cocoa gave me!"







AN ATTRACTIVE LIVING-ROOM furnished and decorated for summer use. Cream walls, dull red tile-patterned linoleum on the floor and gay curtains and covers supply color and charm.

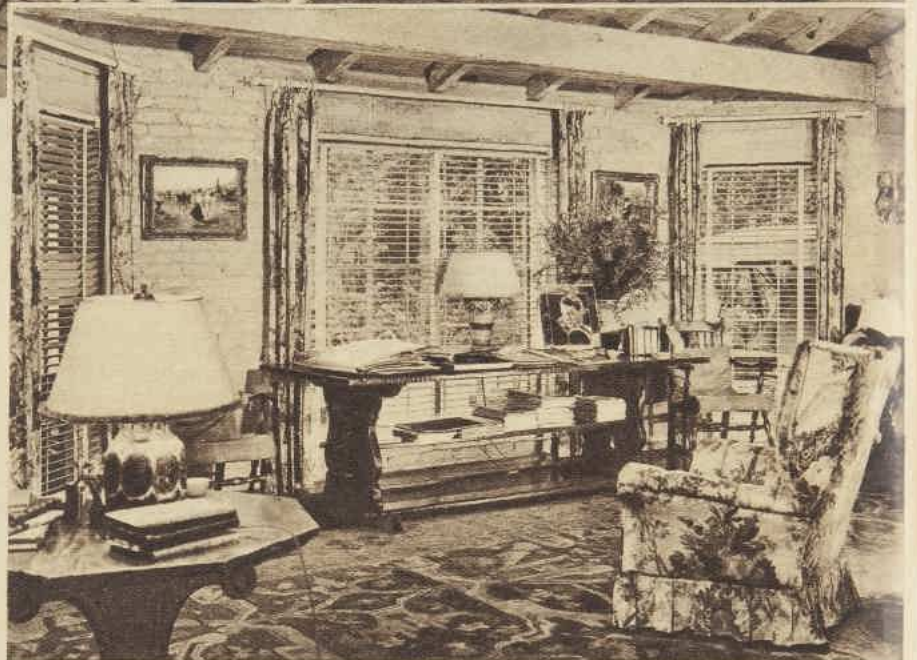
## Informal living-rooms ... Can be very charming

RE-DRESS your rooms for the new season with gay, light fabrics . . . Be informal about it . . . Strive not for absolute correctness of color and line in furniture and drapes, but for a friendly, happy atmosphere.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

**T**HE successful homemaker changes the soft furnishings in her rooms with the change of season, just as she does her dressing.

The warm-colored, heavier fabrics that made the living-room look so cosy during the winter will only make it look dull and over-warm in summer.



CURTAINS and covers in russet-brown, peacock-blue and canary-yellow against walls of cream-washed bricks give cool color in this room.

TOP RIGHT: Living-room in informal old-fashioned style. Main colors are magenta and cream with touches of blue-green.

But change your curtains, put loose covers on the chairs in gay but cool-colored summery chintz, shadow tissue or cretonne, and your rooms will take on an air of complete rejuvenation, not to mention that light, happy appearance that makes for summer-time charm.

The idea can even extend to bed-rooms.

Once you have tried having two sets of curtains and covers, or bed-spreads, as the case may be, that can be changed round with the seasons, you'll never go back to the old idea of keeping the same soft furnishings going from one year to the next.

The pictures on this page will give you some ideas for summer-time furnishings. Notice, too, that the furniture itself in these rooms and the general arrangement of accessories all contribute to the charming and friendly informality of the rooms.

In the room at the top left—a combination sunroom and living-room—plain cream walls are offset by a thick linoleum on the floor in a dull red tile pattern. This gives a cool effect in hot weather, although some people would prefer a rug or two over the linoleum.

The wide windows are simply draped in a gay cretonne showing soft red, fawns and greens on a cream ground.

The chairs and couch in their big frames of fumed wood, with wide let-down flap arms at the sides, have loose cushions covered in check cottage weave in red, cream and fawn.

The mantelshef which runs round three sides of the built-out fireplace adds to the informal touch with a seemingly careless arrangement of flowers, dolls, pictures and other odds and ends.

Don't you love the old-fashioned air about the living-room at the top right? Here the cream-painted walls are partly plaster and partly wood. The ceiling is lightly beamed in wood and also painted cream.

The covers on the couch and matching chair are gay. They show a big lily-leaf design in off-white on a magenta ground. The chair by the fireplace is covered in a cretonne showing a fairy-tale castle design in browns and blue-greens on a cream ground.

On the polished wood floor a circular Chinese rug incorporates magenta, green, cream and other harmonising tones on a pale fawn ground.

Old-World touches are supplied by the lamps, the twin white vases on the mantelshef, the rocking-chair by the fire, the low table by the couch, the recessed bookshelves in the wall and other bits and pieces.

Russet-brown, peacock-blue and canary-yellow are the colors used for the chair covers and curtains in the room at lower right. This room, in a house built in American ranch style, has cream-finished brick walls and a heavily beamed, cream washed ceiling. The Venetian blinds are cream; so are the lampshades, while the carpet, in an allover design, repeats the colors used in the drapes.

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A PILE OF CUSHIONS in various shapes and in different colors makes a corner divan look most inviting and adds a splash of gay color as well.

## Cushions provide comfort and color

PRIMARILY designed for comfort cushions can also be made to play quite a large part in the general furnishing scheme of a room to give interest and color.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

**C**USHIONS may be planned with the interior decoration when a room is first being fitted with carpet and furniture. Then the cushions can be made of some material incorporated in the furnishings.

A pleasing way when there are chairs of two fabric upholstery is to have a cushion in the plainer material. In a modern room I saw recently, a couple of big lounge chairs were covered in rust velvet combined with off-white wide stripe corduroy.

Cushions in these chairs were not made to fit the chairs, but were of small pillow shape, plainly made in the same off-white corduroy. The plain pillow in a velvet or rich fabric is generally good taste in a severe modern room.

There is another treatment for cushions in a plain room where carpet and wall covering are without pattern and where upholstery is simple. This is for the type of room that may need brightening, or that is used as study or den. Here you may have an assorted pile of

cushions which would look well massed on a divan or in a corner seat.

A cushion that has now been with us for several years is the quilted type. It is usually done in Italian or English quilting, on a plain material such as a dull silk, and stitched with a matching thread. Pale or soft colors are the rule and the cushions are not very big—twelve or thirteen inches square being general; or they can be circular, oblong or oval.

The old cottage favorite of black satin painted with a pink rose or white satin embroidered with a collie dog is out of date, but an embroidered cushion may be included if it is the right kind of embroidery to suit the furnishings and color scheme of the room.

For instance, in a lovely room I saw furnished with beautiful antiques and pieces from the Orient, a black satin cushion embroidered with a Chinese dragon was quite in place. Later, when the cushion wore out it was replaced by one with an embroidered design showing three gold and rainbow tinted fish circling together on a background of shot black and gold taffeta, and edged with a dull metal cord.



TWO CUSHIONS in contrasting colors and fabrics, one designed for head use and the other for the back, give an air of friendly comfort to this lounge chair.

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No desire for food, even the daintiest meal fails to arouse appetite. Pain and indigestion whenever she eats; badly in need of nourishment, digestion in need of rest. What can she do?

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Dandruff is not, as many imagine, merely those white, scaly flakes—it is an invisible parasitic GERM, hidden in the hair roots!

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Day and night piles worry you, taking your heart out of your job. You can't stand still for long, and you feel just as bad when sitting. Piles are dilated or inflamed veins of the lower bowel and are aggravated by a cold or constipation. In severe cases surgical treatment even may be necessary.

Let DOAN'S Ointment give you the relief you so sorely need. This special pile prescription is healing, antiseptic and soothing. That is why it is equally successful in overcoming eczema and other itching skin complaints. But, be sure you get DOAN'S

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... or for that matter, old before you're fifty or sixty... then it's time you had a tonic. But a quick tonic... WINCARNIS... the no-waiting tonic! Why, the first glass makes you feel better... gives you the will to recover! Before the bottle is finished you're well on the way back to youth. For if you're really fit, you never feel old. Forty, fifty or even sixty, you can still enjoy vigorous, glowing health.

Wincarnis does not lower the system like pain killing drugs. It rallies you quickly... pumps two kinds of vitamins, essential to life, into your blood stream... and its rich extracts are actually more effective because they are blended in choice Wine. Start taking WINCARNIS today... remember... a long course is unnecessary... which is one reason why the no-waiting tonic has received over 25,000 recommendations from medical men. From all Chemists

## HELP STOMACH DIGEST FOOD

With Triple-Action Remedy and You'll Eat Like a Horse

Your system should digest two pounds of food daily and in this work minute glands in mouth, stomach, liver and pancreas, each play their part. When you eat heavy, greasy, coarse or rich foods, or when you hurry nervously through your meals, your digestive system becomes upset and either too much or too little of these vital digestive juices is poured out. Then your food does not digest and you have gas, heartburn, nausea, pain after food—in fact you feel wretchedly ill and miserable. Alkaline powders and artificial digestants are often useless, but thousands of people have found Mother Seigel's Syrup gives quick relief and comfort. Mother Seigel's Syrup is a combination of herbal extracts which stimulate the salivary, stomach and liver glands to normal action and once this is accomplished eating becomes a pleasure and that sour, sick, depressed condition becomes a thing of the past. Ask for and insist on getting genuine Mother Seigel's Syrup.

## HOMELY FARE with a BANQUET FINISH

IT'S little tricks that embellish homely dishes and raise them to the banquet class in many a Soho restaurant, says our London correspondent.

By Air Mail from NAOMI WATERS.

I HAD the most delicious vegetable and fish pie the other day at a tiny restaurant in Soho which specialises in dishes which, while devoid of meat, lose nothing of their tastiness.

Chop finely potato, carrot, beans, cabbage; in fact, any vegetables which you may have left over from a previous meal.

Line the bottom of a pie-dish with the vegetables mixed with salt and pepper, next a layer of some strongly tasting fish already cooked—such as salmon or haddock. Continue with alternate layers of fish and vegetables until the pie-dish is nearly full.

Add enough white sauce to moisten, cover with bread-crumbs, and heat in a moderate oven.

A mixture of melon and lobster may sound a little odd, but is in fact one of the most successful I have ever tasted. As it is rather rich, it is better served as an hors-d'oeuvre instead of a fish course.

Scrape out the inside of a moderate-sized melon. Drain most of the juice from the flesh of the fruit and mix with an equal portion of lobster; add enough mayonnaise sauce to moisten thoroughly.



NEXT TIME you have special guests to luncheon or dinner try this pretty method of decorating the table. Here on a circular mirror stand two baskets of fruit, china bird figures, and sprays of golden wattle-blossom round the edge. Notice the individual pepper and salt sets which also act as knife rests, and the monogrammed plates and table napkins.

Place the mixture back into the melon, and decorate with the claws of the lobster. Serve on lettuce leaves in a glass dish.

I doubt if the average cook takes half enough trouble in serving food. Even the most delicious food seems unappetising if slapped into a dish without care or thought.

Yet, on the other hand, it is amazing how the simplest food can be brought up to Ritz class by a little trouble and a lot of imagination. The plainest of potatoes look more interesting covered with a sprinkling of grated carrot.

Grated cheese does a lot to disguise the despised cabbage. Mix mashed cabbage with pieces of bacon and cover with a white sauce, and I defy anyone to doubt your French ancestry.

Plain baked custard, served with a chocolate sauce, becomes worthy of a fancy name.

By cutting a cooked pumpkin into small squares and

serving in a dish mixed with green peas you can fool your guests into thinking you are serving strange, expensive foods imported from some tropical isle.

## TRY frying CHICKEN... You'll like the flavor

OF course you are familiar with roast chicken, but have you tried fried chicken, one of the most delicious ways of all of preparing this poultry?

### FRIED CHICKEN WITH CRISP CRUST

Choose young chickens 1½ to 3lb. in weight. Small birds may be split through breast and backbone, then each half can be divided to make four servings from each chicken.

Larger birds will be cut into more servings. Wipe the pieces carefully, after making sure they are free of any pin-feathers or hairs.

Dip into seasoned flour. Coat each piece entirely and brown on all sides in a frying pan in half an inch of unsalted fat (lard or vegetable shortening).

When the pieces are brown reduce heat to moderate and cook from 25 to 40 minutes, depending upon tenderness of the chicken. Test by inserting a fork into a thick piece. The fork should go in easily when the chicken is done.

Flour is the simplest coating to use, but the chicken pieces may be dipped in diluted egg and then into bread-crumbs for a heavier crust.

### DEEP FAT FRYING

Young chickens may be rolled in flour or coated with crumbs or batter and cooked in deep fat. Fry from 15 to 30 minutes.

### OVEN FRYING

After the pieces have been browned they may finish cooking in the

oven. Arrange them in a heavy dish and use moderate temperature for 40 minutes to an hour.

### BATTER FRIED CHICKEN

Combine 1 cup flour with 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 beaten egg and 1 cup milk. Beat together until smooth, and dip pieces of chicken in the batter before frying.

### BUTTER FLAVOR

Butter contains salt and moisture, so it isn't satisfactory for frying chicken. However, pieces of butter may be placed on the chicken after the browning. They melt over the chicken and add flavor.

### TO COOK GIBLETS

Giblets should be simmered gently in water until tender before frying. The liver will be tender in a very few minutes and should be removed from the liquid and dipped into flour or crumbs. When heart and gizzard are tender, coat also and brown with the rest of the chicken. Heart and gizzard may be cooked the entire time with the other pieces, but the liver needs only browning, and may toughen if it is overcooked.

### FRYING LARGE CHICKENS

To fry chickens over 3lb. dip the pieces in seasoned flour, coat with egg and crumbs. Brown on all sides in a half inch of unsalted fat in a heavy pan. When brown reduce heat to low, place a cover on the pan, and let cook very gently until tender, 40 minutes or longer. If desired, add a small amount of water, cream, sour cream, or tomato juice.



## CLEAN! not "half clean"

BON AMI CAKE removes dirt and film... polishes as it cleans

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makes your windows  
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Discovered by the makers of Castile No. 4... Ph6 Joderma is a superfine, delicately aromatic soap that keeps your skin supple and soft... eliminates the dryness often felt after washing. If unobtainable at your chemist's, send 1/- for trial cake of Ph6 Joderma or Ph6 Bergamot to B. Callose & Sons, Pty., Ltd., Sydney... and see what a difference Ph6 makes!



**Ph6 JODERMA**

FOR BABY—use Castile No. 4, all-olive oil soap, approved by the British Pharmacopoeia.



**LITTLE MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES** just adores babies and toddlers and can give you heaps of helpful suggestions on how to save time and trouble and to add to baby's comfort and safety.



## Looking after baby with Little Miss Precious Minutes

CARE of baby, especially the first baby, when the young mother is rather nervous of her great responsibility, uses up so much of her busy day. So let Miss Precious Minutes help.

**LITTLE Miss Precious Minutes says:**

The sun is the best steriliser for woollens, blankets, clothes, booties, etc. It is not necessary to wash baby's woollen singlets every day unless they are soiled. Constant washing hardens the wool. A good sunning and airing is all that is necessary until they become soiled.

**COTTON** singlets quickly develop holes where the safety-pin attaches them to the napkin. To prevent holes and save mending time, sew little tabs of tape on to singlet and pin napkin to these.

**WARM** water, softened by the addition of soap flakes that contain no soda, makes baby's washing

easy. If baby is a bottle-fed baby, sterilise everything used in the bottle-making. A good idea is to pop everything, spoons, bottle, muslin used for straining milk, etc., into a large saucepan as soon as you go into the kitchen in the morning. Then they are ready for you when you prepare baby's daily food.

**REMEMBER** to put cold water in bath before hot; this prevents the bath itself from getting too hot. Test the temperature of water with your elbow. What is comfortable to the elbow is right for baby's little body.

As baby advances, and your clinic advises a change in food, fresh raw apple will be included in his daily menu. An easy and safe way to give this is to cut it up and tie it in a muslin bag. He will chew this and get quite a lot of diversion at the same time.

If you are taking baby out and will not be able to change his napkin for some time, several absorbent tissues placed next to the skin inside of the napkin help to absorb moisture and reduce baby's discomfort.

A **THIN** piece of rubber fastened to the back of baby's shoe heel will give more "grip" and save many tumbles.

**CRAWLING** and toddling days bring added worries and interruption to housework. Here are some good tips—cover open bookshelves with wire netting. Build little boxes over electric power points. Use sides of the now discarded playpen as a barricade or door for any dangerous openings.

If baby shows inclination to feed himself, encourage this. It needs patience because his table manners will not be the best at first. Large pieces of American cloth which are easily washed will protect the tablecloth. Actually it is better for baby to feed in his own chair. One that is at a lower level than the family table will prevent him from seeing and wanting what the grown-ups are eating.

### A.B.C. of Cookery

**Saffron:** Yellow vegetable coloring and flavoring. Used to color cakes, icings, etc.

**Salamander:** Utensil for browning prepared dishes on top.

**Salivary:** Pertaining to the watery fluid poured into the mouth by the salivary glands which aids digestion.

**Salmi:** Stew of game which has been half roasted.

**Salpicon:** Filling for patty cases, ramekins, timbales, etc., made of minced chicken, ham, mushrooms, etc.

**Satisfy:** A vegetable like seakale, which is usually boiled.

easier and whiter. But never blue napkins or anything that touches the skin.

**HAVE** two face-washers for the baby; never use sponges. Boil them frequently and give them a good all-day sunning out on the clothes-line. A cheese-cloth washer is softer, and more satisfactory for washing tiny ears.

**UNTIL** baby is a few months old he has a habit of "waving" his hands about and pulling at his face and ears. This often causes tiny scratches from finger-nails, which are exceedingly difficult to cut on account of this constant movement of the hands. So while baby is sleeping take a small pair of nail scissors and cut finger and toe nails.

**SOME** babies are very restless sleepers, lying on their faces, burying their noses in their pillows, etc. A small pillow filled with specially baked mothercraft chaff minimises danger of baby smothering, and is more hygienic. If baby should soil the pillow, the chaff can be removed, placed on a large tin dish, and re-baked in the oven. Mothercraft chaff is procurable at good produce depots.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 158-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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New Improved Rinsol gives such rich, thick, long-lasting suds that your clothes come out of the copper at least 3 shades whiter than ever before! These hard-working New Rinsol suds remove every hint of ingrained dinginess, leaving your whites absolutely snowy! And you need no help from soaps or extras with Rinsol's wonderful suds.

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Rich, lukewarm Rinsol suds keep your coloured things bright and vivid through countless washings. Silks and woollens stay soft and new-looking ages longer.

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Your hands couldn't be safer than they are in New Rinsol—not even if you did your whole big wash with toilet soap. There's positively nothing in these extra-gentle suds that could harm the most sensitive skin, or damage fragile fabrics.



A LEVER PRODUCT

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## Here's your chance to . . . Win a cash prize

JUST write out your favorite recipe for cake, sweet or meat dish and enter it in our fascinating weekly best recipe competition.

**T**HIS week first prize of £1 goes to a reader for her recipe for the delicious wattle cake which you see pictured on this page.

Other readers win consolation prizes for their interesting entries.

Now see what you can do. It's such an easy way to win some money. All you have to do is to write out your recipe, attach name and address and send in to this office.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other entry published.

### WATTLE GATEAU

#### Gold and Silver Wattle Cake

**Gold Layer:** One breakfast cup sugar, 1-3rd cup butter, yolks 3 eggs, 1 whole egg, 2 breakfast cups self-raising flour, 1 cup milk, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar, then add beaten eggs gradually, lastly add sifted flour and salt, adding milk gradually. Bake in a moderately hot oven.

**Silver Layer:** 4oz. butter, 8oz. self-raising flour, 5oz. sugar, 1 cup milk, whites of 4 eggs, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar well, add flour sifted with salt, adding milk gradually. Lastly fold in stiffly

beaten egg-whites and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour or a little more. When cakes are cold join them together with an orange filling.

Cover with an icing made with white of egg and icing sugar and flavor with a few drops of almond flavoring. Sprinkle chopped browned almonds on sides of cake. When icing is set squeeze out a line on each side of top cake with chocolate icing, using tubes or bag.

Make a few branching twigs and then put little clusters of wattle blossom here and there. A little warm icing or white of egg can be used to set if necessary.

**Wattle Blossom:** To make blossom, roll some tiny balls of thick icing or fondant colored pale yellow.

As they are rolled, drop into castor sugar into which has been worked one or two drops of yolkine, enough to make wattle colored. Toss balls lightly in the sugar. Pick each one up separately with a darning needle and fix lightly in required position.

**First Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Marsh, 6 Palm Court, 133 Hastings Pde., Bondi North, N.S.W.**

### ESMERALDA ROLLS

Make a scone mixture, using rather more butter than usual (say, a tea-cupful flour and 1 tablespoon butter). Roll this into thin pieces 5 inches wide and 7 inches long.

Have on the stove a large piedish containing a pint of boiling water, two tablespoons of desiccated coco-



**WATTLE GATEAU**—a cake made with two layers, one gold and the other silver. The recipe for this cake was the winning entry for the £1 first prize.

nut, and three tablespoons golden syrup. Allow to just simmer. Smear each piece of pastry with a table-spoonful of golden syrup, roll over lightly, and drop into the simmering mixture. The mixture should just cover the rolls.

Place in a moderate oven for about an hour. The water evaporates, and should leave the rolls in a thick sauce of syrup and coconut. The rolls should be light and fluffy.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. G. Knox, Emdale, Ramawm Extension, Vic.**

### CHEESE AND POTATO PIE

One and a half pounds cooked potatoes, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 4oz. grated cheese, 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 1 pint milk, salt and pepper, browned crumbs.

Cut potatoes into fairly thick slices, put in layers in a buttered piedish, with slices of hard-boiled egg. Melt butter in a saucepan, add flour, stirring till a smooth paste is formed. Add milk, stirring till it boils. Boil for three minutes, add 3oz. cheese, and the seasoning. Pour over the eggs and potatoes. Sprinkle the remaining cheese, then crumbs on top. Bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. I. M. Raggatt, 17 Clowes St., South Yarra, Vic.**

### WALNUT AND RAISIN NUT-BARS

Sift 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, cream 3oz. butter with ½ cup castor sugar, beat until light. Add 1 beaten egg, mix well, then add ½ cup golden syrup. To this mixture add alternately the sifted dry ingredients and ½ cup milk. Add 1 cup chopped raisins or dates, and 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Grease a flat tin and spread very thinly.

Bake for 10-12 minutes in a moderate oven.

These fingers burn easily, so must be watched, and the oven must not be too hot. Allow to cool on tin, and cut into finger-lengths 3 inches by 1½ inches. Store in airtight tins.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. C. Honeysett, Alt Crescent, Ainslie, Canberra, A.C.T.**

### BANANA CHUTNEY

Three pounds apples (peeled), 1½lb. brown sugar, 2lb. bananas weighed with skin off, ½lb. preserved ginger, 1lb. onions, ½lb. seeded raisins, ½lb. salt, 1oz. cayenne, 2½ pints vinegar.

Cut up apples, bananas, onions, and ginger finely, and add to vinegar, raisins, sugar, salt, and cayenne, boil 2 hours. Put into jars when cold and make airtight.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Betty Wheaton, Lenore St., Russell Lea, N.S.W.**

### CAFE CREPE SUZETTE

Four ounces plain flour, 1 dessert-spoonful coffee essence, pinch of salt, 1 pint of milk, 1 egg.

Sieve flour and salt into a basin. Make a hollow in centre of flour and break egg into basin. Gradually add half milk, stirring in flour very smoothly. Beat batter well for 10 minutes. Mix coffee with remainder of milk and stir in batter. Mix well and allow to stand for one hour. Heat a small quantity of lard in a frying pan and when it smokes pour it off, leaving the pan well greased. Pour into pan just enough batter to cover the pan thinly. When cooked, turn and fry second side. Turn onto a sugared paper, roll up and keep hot until remainder are cooked.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Coulter, 93 Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.**

### HONEY SEED CAKES

Rub 2oz. butter into 8oz. flour; add 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 tablespoon caraway seeds, 1 cup honey, 1 egg, and 1 teaspoon baking powder dissolved in a little milk. Mix thoroughly, form into cakes 1 inch thick, and bake 20 minutes in moderate oven.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. A. Sparkes, 45 Thorold St., Woolloowin N3, Brisbane.**

### TAPIOCA COCONUT CUSTARD

Two tablespoons tapioca, 1 pint milk, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1½ tablespoons coconut, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Soak tapioca overnight in one cup of cold water. Next day cook it with the milk in a saucepan until soft. Cool a little, beat 4oz. sugar and yolks of eggs, then add coconut. Stir well into milk and tapioca and cook for a few minutes. Turn into a piedish. Whip egg-whites until stiff, then add 2 tablespoons sugar gradually. Spread this over tapioca and bake slowly in oven until lightly brown.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. E. Webb, Mulgoonurtie, Y.P., S.A.**

### CHEESE AND KIDNEY CHARLOTTE

Line a buttered mould with thin slices of bread and butter, then sprinkle thickly with breadcrumbs and grated cheese. Add a layer of minced, well-seasoned ox kidney, then sprinkle with chopped ham or bacon and a little chopped parsley.

Cover with a layer of thin bread and butter, sprinkle with grated cheese, and continue until the mould is almost full. Beat up two eggs and add to them one pint of milk and pepper and salt to taste. Pour over the contents of the mould. Allow to stand for a few minutes to enable the bread to soak up the liquid, then bake in a moderate oven till set and brown. Serve with tomato sauce.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Wallis, 17 Ronald St., Dandenong, Vic.**

### YUMMY BALLS

One pound minced steak, ½lb. minced lean pork or bacon, 1 small onion chopped fine, 1 cup uncooked rice, 1 cup crushed safflower or soft breadcrumbs, 1 well-beaten egg, pepper and salt to taste.

Mix all these ingredients together in a basin. It is best to use the hands to do this. Shape into balls about the size of a golf ball and pile into a well-greased casserole.

Pour over one 8oz. tin tomato soup, thinned with 1½ cups water. Cover the casserole and bake in a moderate oven about 1½ hours. When done the rice has puffed up and is sticking out decoratively and soup and fat from the meats have combined to make a delicious sauce.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. I. Ackerman, 34 Park Rd., Carlton, N.S.W.**

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## So quick to cook . . . so nourishing, too THESE NEW EGG DISHES

EGGS are an invaluable form of nourishment and one of the most widely-used foods. Because they can be so quickly cooked they are often an answer to the problems of the busy housewife and the bachelor girl.

By MARY FORBES — Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

WHEN they are cheap and plentiful they may often be substituted for meat or fish.

They contain about 15 per cent. of protein, 10 per cent. of fat, a very small percentage of mineral matter, and several important vitamins.

They are, however, deficient in carbohydrates, and for that reason are often used with foods of vegetable origin.

For instance, the idea of serving toast with or under an egg is scientific.



EGG MAYONNAISE is a delicious and healthy salad, which can be made very quickly. See recipe on this page.



MEAL WANTED in a hurry? Scotch eggs are easy and nourishing. Try them for luncheon or supper. See recipe.

tifically correct, because the wheat in the bread contains the carbohydrates necessary to round off an egg diet.

### EGGS BAKED WITH CHEESE

Break the required number of eggs into a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with grated cheese, salt and pepper. Cover with a little cream. Place in a hot oven until whites are set.

### EGGS SUPREME

Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 3 level tablespoons cornflour and mix well. Stir in gradually 1½ cups milk. Bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Season with pepper and salt to taste, then add 1 cup minced cooked beef or other suitable meat. Break the required number of eggs separately and add them to the mixture in the saucepan, being careful to keep the yolks whole. Poach slowly. (Note: Use a large shallow saucepan—it is not easy to get out on to a platter, but it's well worth trying).

### EGG CUTLETS

Two hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 teaspoon curry powder, chopped parsley, 1 raw egg, breadcrumbs, macaroni, salt, cayenne.

Chop the eggs and add to the sauce with the curry powder, parsley, salt, cayenne. Turn on to a plate and leave until set. Shape into cutlets, using a little flour to prevent sticking, dip in beaten egg. Toss in crumbs. Wet fry golden brown. Drain. Place a small piece of macaroni in the end of each cutlet. Serve on hot dish on paper doily.

### PRESERVED EGGS

Home-preserved eggs may be used for almost any recipe. The simplest way is to preserve them with water-glass, which may be bought from the chemist or from grocery stores. It only needs mixing with water. There are several patent preparations, or lime-water may be used as follows:

Put 1lb. fresh lime into a bowl and pour over it 6 pints of water. Stir well and leave for 3 days. Pour off the clear water and use it to cover the eggs. The eggs must be completely sealed to the air, so be sure to cover them well with the liquid.

### EGGS YORKSHIRE

Four eggs, 4 bacon rashers, 4 rounds of fried bread, 1oz. butter, chopped parsley.

Butter 4 ramekins. Sprinkle with parsley. Drop egg into each dish. Stand in steamer or saucepan of water. Cover with greased paper. Steam 10 minutes or until set. Remove rind from bacon. Chop and cook until clear. Turn eggs on to fried bread. Surround with fried bacon. Serve with green salad.

### SPANISH EGGS

Twelve small cocktail sausages, 1 cup cooked rice, 4 eggs, olive oil, curry powder, tomato sauce.

Put rice into pan. Moisten with a little butter. Cook for two minutes. Add sauce and curry powder to taste. Prick sausages and fry them in olive oil. Then fry eggs. Pile rice onto a hot dish. Place eggs on top with sausages round the rice. Serve very hot.



TRY SERVING poached eggs on rounds of buttered bread with a layer of grated nuts. Then pour a little thick cream over the eggs and garnish with parsley.

### SCOTCH EGGS

Two hard-boiled eggs, 2 sausages, 1 slice bread, 1 beaten egg, breadcrumbs, lettuce to garnish, fat for frying.

Shell the hard-boiled eggs and dry on a tea towel. Skin sausages and enclose eggs in the sausage meat, shaping smoothly. Coat with beaten egg and breadcrumbs. Fry in deep fat for 10 minutes. Cut bread into four oblongs and fry these. Cut eggs in halves and serve on fried bread with border of lettuce.

### EGG MAYONNAISE

Three hard-boiled eggs, 3 tomatoes, 1 bunch watercress, mayonnaise, raw carrots.

Slice eggs and arrange them in three overlapping rows down a long dish. Skin the tomatoes and cut into small sections. Coat the eggs with the mayonnaise and arrange the sections of tomato round the edge. Place small sprigs of watercress between the tomatoes and edge the dish with a wide border of grated carrot.

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# KIRSTY AT THE MANSE

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

JUNE  
BOLAND



Australian Women's  
Weekly NOVEL,  
August 26, 1939

SUPPLEMENT — MUST  
NOT BE SOLD  
SEPARATELY.



# KIRSTY AT THE MANSE

By JUNE BOLAND



THE door of the manse opened—a large, brown-red door, broad and very high. There seemed an air of welcome in this very breadth. It was as if the door held forth motherly arms to all who might wish to enter the manse. And when it was the minister himself who opened it, he opened it wide, as if to show he, too, shared in its sentiments, and joined in its spirit of welcome.

It was the minister, too, who had had it painted brown. Well he remembered the day when he had been called to Abernethy—well he remembered the first sermon he had preached, facing the members of the congregation from the high pulpit, with its red-cushioned edge. When he shut his eyes the minister could recall the scene as if it were yesterday, though it was fifteen years ago. There were the stern elders, listening motionless in the front pew, their eyes fixed on his face. How nervous he had been; how enormous had seemed to him his own hands; how he had felt beads of perspiration rising to his forehead—beads caused by his consternation at the seemingly too great resonance of his voice.

Fifteen years ago . . . The manse door had opened and James MacAllister, the minister himself, stood on the doorstep and looked out over the lawn. The lawn lay in front of the manse, a hedge of privet curtailing its slope, and over the other side of the hedge lay a field of ripening oats—MacEwan's oats. To the minister's right hand the path led to a gate, large and wide enough to let any ordinary vehicle pass through its portals.

The gate was opened wide—for it, too, welcomed all and anyone to the manse.

It was only at the edge of the manse itself, round its walls that the few flowers grew, and one *Marshall Niel* rose clambered up and looked brazenly in at the minister's study window—dared to look, too, when he was busy on his Sunday sermon. The minister's study was sacred—even Miss Catherine, his own sister, was only permitted to come there on important and eventful occasions.

James MacAllister was a man of middle height; his face was clean-shaven and of those rugged and powerful lines perhaps only to be found in Scotland. His eyes, deep-set, were radiant with kindness—his rather long upper lip curved easily into humorous lines. As he stood on the manse doorstep, perplexity was written on his countenance. He gazed towards Craigrossart which reared its head skywards not a mile distant from the manse door, and into the sadness of his eyes crept a little smile—it was as if memory lay there for a moment.

He withdrew a letter from his pocket, and glanced at its contents, then again raised his eyes to the hills.

"There's not much you could ask me, Sandy Fraser," he said in a low voice. "that

I wouldn't be doing for ye—you and me that was laddies together."

A whimsical expression came to his face. He nodded his head slightly, then with a swift movement opened the door of the living-room. The apartment was situated below the study, and in the low windows immediately beneath where the minister's desk and chair stood above, Miss Catherine's armchair and work table were placed. Miss Catherine liked to feel, she said, that James was composing his sermon just above her.

Besides Miss Catherine's chair and work-table, there stood in the centre of the room a square dining-table, a large horsehair armchair on one side of the hearth was balanced by a smaller one on the other. Six chairs also upholstered in horsehair stood in various places—four round the table, two more placed one on each side of the vast mahogany sideboard. The mahogany sideboard dominated the room and was the pride of Miss Catherine's heart—it even rivalled the sacred articles of furniture which stood veiled in dust sheets in the parlor opposite. The parlor, of course, was only thrown open on State occasions, and only once a week did Miss Catherine tiptoe across its threshold.

The minister opened the door swiftly and came in. He walked straight up to Miss Catherine who was sitting in her chair in the window, and withdrawing the letter that had so much absorbed him from his breast-pocket handed it to her.

"Just read that, Catherine," he said, and taking a chair from the table seated himself.

His sister took the letter, glanced at the clock and then at him.

"I was thinking it was a bit early for tea," she remarked, explaining her brother's advent at this hour to herself. Then she adjusted her spectacles, steel-rimmed ones, and examined the envelope.

A slight expression of surprise came over her face as she saw the stamp and postmark.

"Canada?" she exclaimed, "oh, it'll be from MacNeal."

"It's not from MacNeal," said the minister as Miss Catherine spread the letter. He watched her closely as she read it, trying with his deep-set dark-blue eyes to fathom her thoughts. She read the letter through, turned it over, retold it, and replacing it in the envelope handed it back. "Poor bairn," she said, "you'll have to write and tell her she'd better stay where she is! It's sad, very sad, James, but it's not—"

"Wait—" the minister held up his hand. "I got this letter two or three days ago—and I've been thinking it over. It's our duty to have the child."

Miss Catherine removed her spectacles and looked at her brother aghast.

"James!" she exclaimed, "in the manse—a girl like that. You're daft, James, if you think you can do such a thing."

The minister rose and walked back and forth, then came and stood in front of Miss Catherine.

"We've got to do it, Catherine," he said. "I feel it's my duty—it was in a manner of speaking my fault he went out there. He and his wife are dead—he asked me to look after his little one."

He was silent for a moment, and then added softly: "Catherine, you'll be with me when you've thought it over."

His sister shook her head vigorously.

"James—James, you're crazy!" Miss Catherine was deeply disturbed. At all costs the minister must be prevented from carrying out his plan, a plan that would cause endless talk, gossip, scandal in the village. This child, Kirsty Fraser, was an utterly unsuitable being to bring to a manse, to live in the manse with her and James—such a thing was not to be thought of.

"It can no be done, James," she said with decision, "this child has been brought up Heaven knows how, a gipsy—think of the life she must have led out there. And with such a mother, too. You've often told me yourself she neglected the child absolutely. Think of the example she'd give."

Miss Catherine's voice became still more agitated, her features betrayed genuine distress as she saw a line of obstinacy form itself round her brother's mouth.

"Think a little bit of me," she said uncertainly, hating even at that moment to bring herself into prominence, "just think I'll have to be with the young creature from morning to night. Just think what that will mean to me, James—not a moment's peace."

The minister leaned forward and laid a hand on Miss Catherine's work-worn fingers.

"It's grand work, Catherine, this work that's being put into your hands. And if poor Kirsty Fraser isn't all a child should be, while it's you, Catherine, I'll make a fine woman of her. It's a blessed work you've got to undertake."

KIRSTY stood, a slight forlorn figure on the platform of the big Glasgow railway station and looked about her. In her hand she held an old Gladstone bag and near her stood a corded wooden box, a box which looked very much in need of renovation.

She had disembarked that morning, leaving the big liner in which she had sailed from Montreal with a feeling of regret and melancholy. It was the last link with the land she had called "home." And now this was to be her home—her father's country, the country, too, from which her mother's forbears had emigrated.

It was a lonely lumber camp in Western Ontario that had been the scene of Alexander Fraser's death. He had lain in a rough log hut, dying slowly from a fatal injury he had received while felling some timber. And by his side knelt Kirsty, his



one child—Kirsty who was as the apple of his eye to him—and he was leaving her here unprotected, uncared for. It nearly drove him insane to think of it.

"You must go home, Kirsty," he repeated feverishly. "go home—"

"But, dad, this is my home—Nick and the others will look after me. Besides—"

and here a warm soft hand stole round the injured man's neck, "besides, you're going to get well—you'll get well, well and strong!" she repeated doggedly, her small mouth tense, her grey-blue eyes fixed on her father's face. But even as she spoke passionately she saw with terror a change coming over Sandy Fraser's features—brought up as she had been in the wild, she knew that look, knew it as no sheltered child could. She threw herself down in a wild paroxysm of grief.

"You mustn't die, dad—don't leave me—"

—Oh, dad—"

Fraser raised himself with an effort and laid a hand on his daughter's black curls.

"Ye come of a brave race, lass. Be brave. But promise, promise on your honor to take a ticket and sail for Glasgow and go straight to James MacAllister. He'll mind you, lass. God bless him. Tell him—tell him to mind you for auld sake's sake."

In the dimness of the little cabin he made her repeat the minister's name and address. He told her where to find his scanty savings. Then, while Kirsty knelt by his side gazing anxiously into the dark, bearded face, he fell back on the pillow exhausted.

Kirsty was alone. For hours through the night she knelt beside him motionless, and in the morning Nick, her own and her father's friend, found her so, asleep.

"We'll take care of you, Kirsty," Nick said tenderly as he laid a hand on the dark curly head. He stooped and lifted her keeping form, laying her gently on the couch that stood on the far side of the cabin. He covered her with a blanket, then glanced at the dead man. His hat had been on his head. Slowly he removed it, doing honor to Sandy Fraser. And as he stood there by the rough bedside, Nick Taylor vowed that no harm should ever touch a hair of Kirsty's head.

It was only after Sandy's remains had been placed in a lonely grave beneath a pine-tree, a spot Kirsty herself had chosen, that she told Nick of the promise she had made her father.

"I'd give all in the world not to leave you, Nick—you and the boys—"

She ended brokenly. "But I promised dad, and I seemed to ease him when I had promised."

Nick stared before him, then nodded. He was a big man, nearing six feet four, with a massive black beard in which not a single grey hair showed. The loss of Sandy Fraser was a keen loss to him, and he had set his heart on looking after his friend's daughter. But now he laid a big, toll-worn hand on Kirsty's hand and gazed into her eyes—in his own was a depth of sadness.

"You'll never come back, lass," he said sadly, "and if you do, why it'll be another Kirsty, not the one I know."

"And I swear it will be the Kirsty you know, Nick!" exclaimed the girl with sudden passion. She seized his shoulder and gave it a little shake. "It'll be the Kirsty you know, Nick—always and always," she repeated.

But Nick shook his head.

"It will be another Kirsty," he said slowly, "not you—but me and the boys, why, we'll

always be looking out for you, and we'll be the same."

It was three weeks since Kirsty had parted from Nick Taylor and the "boys" at the camp—just exactly three weeks, she reflected, as she stood waiting for the train to draw up to the platform. The parting from Nick and the others had been the second great grief in Kirsty's life.

She gripped her Gladstone bag, which had been her father's, closer in her hand, and glanced down at the coat she wore, a big grey coat with opossum collar and cuffs, as if the sight of it comforted her. The coat with the fur cap Kirsty wore, and a big muff which reposed in her trunk had been a parting gift from Nick and the boys.

"And it's this old coat I'll come back in, boys," she had said between a smile and a sob. "It's this I'll come back in, for sure."

"You can tell the Scotch minister," said Nick, lifting his head, "that your father's friends saw to it that you had everything becoming and needful."

She had been told that it was a three hours' journey to Auchtercraig Station, and then a four-mile drive. Would they meet her?

Kirsty peered out of the carriage windows. Presently a little exclamation came from her lips. She had caught sight of the hills—they were lightly sprinkled with snow. The sight of the soft whiteness brought a pang to her heart—a wild longing for the limitless snow, the deep, dark, pine forests of Canada assailed her. But again she told herself she was going to her father's people.

She must have slept, for suddenly the train stopped with a jerk and she heard the porter calling, "Auchtercraig." She rose swiftly, and pulling down her bag from the rack above, opened the door. A breath of keen pure air swept her face. She descended from the train, and saw her box being deposited on the platform. The train moved on, and Kirsty had a sudden impulse to board it again.

Then she became aware of a man coming towards her, a man in a black coat and a round soft hat. His hair and eyebrows were black, and beneath the black overhanging brows deep-set blue eyes looked forth into the world with a kindness and an engaging frankness.

"Are you James MacAllister?" Kirsty asked in a clear voice.

The minister smiled, holding out his hand. "Yes," he said. "I needn't ask if you are Kirsty Fraser."

"The same," answered Kirsty gravely. She laid her hand in the minister's, and instantly a feeling of homeliness seemed to come to her, a vague sense of comfort in the touch of the man's fingers.

"Did said you'd take care of me?" she questioned, looking up at him with her eyes full of curiosity.

"I will do that, indeed," said the minister. Kirsty nodded slowly, then withdrew her hand.

"He said you would," she remarked, then watched her box being carried from the station by a red-haired porter, who surreptitiously regarded her with deep interest. "I've got a machine outside," began the minister. Kirsty looked puzzled, then as she caught sight of a small dog-cart a faint smile came to her lips.

"I remember dad said you called it that."

Her box was hoisted up, and the minister turned to her. He was a little shy, a little uncertain; she seemed so different from other girls he had known. Was she a child—a woman?

"Won't you get in?" he spoke a little diffidently.

Kirsty drew back with a little courteous motion of her head.

"After you, James MacAllister," she said, and the minister found himself climbing in first and then stretching out a hand to help the fur-clad figure.

A smile lurked in the corner of the minister's lips as he seated himself beside Kirsty, and took the reins in his hands. He was thinking of his sister—what would Miss Catherine say to this mode of address?

Once or twice he glanced at the clear-cut profile, but he did not speak, for the girl seemed absorbed in her own thoughts. Then presently as they rounded a corner she caught sight of Craigrossart. She knew the hill at once, so often had her father described its outline.

"Oh," she said, "is that Craigrossart Castle?" She started up in her excitement as they came in view of the fine old building. "Why, that's the first time I've ever seen one. And does someone really live there?"

The minister nodded, laughing again.

"Why, the laird lives there," he said. "It's a fine old place, one of the finest in Scotland, Miss Kirsty. That's one of the places you'll be seeing. And those beech-trees," the minister pointed a hand towards a magnificent sweep of drive that led up to the castle, "those are some of the finest trees in Scotland or in England either." Kirsty resettled herself.

"And does that all belong to this laird?" she questioned, her eyes still fixed on the grey old turrets which were visible through the trees.

The minister nodded and Kirsty was again silent for a while; then all at once she turned towards him.

"James MacAllister," she asked, "are you married?"

The question startled the minister, then he was laughing heartily.

"No, Miss Kirsty," he said, "and if I was would it be so very terrible?"

"It's been worrying me," Kirsty answered, "but I'm mighty relieved. You see," she added with a quaint little glance, "I'm not used to women."

"I have no wife, but I have a sister," said the minister gravely. Kirsty's face fell.

"Well, now, I'm quite sorry," she said. "I was thinking I'd look after you—you see I'm used to it. I looked after all the boys."

"You won't be sorry when you see her."

They were nearing Abervenie now, and Kirsty looked with interest at the low stone-built cottages and the small windows. Outside the village stood a small group who regarded the minister and the little figure beside him with great interest.

They entered the manse gates, and a moment later drew up at the door. It stood wide open, and in the aperture stood a little old lady in a cream lace cap with mauve ribbons. Miss Catherine had donned her second-best dress—that which she wore on rainy Sabbath days—and was standing with folded hands awaiting the machine.

Kirsty sprang down.

"I'm glad to meet you," she said extending two hands.

Miss Catherine was astonished to find two arms placed suddenly round her neck, and fresh young lips on her cheek.

"There, there, my dear," she said feeling slightly embarrassed, "you must be tired."

Her gentle eyes surveyed the girl with interest as she led her into the dining-room, where Kirsty presently partook of a real Scotch tea—sponges of every variety, biccuits, cakes, cream and marmalade.

The bedroom which was to be Kirsty's



## KIRSTY AT THE MANSE

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

looked out over the kitchen garden, and beyond that a row of trees barred a further view.

The room was simply furnished, a large bed, a chest of drawers, a washstand and an armchair and above the mantelpiece an enlargement of a singularly ugly man comprised the whole of the contents of the room.

Kirsty caught sight of the portrait, as she entered the room.

"I don't like him," she said.

"He's a very good man," Miss Catherine observed gravely. "Mr. Moody may not be handsome. It's true, but he is very good."

Kirsty sighed, then her face dimpled into smiles.

"I wish," she said suddenly, "I do wish you'd let me call you Aunt Catherine. I just loved you the minute I set eyes on you!"

She put her head on one side and looked at the old lady, and almost before Miss Catherine knew it herself, she had given Kirsty leave to call her "Aunt Catherine."

"And now you must go to bed," she said, striving to recover her equilibrium, trying to place a meet distance between herself, the minister's sister, and this new inmate of the manse, of whom, she reminded herself, she strongly disapproved.

Kirsty blew her a kiss as she retired, then she quickly undressed and crept into the big white bed. Then a great loneliness crept over her as her head touched the pillow.

"Oh, Nick, Nick," she called, "if only—only I could have stayed with you!"

"James," said Miss Catherine, "that's no a child you've brought to the house—it's a woman!"

The minister stared into Miss Catherine's face. She struck her hand gently on the table.

"It's a woman," she repeated solemnly.

For a moment there was silence, then the minister spoke.

"Maybe," he said slowly, "maybe you're right." He paused and looked at her again. A whimsical smile played round his lips; "and what then, Catherine—what if she is a woman?"

"James," said Miss Catherine earnestly, "she's a woman—and she's a beautiful woman, and where there's a beautiful woman there's always trouble, as sure as the sun rises in the morning."

"It's you that is troubling your head with things there is no need to trouble about," he replied.

Miss Catherine's features still wore a look of profound solemnity.

"It's you, James," she said raising a hand to emphasise her words, "it's you, James, that are forgetting that the laird's coming home."

The shadow of a frown crossed the minister's forehead. He walked up and down the room once or twice before he answered.

"It's not for that you need be troubling yourself, Catherine," he said at last. "The laird's a different man to what he was five years ago. He's sowed his wild oats and—"

"There's no need to speak those words to me, James," Miss Catherine interrupted. "It's myself that knows the laird, and I know well when a man's like that there's nothing in heaven or earth that will change him."

"Nevertheless," the minister said, "Craigrossart's a changed man, Catherine."

But he knew that no words of his could change his sister's opinion when once she had made up her mind. She was determined that Kirsty's advent to the manse

should bring trouble of some kind, and nothing would move her.

Next morning Kirsty awoke with a pleasurable sense of excitement. The sun was streaming in at the open window, and thrushes sang in the garden. The sound of their song comforted Kirsty's heart—it spoke to her of home. She leapt from the bed and peeped from the window, then dressing hurriedly she ran out into the garden. Early as it was she perceived the minister's black-coated figure pacing the lawn at the front of the house.

"Good morning, James MacAllister," she called, gaily waving her hand. She was dressed in a plain frock of blue serge with collar and cuffs of soft white material. Her hair was laid round her head in one long plait, resting like a veritable crown upon it.

"Good morning, Miss Kirsty. I hope you have rested well?"

Kirsty had reached him as he spoke. She stopped and looked up at him.

"James MacAllister," she said, "if you ever call me 'Miss Kirsty' again—why, I'll never speak to you. Never—never!"

She slipped a small hand into the crook of the minister's arm and drew him gently towards the hedge that bordered the lawn end of the manse garden.

"Come, and tell me about Craigrossart," she said, looking upwards towards the stern outline of the mountain top. The minister followed her gaze—for his life he could not have analysed the strange sensation which had been his as he felt the touch of Kirsty's hand on his arm.

He began to tell her legends of Craigrossart, and she stood, still arm in arm with him, listening spellbound.

Miss Catherine, issuing from the manse door, beheld the two figures standing thus. She gave a little exclamation of dismay, then glanced furtively round. If any of the congregation—

She stepped swiftly and delicately across the dew-drenched grass.

"James," she said, an accent of warning in her tones, "breakfast is ready."

A few moments later Kirsty was enjoying, for the first time in her life, a breakfast characteristically Scotch.

"And now," she said briskly when the meal was over, "I'll just clear and wash up and do the odd jobs, and then," she glanced at Miss Catherine, "I'll go exploring." Her tone held an invitation, but the old lady ignored it.

"There's no need for you to wash up, thank you, Kirsty," she said a little stiffly. "Just and I can do that."

Kirsty jumped from her chair and kissed her.

"Not a dish will you touch," she cried, "while I'm in the house—why, I've washed up ever since I can remember!"

Kirsty had her way.

She had her way in a good many other things as the days passed by. Things happened at the manse which a month earlier Miss Catherine would have regarded as utterly impossible. But there was one privilege Miss Catherine jealously guarded—no hand touched the minister's study but her own.

There were two other things of which Miss Catherine violently disapproved—first, Kirsty's habit of "exploring." This meant that after the midday dinner the girl went off alone visiting every spot in the neighborhood where she thought her dead father had been, climbing, walking miles sometimes, and coming home in the gloaming tired out but happy. The other was Kirsty's passion for the rod.

"It's the only sport I can get here, Aunt Catherine," Kirsty said when the old lady

protested on the first occasion the girl appeared with rod and reel, a short practical skirt and leggings. "Yesterday, when I was out, I found a fine place. I'm going to try in the Rossart—"

Miss Catherine looked at her aghast.

"Kirsty," she said, "it's no possible for ye to fish in the Rossart. It would be poaching—"

"Who cares?" answered Kirsty carelessly. "If I do land a few trout it won't hurt anybody. Besides," she added, shocking Aunt Catherine with her iconoclastic ideas, "I think rivers and mountains should be for everybody." She tied a deft fisherman's knot as she spoke, then shouldering her rod she kissed Miss Catherine.

The old lady laid a detaining hand on her arm.

"If the minister was in, Kirsty," she said, "I'm sure he'd tell you not to go. Don't you understand that poaching is stealing other folk's property?"

Kirsty shook her head, and before Miss Catherine could say another word she was gone.

"Well, maybe it's no such great harm after all," thought the old lady and smiled a little to herself as she thought of the pretty picture the girl had made with her basket slung on her shoulder, and her bright eyes sparkling beneath her curls.

Miss Catherine was busy all day, for it was washing-day at the manse, and presently she forgot Kirsty. But when the work of the day was over Miss Catherine began to feel a little uneasy—it was after sunset, not long before the hour when it would be time to lay the table for supper. The old lady's anxiety grew. Surely no harm had come to the girl. Half ashamed of her fears, Miss Catherine opened the manse door, made her way down the path to the garden gate and looked down the road.

As she did so she became aware of a swiftly flying figure crossing the field opposite the manse gate. The figure ran with incredible swiftness, and in a moment Miss Catherine became aware that it was Kirsty herself.

The girl reached her, and for a moment stood breathless, her hands clenched, her dark eyes blazing, the color in her cheeks stained to a deep red.

Miss Catherine looked up at her in consternation.

"Dearie, dearie me—" she began in gently distressed tones.

"If it had been out home," Kirsty said in passionate tones, in a voice strange to Miss Catherine's ears, "if it had been out home, I'd have killed him!"

"What is it, dearie—what is it?" The old lady laid a hand on the girl's clenched one.

"Whatever has happened?"

"A man—Kirsty burst out, her voice quivering with rage, "a man, he—he tried to—"

"He tried to—?" She threw up her head proudly, "but I did what father always told me to—hit first and run afterwards!"

"Hit first and run afterwards!" repeated Miss Catherine in a calmed and distressed voice. "Oh, what do you mean, lass?"

"I hit him between the eyes the way father told me, and then ran!"

"Kirsty—Kirsty! Oh, dear Kirsty, never do any such things here. Oh, what would the minister say?"

"I was fishing," Kirsty said, "when a man came up and told me I had no right to be there. I'd just had a rise and I was mad—so I told him what I thought—that I had as much right to fish as he had. Then he tried to—"

Again Kirsty's eyes blazed.

Miss Catherine stared at her in amazement.



# KIRSTY AT THE MANSE

5

terror. She was speechless for a moment. Then she pressed her lips together.

"This is a case for the minister," she said firmly. Kirsty looked up.

"James MacAlister couldn't thrash him," she said, shaking her head. "He's a great hulking fellow—in the kilt, too, with black hair and black, wicked eyes. The d— Oh, no, dear Aunt Catherine, I won't say it, if you don't like it—I won't, really! Only he is, you know!"

Miss Catherine was a little breathless.

"The minister must look into this, Kirsty," she said. "It's the most impertinent—well, it's beyond words, that's what it is, beyond words—a lass like you. But it all comes of you going about alone, Kirsty. It couldn't have been a Craiggrossart man," she went on with true pride for the honor of the village.

"I don't know who it was," Kirsty answered. "I'd only like Nick to get at him."

"Hush—hush, child, he'll be punished some day for what he's done, ye may be sure of that. Bide alive, it's time to get supper!"

Kirsty was leaning with one hand on the mantelpiece that night, gazing into the fire, when she was aroused suddenly by the sound of men's voices. The minister's voice, and then another's, a deep ringing voice that held a tone of command.

"Catherine," the minister called, and Miss Catherine hurried to the door, opening it wide. "Catherine, I've brought a visitor to supper, and you'll never be guessing who it is I've brought. The laird himself!"

Miss Catherine cast an agonised look towards the table, then at Kirsty. Her hands went up to her cap, as she held out a hand to welcome the laird.

"Miss Catherine, and how are you? It's good to be back in the old place—"

The laird's voice suddenly stopped as his eyes fell on Kirsty. She had stepped forward, her head thrown back, her eyes blazing, for the man who held Miss Catherine's hand was the man in the kilt, the great hulking fellow with black hair and black, wicked eyes.

Miss Catherine was dimly aware that something uncomfortable was happening. Kirsty stood rigid where she was, her cheeks aflame, her eyes fixed unwaveringly on the stranger who had entered; a very fury of anger showed in their depths. Her head was thrown back, showing the slender beautiful lines of her white throat.

In that half-moment, as they stood motionless gazing at each other, a thousand emotions swept through Craiggrossart, finally culminating in admiration that swamped all other feelings. An hour ago a pretty child had trespassed on the banks of the trout stream, and in careless fun he had tried to kiss her. She had looked so bewitching standing before him and telling him that God had meant his mountains and rivers for all men and not just for the privileged few, that on a sudden impulse he had bent, and—a swift blow aimed between his brows had struck him and the child had fled like the wind.

He dropped Miss Catherine's hand, and stood before Kirsty, his handsome head bent... he was ready. The girl was raising an accusing hand, Miss Catherine made a little fluttering movement.

"Kirsty, dearie," she said, her eyes full of trouble upon the girl, "this is the laird." She turned towards Craiggrossart. "This is Sandy Fraser's daughter Kirsty." Quite suddenly the anger that biased in Kirsty's face died down, and glancing towards Miss Catherine she flashed a reassuring smile at

the old lady, then, turning to Craiggrossart, she bent her head courteously. He had already stretched out his hand to take hers, but he drew it back and bowed gravely.

"What a rebuff," he thought, "and from this slip of a girl. And, by Jove! how she can control herself!"

Kirsty became suddenly aware that Miss Catherine was making mysterious, almost agonised, gestures from the door, beckoning with her hand and raising her eyebrows.

"Did you want me, Aunt Catherine?"

"It was just to see about that soup for Janet," Miss Catherine invented boldly, and so had Kirsty safely outside in the passage at last.

"I was thinking you would never understand," she said almost reproachfully. There was such genuine distress on the old lady's face that Kirsty suddenly bent and kissed her.

"Kirsty, Kirsty," Miss Catherine was wringing her hands, "what is it that we can do? Oh, James should have remembered it was washing-day—but there," her heart smote her instantly, at the mere thought of blaming her brother, "what a woman I am to think a minister could be thinking of such a thing as that." Her voice suddenly took on a note of deepest tragedy. "Kirsty, there's nothing in the house fit to eat."

"Why, the supper's ready on the table," Kirsty said.

"Supper! But not for the likes of the laird! And the disgrace to the manse—"

Kirsty interrupted indignantly.

"What's fit for the minister and you, Aunt Catherine, is more than fit for that man!"

"Kirsty!" Miss Catherine's tone was aghast, "it's the laird you're speaking of, child, our laird."

"Pooch—" Kirsty snapped her fingers. It was on her lips to tell the old lady, when Miss Catherine laid hold of her arm eagerly.

"Kirsty," she said, "I've always heard Colonials and—and people like that were so clever at cooking things quickly—Kirsty?" the old lady was looking pleadingly up at her. "Do you think, lassie, you could save us? If—" went on Miss Catherine, a tiny note of hope creeping into her voice, "if the minister was to take him up to his study, just for half an hour, Kirsty, maybe you could think of something?"

Kirsty shook her head. Then suddenly her bright eyes danced, a smile curved her lips. She took Miss Catherine's arm and pulled her gently towards the sitting-room. "In half an hour," she whispered, "just give me half an hour—"

"But what—"

"Never mind, never mind!"

"They're talking," Miss Catherine whispered, "if only James would go upstairs."

Again a flash came into Kirsty's eyes. She suddenly opened the sitting-room door.

"Miss Catherine wants you to take your friend up to the study," she said in a calm voice. "The supper is not quite ready yet."

The minister, who was deep in a discussion of politics, glanced towards the table.

"But surely—" he began, then he encountered Kirsty's frowning gaze and caught dimly at her meaning. His sister wanted to make some alterations in regard to the supper—it was foolish of Catherine! The laird was not expecting anything but simple fare.

Kirsty was still holding the door open.

"Will you please go upstairs, James MacAlister," she said. She ignored the other

occupant of the room persistently. But the laird's dark eyes never left her face.

The two men passed out, and made their way up the narrow staircase.

"There, I've done that for you, Aunt Catherine! Now I'll go to the kitchen and you mind the table."

Miss Catherine heaved a monstrous sigh of relief.

Then Kirsty stole to a shed outside the kitchen, which served as wood-shed and a general depository for the odd accumulations of the household. Here she kept her fishing-rod and tackle. With a smile still on her lips, and mischief dancing in her eyes, Kirsty pounced on her creel, and bore it triumphantly into the kitchen.

"Jess," she said, "help me prepare these fish."

THE minister said grace, and then with a glance at his sister sat down at the table.

Miss Catherine looked towards the door, and then at the empty space in front of the minister's place. A sudden fear came upon her... then the door was opened by Jess, who stood back as Kirsty came gravely in holding a large dish on which was the big silver-plated cover, used for the Sunday roast. She placed the dish solemnly in front of the minister, then went to her seat.

"Ye can remove the cover, Jess," Miss Catherine's voice was a little agitated.

Jess removed the cover with a flourish, and there beneath it lay revealed a magnificent dish of fried trout. Into Miss Catherine's cheeks there crept a dull glow of crimson, a look almost of horror came into her eyes. Trout! The very trout that Kirsty must have poached beneath the laird's own eyes.

The minister, after a brief hesitation, stretched out a hand to serve the fish. Then the laird spoke.

"Miss Catherine," he said, "upon my word, you must have guessed I was coming! There is nothing in the world I like eating better than fresh fried trout."

After that, the laird kept up a never-ceasing flow of conversation, and presently he and the minister were immersed in politics. Never once did he try to open a conversation with Kirsty, yet constantly Craiggrossart's eyes wandered to the exquisite face.

At last, when the meal was over—a meal which seemed interminable to Miss Catherine—and Jess had cleared away, the laird suggested a game of chess. Then quite suddenly he turned to Kirsty.

"I suppose you do not play, Miss Fraser?" he asked. His eyes sought her face, there was in their depths a look of pleading. He wanted to ask forgiveness, but the girl met his gaze with cold disdain.

"I don't play chess," answered Kirsty. She stood at the door a moment, then added quickly: "Good night, James MacAlister—Aunt Catherine. I'm going upstairs." Then she was gone.

Miss Catherine cast a troubled glance round the room.

"You'll please pardon Kirsty, laird," she murmured gently. "She's still strange to our ways."

The laird laughed and turned to the minister.

"What a strange way of addressing you, MacAlister!" he said. "Does the young lady always do that?"

Miss Catherine shook her head, and the minister smiled.

"I must confess," he said, "that she usually does. Catherine tried to break her of it,



but Kirsty says that her father always spoke of me as James MacAllister, and to her I shall always be James MacAllister."

Again Miss Catherine shook her head, trouble in her gentle eyes.

"It's not the way she should be addressing the minister," she said, and sighed, "but there, Kirsty cannot be changed. She's just herself."

"And a very charming self," said the laird conventionally. He was vexed with himself, but he was deeply interested in Kirsty. He did not want to play chess; he wanted MacAllister and his sister to talk about the girl.

"Will you and your brother do me a favor?" he asked. "Come and lunch with me next"—he would have liked to say to-morrow, but restrained himself, "next Wednesday?"

Miss Catherine cast a swift glance at the minister, and mentally searched her wardrobe. Yes—everything was in order.

"It will be a very great pleasure to me and to James to accept," she said.

"And bring Miss Kirsty, too, of course," added Craiggrossart as if it were an afterthought.

Some time later the minister, who had just bid good-bye to his guest, was listening to a story that Miss Catherine had just heard, in horror, from her young charge upstairs. It was the account of the meeting between Craiggrossart and Kirsty.

To his sister's utter astonishment a twinkle appeared in the depths of the minister's eyes as he listened to Kirsty's method of defence.

"James," admonished Miss Catherine, "you brought the child to the house, it's you who are responsible for her. You'll have to speak to her."

The minister shook his head.

"Not I," he said: "to my thinking the lassie did well, and he only got what he deserved."

"James—"

The horror of the tone in which the word was spoken made the minister realise for the first time how tragically Miss Catherine looked at the incident. He glanced into her face with a wealth of affection in his deepest eyes.

"Catherine," he said, "you're making too much of it all. To my thinking it'll be a lesson to Craiggrossart." The twinkle returned to the minister's eyes: "And to think that he ate his own trout—"

"And that, too, James. Ye'll have to tell Kirsty she cannot go fishing where she will."

He conjured up a picture of Kirsty fishing on the banks of the Rossart, then the laird appeared on the scene, and spoke to Kirsty, and then came the attempt to . . . A wave of crimson swept over the minister's face, into his heart leapt a hot anger, and suddenly struck his hand on the table.

"Ay," he exclaimed, "Craiggrossart got what he deserved, laird or no laird. And as to the fishing, Catherine," he added in softer tones, "I'll explain to Kirsty about that. She doesn't understand."

"Ay, but ye're late, sir. The dinner's been waiting this three hours and more."

The laird had let himself in by a side door and was crossing the fine hall to hang up his bonnet when a tall woman in black silk, with a black silk apron and smooth black hair stood suddenly before him. Her mouth shut grimly, her skin was the color of parchment, and dark, strangely brilliant eyes made her otherwise homely face remarkable.

The laird stopped, conscience-stricken.

"I'm most awfully sorry, Cameron, but I've

had supper at the manse. I ought to have sent a message."

Cameron's mouth shut still more grimly. Without a word she turned and walked stiffly away.

The laird turned and followed her with a stride.

The old woman turned.

"Ye ken weel enough, Master Malcolm," she said, "that there's naught I wouldna forgive ye—that's why ye take advantage."

Her lips were grim, but in her dark, brilliant eyes dwelt devotion, as she looked up at the fine stalwart figure.

The laird took her by the arm.

"Come away into the smoking-room with me, Cameron," he said, "and have a grand crack—just to show you forgive me."

"Grand crack indeed, and me waitin' here three hours for ye, and more. Sal, ye're one o' them menfolk that drive women daft."

Nevertheless Cameron's mouth relaxed into a smile, and presently she was arranging a tray with whisky and soda by the laird's side.

"And what," asked Craiggrossart suddenly, "do you think, Cameron, of the new inmate of the manse, eh?"

"So that's what took ye there to supper, Master Malcolm!" Cameron shook her head. "Fine, I might have guessed it. Ye're incorrigible, laddie," she glanced at him with shrewd eyes, "I might have kent it."

In spite of himself the laird felt a glow of color mounting to his face.

"Kent what?" he said not without a slight note of irritation.

"Ye'll always be the same, Master Malcolm, where a lassie's concerned. Ye canna see a pretty face, but ye must be after it. It's Sandy Fraser's daughter," she added thoughtfully, "I mind him when he was no higher than that. He was a braw man." She glanced again towards the laird: "Ye'll no tak' it ill from me, Master Malcolm, if I say, leave the lassie alone."

"The minister and Miss Catherine are looking well," he remarked changing the subject, abruptly.

"Ay, Miss Catherine keeps fine. But the young lassie must be sair trouble to her."

"Why?" asked the laird. He poured himself out a peg of whisky as he spoke.

"The responsibility," answered Cameron briefly, "There's many as thinks it's no right a young girl like that should be at the manse."

Craiggrossart sat up.

"Why?"

"There's the minister," answered Cameron, a world of meaning in her tone.

"Well, of course, there's the minister. What then?" Cameron's features had resumed their grinnings.

"What then, Master Malcolm," she said severely, "indeed and that's a queer question to ask. There's many as thinks it's no fittin' she should be there, and whiles I'm thinkin', they're right. There was Colin Sanderson saying that the minister's sermon last Sunday was no up to the mark, and it was observed that once or twice he let his eyes wander to the manse pew."

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed the laird, "so you're all still at it—"

"I'm no takin' ye, sir," said Cameron stiffly.

"The face of all the world is changed—except Craiggrossart," murmured the laird under his breath. "And why shouldn't MacAllister in the name of wonder let his eyes wander towards the manse pew? I should be looking there all the time if I were he," he murmured to himself under his breath.

Cameron folded her hands, and her gleam-

ing eyes fixed themselves sternly on the laird's face. She had worshipped him since he was a tiny lad, thousands of times in the depths of her heart she excused his every fault. Nevertheless she considered herself as it were his guardian and chief mentor.

When he was once more alone Malcolm Dunoon sat staring moodily at the cigar he was smoking. The picture of Kirsty fishing as he had at first caught sight of her came constantly to his mind. It was curious, he had only known her for one evening and yet he could picture her as clearly as if he had known her always. Her every gesture seemed familiar to him, the dimples that chased each other across her cheeks, those wonderful blue eyes—those softly black curls, and the smile that even beneath her anger had seemed to lurk somewhere behind. That he had been guilty of that unfortunate piece of indiscretion was a piece of ill-luck, and he knew that it would be long before Kirsty would forgive him, but he determined to win her forgiveness.

MISS CATHERINE sat behind the tea-cosy at breakfast—the big cosy almost blocked her from her brother's view as she solemnly dispensed tea. Her sweet old face wore a look of perplexity. Kirsty had just announced her intention of accompanying the minister on a round of visits.

"You're fashin' yourself about nothing, Catherine," the minister hastened to assure her. "I see no reason why Miss Kirsty should not come with me, if it interests her, and I'm sure old Janet will be only too pleased to have a visitor, and her brother will be showing her the weaving."

Half an hour later the minister descended the staircase and taking his soft black hat pressed it on his head. For fully ten minutes he had been standing at the study window telling himself that he ought not to experience such pleasure because Kirsty was to come with him.

Miss Catherine was waiting in the manse garden to watch the departure. Kirsty was carrying a basket in which the old lady had packed some tea and some further dainties for old Janet Dhu who was very often ailing and whose income had dwindled sadly since rheumatic fingers had forced her to quit the loom; she and her brother inhabited a tiny cottage—a mere "but and ben" in the centre of the village.

To-day, at the little dwelling, Janet was unable to rise. She had tried desperately, but it was all to no purpose, and her brother Robert, five years younger than herself, had with spectacles on forehead and puckered brows followed Janet's directions for the making of a cup of tea.

Then simultaneously with the sound of a knock the door burst open and before Janet could cry "Come in" a woman came hurriedly over the threshold. She closed the door behind her, then stood breathless and a little dishevelled. The occupant of the bed stared at her in amazement.

"Janet Dhu," the woman exclaimed when she had got sufficient breath to speak, "the minister's in sight, coming down the street, and the new lassie's by his side carrying Miss Catherine's basket. I spied them, and it's my belief they're coming here!"

"Mercy on us!"

Janet raised herself upright in the horror of the moment.

Her brother came back into the room at that moment. His face wore a dazed look, but over his arm Janet saw with satisfaction that he carried his best clothes.

"Hasten, man, hasten," she cried, "And



you, Annie, move the table. Ah, but it's a sore trial for me to be laid by with the rheumatism to-day of all days!"

Her live, glowing eyes watched Robert as he gravely drew the door of his box bed shut behind him.

"Two minutes ye have," she called in agony.

"Ay," came Robert's muffled voice from behind drawn-to doors.

A loud knock sounded on the door, and Annie MacDougal, regardless of Janet's directions, was at it and had flung it open just as Janet was calling to her to seat herself.

"Ah," said the minister, "How are you, Mrs. MacDougal? So Janet's down with her rheumatism, and may we come in? I've brought Miss Fraser to see her."

"Come in, sir. Ye're most welcome," Mrs. MacDougal held the door wide. Her eyes were fixed with intense curiosity on Kirsty, who stood behind the minister, holding Miss Catherine's basket. Then, as the visitors stepped over the threshold, Annie cast a look towards the bed. To her utter and astonished amazement Janet lay with eyes closed, calm and serene, a smile round her lips. The sight fairly staggered Annie—she possessed no ingenuity or imagination.

The minister, followed by Kirsty, advanced towards the bed. He knew, just as well as if he had been in the room all the time, that Janet slept as little as he did, but he was equally ready to play his part.

"I'm afraid," he said, "we're disturbing Janet." He tiptoed towards her, and at that moment the old lady opened her eyes—astonishment grew into delighted welcome, and she stretched out both her hands.

"I'm more delighted than I can say to see ye, Mr. MacAllister, and is that Miss Fraser ye've brought to see me? Sit down, sir—sit down."

Mrs. MacDougal had slipped quietly out of the room. Janet required nothing further of her—she was able to cope with the situation herself from now on. It was wonderful, Annie thought, how Janet's resourcefulness never failed. She herself would never have invented the simulating of peaceful sleep, and how clever had been the surprise on her face as she caught sight of the visitors.

Meanwhile Janet from her bed was examining Kirsty from the crown of her hat to the very soles of her feet. Sandy Fraser's daughter, how strange! She looked a likely lassie, pretty, and nice-mannered, too.

"I mind your father well, Miss Fraser," she said, "You're like him, too. Do you no think so, sir?"

The minister nodded.

"Miss Fraser is like her father," he said smiling a little, and looking round at Kirsty. "She was most interested to come and see you, Janet. I'm sorry we find you laid up."

"Hoos, it's nothing! Just a touch of my auld enemy—very likely it'll pass away when the wind turns."

"My sister has packed one or two things in that basket she thought you would care to have."

"Deed, and that's very kind of her. Will ye give my very best thanks to Miss Catherine. It's just wonderful the way she thinks of everybody."

"And never of herself," Kirsty said. "But I mean to look after her now I'm here."

"And is your brother away?" asked the minister.

Janet shook her head.

"Robert had a bit of writing to do to-day," Janet observed casually. "Very likely

he'll be in in a minute. Annie MacDougal's acquainted him with the fact that you're here, Mr. MacAllister."

"Miss Fraser's very anxious to see a loom," went on the minister. "Perhaps Robert will be kind enough to show her?"

"It will be a pleasure to Robert," Janet said courteously. "I'm very much put about that I'm not myself the very day you should call, sir. But maybe Miss Fraser will have time to look in again. I'd like fine to hear about Sandy Fraser, Mr. Fraser, I should say. He was a fine man."

"Everyone one says so," Kirsty said eagerly. "I just love to hear anything about him. Did you know him when he was a boy?"

"Many's the time I've seen him and Mr. MacAllister scouring the country together," Janet answered. "Where Sandy Fraser led there Mr. MacAllister followed—begging your pardon, sir, for saying so."

The minister smiled. "You needn't beg my pardon, Janet," he said. "Many's the scrape you saved us from."

"And how do you like Scotland?" asked the old woman, turning her brilliant eyes once more on Kirsty.

Kirsty was about to answer when a cough, together with a vague noise she could not define, came to her ears. She saw a momentary frown, rather the shadow of a frown, pass over Janet's face.

"I like Scotland very much, better than I can say," she began, then her eyes became fixed, staring at the wall near Janet's bed. The panels moved slowly backward and a grave, grey-bearded man dressed in black broadcloth descended from the height of a yard or more.

The minister rose and stretched out a hand.

"Glad to see you, Robert," he said. "Your sister was saying you'd be in presently."

Kirsty was of Highland blood, and never so much as a flicker of mirth appeared in her eyes. Not a dimple quivered. But how desperately, how agonisingly she wanted to laugh.

The man's descent, his appearance, had been so sudden—he must have been behind there all the time, shut in the stuffy space—but the minister was introducing her, and she met Robert Dhu's dreaming eyes. The old weaver was gazing not at her, but as it were through her.

"Sandy Fraser's daughter," he repeated, then drew a chair forward and seated himself. He searched in his mind for conversation, but no suitable topic suggested itself. He had been suddenly and unexpectedly dragged from his loom—his ideas were still there, in the stuffy little shed, round the cloth...

"Mr. Dhu," Kirsty was saying, "the minister"—she glanced archly at the minister, for she had been about to call him James MacAllister—"the minister tells me you are a weaver. Oh, could you, please, if it wasn't troubling you, show me your loom? My father has so often told me about the weaving."

Robert's face lit up.

"The loom, lassie," he said. "Ay, I'll show ye the loom. Come this way."

Piloted by the old weaver, Kirsty made her way into the little outer shed.

"I'm most terribly interested," she said, as she stepped over the threshold. Even Kirsty, who was not tall of stature, could scarcely stand upright in that tiny room. She put up her hand and touched the white-washed ceiling, then glanced round at the loom, at the small, square window, which gave light for Robert to weave by, and then at the pile of fluff on the ground.

"I've never seen a loom before," she said,

and came nearer, gazing with interest. "Why, there's some tartan on it—are you can you really weave that?"

"Ay."

Robert's grave lips curled into a slow smile. The almost awed admiration in Kirsty's tone pleased him. Kirsty peered nearer.

"What tartan is it?" she asked.

"It's the Dunoon," answered Robert. "It's a web of cloth for the laird."

Kirsty drew back, a frown passing over her face. Then it cleared again, and she glanced at the hunched figure of the weaver.

"Do you like weaving?" she asked.

Again the smile lurked in the corner of Robert's mouth.

"Do I like it, lassie," he repeated. "Ay, the auld loom's a friend to me—many's the storm we two have weathered together."

His eyes wandered from the girl's face to the oblong slit of a window.

"Seems to me times," he said "that that bit o' glass has shown me all the world—ay."

He nodded slowly to himself—he found no difficulty somehow in speaking with this young girl. Her interest in his web of tartan, in the old loom, had warmed his heart. Besides, he had known Sandy Fraser years ago—how many years? Young Fraser had been the son of one of Craigrossart's biggest farmers, who had finally left the old place and emigrated to Australia. He had owned a large sheep farm out there, but Sandy had quarrelled with his father because he had married a girl the old man could not approve of, and now both father and son were dead. Robert looked again at the dainty figure standing near his loom. Poor bit of a lassie! she hadn't a soul belonging to her in all the world. It was a lucky thing for her that the folk at the manse had given her a home.

Kirsty moved to the window and looked out, and then suddenly there were tears in her eyes.

A hand fell on her arm.

"Greetin', lassie?"

The old weaver stood beside her; his long work-worn hand rested on her.

"Dinna greet—I mind y'r father, and you're his daughter—ay, ye're verra like him," his eyes wandered from the girl's face to the fir-tree avenue, and his eyes resumed their dreaming. "That's called the Lady's Walk," he said. "Do ye no ken the legend o' Craigrossart?"

Kirsty shook her head.

"It's said the young laird always sees the lady he's going to make his wife walking down the Lady's Walk—it's an auld story, but I winna say there mightn't be something in it. There's queer stories"—and Robert shook his head.

The minister knocked at the door of the next cottage on his rounds. It was white-washed and almost smaller than Janet's, the eaves of the roof so low that Kirsty could have placed a hand upon them. The door of the cottage was in two parts, the lower of which was closed.

"May I come in?" called the minister. He had knocked twice and received no answer.

"Glory be to God and all the Saints," came a voice from the far interior. "Is that Mr. MacAllister?"

"It's Mr. MacAllister and a young lady."

"Then come in and welcome," responded the voice.

The minister leaned over and shot back the bolt, the half-door swung back, and he disappeared. It seemed to Kirsty, into utter blackness. For a moment she could see nothing—then she became aware in the far corner of the room of two jet-black eyes



fixed upon her, of an untidy bed, and gradually beneath the eyes the face and form of a woman became visible. She was sitting on the bed, a clay pipe in her hand, a brilliant pink flannel dressing-jacket round her shoulders.

Gradually Kirsty became aware of other objects in the room, a broken chair or two, an untidy table on which stood dirty cups and saucers. On the floor, which was not boarded, but of beaten earth, hens strutted about at their own pleasure—one had even found its way on to the bedstead. The small window whose light was blocked by dirty curtains lit the room, which was almost dark. Kirsty had the impression of having suddenly been transported into an old fairy tale in which the witch in the corner of the room—a witch she undoubtedly was—played the principal part.

The minister picked his way across the floor.

"How are you, Mrs. Murphy?"

"I'm in poor health, poor health, Mr. MacAllister, thanking you for the kind inquiry—but, praise be to all the Saints, I'm still in possession of all my faculties. And is this the young lady? God bless you, my dear. Ah, what a sweet face! Surely it's a most beautiful face ye have."

Kirsty put her hand in the brown, shrivelled outstretched hand, and the old woman peered into her face.

"You've got a long and a happy life before you, young lady," she said. "Honor and riches and a fairy prince"—she muttered for a few moments incoherently, then let go Kirsty's hand, and turned her eyes once more to the minister. He had upset some debris from a broken chair and placed it near the bedstead.

"I was thinking, Mrs. Murphy," he said, "that maybe you'd like this young lady to come and read to you sometimes—"

The old woman shook her head.

"I've no need to read," she said, "no need—no, I've got all the ideas, here, in my head." She tapped her head nodding and smiling the while.

"And how is Dave?" asked the minister. An expression of extraordinary malignity crossed Mrs. Murphy's features. For a moment a torrent of curses passed her lips; then as quickly she forgot her grandson's existence, and began to chant monotonously to herself. Her eyes seemed no longer aware of her visitor's presence.

"Come away, Kirsty," the minister said softly, and together they stole out.

"Poor old thing," Kirsty said, tears in her eyes.

"She's quite crazed," the minister answered. "Sometimes she will tell you that her grandson is the most wonderful boy in the world, and other times she goes on about him as she did to-day. It's a strange thing that affliction of the brain, very strange."

The minister forgot Kirsty for a moment and became immersed in deep thought. The girl walked by his side silent, too. She was beginning to understand the minister, to be silent when he fell into these deep moods of abstraction.

"Hullo, MacAllister!"

Kirsty looked up. The laird stood suddenly before them, his gun slung over his shoulder, an old tweed jacket on his back, and a bonnet on his black hair. He lifted his bonnet and stood bareheaded as he turned towards her.

"Good-morning, Miss Fraser," he said gravely.

Kirsty felt herself bowing stiffly.

"Good-morning," she said. She felt furi-

ous at the interruption. She and the minister had been enjoying their walk together, she had been absorbed while he was telling her of the inhabitants of the village, and afterwards as they had trudged along in silence she had been equally absorbed in her own thoughts.

"May I join you?" asked Craighrossart looking once more at Kirsty after he had shaken hands with the minister. He made no motion to shake hands with Kirsty.

"Certainly," the girl answered coldly. "I wish you were at the other end of the earth," she added mentally, and she made her way to the minister's other side, thus placing him in the centre.

"If I was you, Master Malcolm, I'd get my gun and go out instead of fidgeting about the house!" Cameron pressed her lips together, and fixed her black eyes on the laird.

"Ye're just driving a body wild," she went on, "acting as if ye'd never entertained a body to lunch in your life."

"There's one good thing, Cameron," answered Dumoon. "If nobody else on earth told me the truth, you would!" He threw back his head and laughed.

"Ye may laugh," went on the old servant, "but mind what I said to ye the other night."

She looked at him significantly, and the laird turned his face from her piercing eyes.

"I'll go out," he said almost meekly. He knew quite well that he had been tiresome, that he had fidgeted about, asking what there was for lunch, calling the butler and changing the wine more than once, wondering what Kirsty cared to eat and drink.

Cameron had told him plainly that no lassie of Miss Fraser's age cared a penny piece what she ate and drank, and he knew Cameron was right.

This morning on which the manse party was expected to lunch seemed interminable, and he felt glad when he had taken Cameron's advice and left the building. He had sent his car to fetch his guests, and glancing at his watch he decided to walk down the drive and meet them. Presently the grey body of the machine came in sight—his eyes sought Kirsty eagerly, but the car was occupied by a single figure sitting upright in the centre of the back seat. Dumoon signalled his chauffeur to stop, and with a stride he was by Miss Catherine's side. She was seated in the exact centre, her hands gripped the seat at each side, her face showed acute anxiety.

The laird doffed his cap, and Miss Catherine inclined the magnificent erection on her head towards him, and tried to smile.

"It's very kind of you, I am sure," she said, "to have sent it, but it's a new-fangled thing to me. I never thought I'd reach my destination in safety."

"The minister and—Miss Fraser—"

"They're walking, and if you would no take it ill from me, Mr. Dumoon, I'd like to get down and to walk the rest of the way."

"Why, of course, Miss Catherine." The laird opened the door. He had suddenly mounted from the depths to the heights—Kirsty was coming after all! For a brief moment he had been bitterly disappointed. He felt wildly elated—she was walking, she was coming, in another moment she would be here.

He offered his arm to Miss Catherine with grave courtliness; the old lady took it and watched the car depart with evident relief.

"I've no liking for it," she said. "I'd sooner trust my own feet."

"I am so sorry, Miss Catherine, I ought to have known better than to send the wretched thing. Only I have no horses now. Shall we walk on?"

He cast a glance backwards in the direction of the entrance gates.

"I have fallen in love with her," he said to himself, and repeated the words again. He heard Miss Catherine talking as she walked by his side on his arm, and he answered mechanically. He was intensely absorbed in his thoughts.

"Can it really be so?" he asked himself. The intensity of the feeling that swept over him made him pause in his walk. Kirsty Fraser his wife—Kirsty the Lady of Craighrossart—Sandy Fraser's daughter? . . . Why not? . . .

"Miss Catherine," he said suddenly. "I have just discovered something which I desire more than anything in all the world, and I want you to wish me to have it."

"But how can I wish you to have it, if I'm not knowing what it is?" asked Miss Catherine perplexed.

"I will tell you what it is some day—perhaps soon, but I do feel, Miss Catherine, that if you are with me, that I may have more hope."

Miss Catherine sighed. Men were in her opinion queer creatures. Even ministers like James had their queer moments.

Half an hour later the laird sat at the head of the dining-table. Opposite him was Miss Catherine, resplendent in her black silk, while on the right sat Kirsty facing the minister.

The apartment was a spacious and lofty one. On the walls hung weapons, shields and armor, and one or two portraits of stern-looking Dumoons. The high and rather narrow windows were curtained with Dumoon Tartan, over the mantelpiece hung a magnificent portrait in oils, a full-length portrait of the late Laird of Craighrossart, Malcolm Dumoon's father. The figure was in full Highland dress, with one hand resting on the claymore that hung from his side. The eyes were very like the present laird's, but the mouth and chin were perhaps more heavily moulded.

The whole apartment gave an impression of stern splendor and restraint. There was not the slightest hint of luxury, save only in the table appointments which were perfect, more perfect than Kirsty had ever seen.

When the butler, who had been the laird's body-servant during the war, bent down and asked her what wine she would take, Kirsty felt herself suddenly overcome with confusion. She felt at once very small and insignificant, a person of no account.

She murmured that she would take water, and watched it being poured dexterously into her glass. Then she raised her eyes and met those of the laird, and felt the hot blood mounting to her cheeks.

Her eyes suddenly flashed, her head went up. After all, she was her father's daughter, and he had left all this behind him, and passed on to the New Land, the Land of New Ideas. Yet at the last his heart had yearned for the Old Country—he had sent her back, he had told her to go to his own people. . . .

Again Kirsty's eyes met Malcolm Dumoon's.

"Miss Fraser," he asked at the conclusion of the lunch, "would you rather see the house or the gardens first?"

"I think I should like the gardens first, please," Kirsty said.

"Then the gardens it shall be," said the laird gaily. He turned to Miss Catherine,



"Miss Catherine," he said, "does that suit you or have you some mysterious and wonderful recipe, a pudding perhaps, to give Cameron, which she will then set before me and expect me to demolish entirely?"

Miss Catherine's eyes beamed. She was famous for her puddings—fancy the laird remembering!

"I have no doubt that Cameron is prowling in wait for you—" he turned to the butler, "Davidson, just ask Miss Cameron if she will come and have a chat with Miss Catherine."

With that, Miss Catherine was established in a comfortable chair out on the terrace. Then Dunoon turned to Kirsty.

"Are you ready for the gardens now," he asked—his strove to keep the eagerness from his voice. Kirsty nodded, and began to descend the terrace steps that led into the garden. The laird was on her right hand, the minister on her left. From the Castle Terrace the two elder women watched the three figures—Miss Catherine's lips and eyes smiling, Cameron's grim and relentless, something of condemnation in her glance, her lips lightly pressed together.

"Ay," she said, "there they go, the two of them, and I'll bet the one wishing the other at the bottom of the sea, the minister as well as the laird."

Miss Catherine's gentle blue eyes dilated. Was Miss Cameron actually saying something derogatory of the minister?

"I don't understand you," she said a little timidly, yet determined to do battle if the other woman dared to criticize James.

"Miss Catherine, I'm thinking ye'll understand well enough when all the bother's begun—" Cameron adjusted her heavy gold watch-chain that hung round her neck and descended to her waist where was tucked away a gold watch that had never been known to lose or gain a single minute of time.

"Two men and a lassie—and both of them over head and ears in love with her!" Cameron turned again from the contemplation of Kirsty between the two men, the black-coated minister and the killed owner of Craigrossart. "Ye'll no take it ill of me, Miss Catherine, if I'm plain spoken with ye. It was an ill day for the manse when Kirsty Fraser set foot within it."

For the space of a full minute Miss Catherine was speechless with astonishment. Cameron's words dinned in her ear—"two men and a lassie, and both of them over head and ears in love with her!"

"Miss Cameron," she said. Her manner was dignified, she held her head stiffly and her eyes met the other's with what Miss Catherine believed to be cold intensity. "I'm no taking ye!"

"Hoos," Cameron answered, "isn't the laird the bonniest that has been in Craigrossart for more years than you and me can count? And isn't the minister a man? And menfolk are the same, as weel ye ken, all the world over. There's the laird couldn't bide still five minutes because she was coming to lunch. And the two of them, Miss Catherine, each wishing the other at the end of the earth."

The pink flush was still in Miss Catherine's face; she permitted herself to untie the broad strings of her bonnet and tossed them over her shoulder.

"Miss Cameron," she spoke slowly, "I wouldn't like to take offence, but I'll just ask you to remember that you're speaking about God's servant—"

"Being God's servant doesn't prevent a man falling in love with the lassiest!" retorted Cameron vigorously. "Ye should keep your eyes open."

"The minister—" began Miss Catherine, but somehow those dark and piercing eyes fixed upon her own deprived her of speech.

"Now we two are no going to have words about a thing like that," Cameron said after a moment's silence, during which time she watched Miss Catherine's growing consternation. "I've asked Mr. Davidson to bring you and me a nice cup of tea. I'm thinking ye care as little for that black foreign stuff as I do."

"Miss Cameron," Miss Catherine began a little stiffly, "maybe I was a little hasty just now and maybe inclined to take offence at ye. But it's a very important thing if—if you think the laird's fallen in love with Miss Fraser. Her station in life is not the same as his, and I'm hoping that maybe it's just a passing fancy."

A grim smile crossed Cameron's face. "I'm hoping it's that," she answered. "But, Miss Catherine, why do you not send Miss Fraser away? Surely there's no need for her to remain in the manse."

"No need for Kirsty—ah, Miss Cameron," the old lady shook her head, "the lassie's like one o' my ain kith and kin. I could not do without her now. No, it's no possible to send her away now."

Cameron folded her hands with resignation.

"Maybe it's too late, anyway," she remarked. "I'm thinking the fat's in the fire already."

"If you will look back now, Miss Fraser, here is rather a fine view of the house," Malcolm Dunoon paused as he spoke, and Kirsty turned. She gave a little cry of astonishment. Above them multitudes of roses hung and climbed in masses of color—and far above the dark castle arose, as it were, from their very midst, grim and stern amongst the flaming crimson, yellow and rose-pink of the flowers. Here and there the strange form of a clipped yew perched itself amongst the festoon—here a peacock with sweeping tail, here some strange bird that had been found in the fancy of the bygone designer of the gardens.

"My mother used to say she loved the place best here, for the stern aspect was softened by the flowers," "It's a grand sight," the minister agreed. "There's not its like in Scotland, or in England either."

"Poor England," laughed Kirsty, "she hasn't a chance amongst you all."

Craigrossart was watching the minister. "The two are friends," he thought

jealously. "I wonder . . ." he frowned a little. "Let us go back to the house, Miss Fraser," he said suddenly. He led them round up a steep path which led to another side of the building, and to a door in the "keep."

"We'll go in here," said the laird, "and then across to the picture-gallery—or," he interrupted himself—"would you like to see the view from the top of the keep—one can see for miles round."

"There is so much to see," Kirsty answered a little shyly, "I really don't know what to say."

She was again a little overwhelmed by the big, grey building. In the gardens, beautiful as they were, she had lost that feeling, but beneath this grey pile that same feeling of shyness came over her once more.

"Then the view shall be kept for some other time," said the laird. "I will take you across to the library, and then, Miss Fraser, to the rows of solemn-looking Dunoons who stare down from the walls of the gallery."

He led the way across a courtyard, and then, passing through a long corridor, entered the library, an immense apartment, filled from floor to ceiling, with volumes, bound mostly in calf, and lit by long, narrow windows with panes of glass of a pale greenish tinge. Down the centre of the room, three tables stood at intervals, and on these were arranged newspapers, periodicals, and, on the most distant one, immense portfolios. A twinkle came suddenly to the laird's eyes.

"MacAlister," he said to the minister, "here on this shelf are those old editions I was telling you of. Would you care to have a look at them? They have evidently lain neglected for a century. I'm not sure, but I believe there is an original Goldsmith among them."

The minister went eagerly towards the shelf indicated and taking down a volume became absorbed in its contents.

The laird took a sudden decision. "There is something I want to show you," he said to Kirsty, and moved rapidly towards a door. He opened it and Kirsty caught a glimpse of a seemingly never-ending gallery where hung portrait after portrait. The laird was already through the door, and Kirsty's interest was caught by the sight of the pictures. She followed him, and a moment afterwards the laird had closed the library door softly behind him.

"This is supposed to be the first Malcolm Dunoon," he said quickly, pointing to a portrait near them of a man swathed in a tartan plaid and holding a broadsword. "Of course it is only an imaginative portrait—there were no painters in Scotland at the time this gentleman is said to have lived."

Kirsty glanced at the portrait, then her eyes went to the closed door. She made a step towards it, and then became aware all at once that it was not an ordinary door, but beautifully carved and inlaid with ivory.

"That was brought from Italy," said the laird quickly. "If only he had been a more dexterous sort of fellow. All his ingenuity seemed suddenly to have left him, but he must keep Kirsty from returning to the library."

"I should like to show you the portrait of my mother," he said. "It is just here, if you don't mind following me." Kirsty cast another glance behind her, then followed.

"But we are leaving Mr. MacAlister," she protested.

"We will fetch him in a moment." The laird paused before the portrait of a lady with eyes of a deep grey, soft and luminous, and a face of delicate mould. She was seated, and her left hand was laid on a table by her side, a long, shapely hand of marvellous whiteness on which jewels gleamed. Above the soft eyes white hair was piled high on the small head.

"That is my mother," the laird said. "I always thought her the most beautiful woman in the world, although I scarcely remember her, until"—he stopped suddenly, "then he turned impulsively to the girl who stood by his side. "Miss Fraser," he said in a low voice. "Is it quite impossible for you to forgive me?"

"Your mother is very beautiful," Kirsty said. Her voice was cold, her head was erect, her eyes gazed steadily at the portrait, while her lips closed firmly. How could Dunoon guess that beneath her coldness her heart was beating strangely.

"I am glad you think her beautiful," answered the laird. "There is only one



woman in the world I think more beautiful now." He paused for a moment. "My mother was full of gentleness and kindness—she forgave always—I think beauty of face and character go together—will you not just say one word of forgiveness?"

Kirsty's heart stirred strangely within her. It leapt, and then seemed to lie entirely still while wonderful and new sensations sped through it—sensations which made Kirsty breathless and amazed.

"Let us fetch Mr. MacAlister," she said.

Then, as she reached the door, "I shall not forgive you," she said steadily and slowly, then opened it.

A LOW, cautious whistle sounded from amongst the reeds. Kirsty paused and listened again.

A morning mist hung in long whips across the meadow and lingered by the Rossart, but here and there the rays of the sun had pierced it. The air was fresh and scented. Kirsty gave a little sigh of satisfaction. She had stolen from the manse before its inmates were awake, before even Jess had descended to the kitchen.

Again that low whistle sounded, and the reeds on her left stirred a little. The next instant a brown face, surmounted by tow-colored hair, appeared cautiously from amongst the swaying grass. The face curved itself into a smile, the eyes of a brilliant brown danced as they met Kirsty's.

"Good morning, Dave."

"Good morning, Miss." Dave drew his long figure from amongst the green. "If you're no afraid," he whispered, "ye might get him."

"Afraid!" Kirsty laughed scornfully. "I'm never afraid, boy. What is it?"

Dave came nearer. He was barefooted, ragged, but his face was alive with interest, with love of life—he lived every moment, every second with an intensity which he hardly understood himself. His eyes were examining Kirsty's rod.

"Ye might do it!" he said, "and I've got a landing-net—he's just down by the pool below the falls. I've been watching him for days."

"Is it a salmon?" asked Kirsty.

"Whisht!" Dave raised a cautious finger. "Ay," he said, "it's a salmon right enough—if ye dare to take him he's yours."

Kirsty threw back her head.

"Dare, indeed!" she laughed, "I'll dare anything. Come along."

Together they made their way down to the river bank, Kirsty and the ragged Irish boy. If Miss Catherine could have seen her now—but Miss Catherine, everything was forgotten in Kirsty's interest.

Suddenly Dave stopped. The rushing of the water made it difficult to hear, but he took her rod from her hands and seated himself on the ground.

"He's just down there," he pointed, "twenty-two pounds if he is an ounce. Miss. Has ye gotten a fly?"

Kirsty shook her head.

"Not for salmon."

Dave's face broadened into a knowing grin. He put his hand into the pocket of his coat, drew forth a brilliantly-hued salmon fly, and with deft fingers tied it on; then rising, he handed Kirsty her rod.

"This way," he whispered, and led her towards the bank of the Rossart.

Kirsty followed with flushed cheeks and dancing eyes. Gone from her mind were all Miss Catherine's admonitions as to the impossibility of fishing without permission. The Rossart wound its way suddenly westward at a point in the far corner of the Wild Fowls' Meadow, which had taken its name from the quantity of wild fowl who

made their habitation amongst the reeds. There was a backwater which covered a couple of acres or more beyond the meadow, where wild duck abounded, and where Dave, who was a born huntman and poacher, had snared more than one brace of birds.

Dave had reached the water's edge now, and beckoned with one hand.

"Up there," he whispered, "just below the lower falls, there's a pool—he's in there."

Kirsty nodded, and with Dave flinging himself down almost at her feet, she began to fish slowly up the stream. Half an hour passed. Kirsty had reached the pool and had cast her fly cautiously—if only she could get him. . . . She cast again, and a moment later her rod was almost jerked from her hand.

"Play it out—play it out," Dave's brown face was close to hers; together they rushed along the bank, and the scream of Kirsty's reel was as music to her ears. Up and down they went, the salmon fighting for his life. More than an hour passed when at last Kirsty brought him in to the bank—on his hands and knees Dave was waiting, landing-net in hand, his eyes shining with eagerness. . . .

He lay at last conquered on the river's bank, gleaming silver and blue in the sunshine—for the sun had conquered the mists and shone steadily down. Kirsty had flung herself down, tired and a little flushed, while David knelt by her side.

"Twenty-two pounds," Dave said, his eyes wide with excitement.

"He's a beauty," Kirsty exclaimed. "My first Scotch salmon." Her eyes became a little misty. "I wish dad could see him," she said.

Dave took the fish and held it up, and at that moment Kirsty became aware of a shadow which fell across her path.

"Good morning, Miss Fraser."

Kirsty sprang to her feet. Malcolm Dunoon, a rod in his hand, a creel slung across his shoulder, stood before her. With an agility which had something marvellous about it, Dave slung the big salmon behind him, but Kirsty's hand fell on his shoulder.

"Good morning," she said, meeting the laird's eyes. Her forehead, her cheeks, were flushed a deep crimson, yet her eyes never faltered. And to those dark eyes that met hers she had never looked lovelier, more desirable.

"We have been fishing, Dave and I," Kirsty's voice faltered a little. "We have a twenty-pounder, Dave says."

The boy gave a half-angry glance at Kirsty. Was she mad, when he had hid the fish so dexterously? Was it not her business to keep the laird talking while he slipped away?

"Show it," ordered Kirsty. Her hand pressed Dave's shoulder. He frowned, then laid the salmon on the ground. There was a moment's silence.

"What a splendid catch, Miss Fraser!" the laird spoke at last, "I feel quite jealous of you! You see, I have not even set my rod." He made a gesture towards the brown case he carried in his hand. "I am afraid I ought to have been out a good bit earlier. You have beaten me!"

He did not say that for the past half-hour or more he had been watching her, wondering at the grace of every movement, desiring above all things in the world that he and not the ragamuffin Dave should have been her companion.

"I shouldn't have got him if it hadn't been for Dave," Kirsty announced.

The laird suddenly turned to the boy.

"Dave," he said, "you and I must be friends—what about being my gillie, eh? You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

For a moment Dave stared open-mouthed. Visions of prison, of the tawse—that old-fashioned Scottish instrument of chastisement—had been floating in his mind . . . but what was this the laird was saying? His face suddenly became purple.

"I'd like that fine," he said.

Had the world become all at once topsy-turvy? Was it a ruse the laird was practising to catch him? His brilliant brown eyes searched Craiggrossart's face; they saw nothing there save the gleam of a smile in the dark eyes.

"You can come up to the castle at five this afternoon, Dave. We'll settle about it then," and the laird made a gesture of dismissal.

Dave made no farewells; he merely took to his heels with a celerity that brought the dimples to Kirsty's face.

"I don't think he will come," she said, forgetting that it was her enemy to whom she was speaking.

"I think he will," answered the laird.

"I suppose," she said, "I ought to apologise to you for having caught that."

"Please, Miss Fraser, don't think anything more about it. I should regard it as a favor if I might take this fine fellow to the manse for you. Will you not let me?" His tone was eager.

"It is very kind of you," Kirsty answered distantly, "but according to the custom of this country I understand the fish is yours. I think," she added, "it is getting a little late." She glanced round to where her rod lay on the ground.

The laird made a swift movement and picked it up.

"Let me put it up for you," he said, and before Kirsty could speak he had pulled it apart and was slipping the sections into the case.

Kirsty glanced at him from beneath her long lashes. She wanted to walk swiftly away; she wished she could have run off as Dave had done, but instead she stood and watched the laird. She held out her hand for her rod.

"I am going to carry it for you," he said quietly. Then he stooped, and plucking some long grass he twisted it and pressed it through the mouth and gills of Kirsty's catch, then once more his eyes sought hers.

"I am also," he said, "going to carry this fellow back for you. He is too heavy for you."

He stood waiting for her courteously, and suddenly the humor of the situation struck Kirsty. The corners of her mouth twitched, into the depths of her eyes laughter crept.

Craiggrossart saw it, and prayed inwardly that he might not offend her again. Should he laugh with her, or was it better to maintain his gravity?

Kirsty turned and without a word began to walk home. The laird followed, watching her as she stepped quickly along.

"Miss Fraser," he ventured after they had walked in silence for some minutes, "cannot you yet see your way to forgive me? I would do anything, anything to win your forgiveness."

His voice was full of passionate earnestness, and once again Kirsty felt that strange tumult in her heart. He was beside her now, trying to look into her face.

"Perhaps I might some day," Kirsty spoke in a low voice; it was almost as if she had spoken without her own volition. Suddenly she gave a little exclamation.

"There is Miss Catherine at the gate," she said, "and I'm sure she's thinking I've been drowned or killed or something. Her cap is on one side, and I can see how anxious she is from here."



Kirsty raised an arm and waved. Miss Catherine stood perfectly still, gazing over the top of the white-painted rail. She was not tall and her head was only just above it; her blue, old eyes were full of relief as she caught sight of Kirsty. It was long past the breakfast hour, and she had been in real anxiety, but her brows puckered as she saw who it was that accompanied the girl.

"Dearie, dearie me," she said under her breath, "it's the whole of Abervenie will be talking about this before the day's an hour older."

"Good-morning, Miss Catherine. Look!" The laird held up the salmon.

"Ay, that's a bonnie fish," she looked doubtfully at Kirsty.

"And I hope you and the minister and Miss Fraser will enjoy it. Good-morning," Craigrossart placed the fish in Miss Catherine's bewildered hands, swept his bonnet from his head, and the next instant was striding down the road.

Miss Catherine held the big salmon awkwardly. "Lassie, who caught this salmon?" she asked reproachfully.

"I did!" Kirsty spoke vehemently. "It's mine by all the laws of Nature, and yet that man gives it to you as if it were his!"

"Kirsty—Kirsty, the fish is the laird's own. Will ye never understand?"

"Never—never—never!" answered Kirsty. Her face was ablaze now, her eyes brilliant.

"Give me the fish please, Miss Catherine," Miss Catherine relinquished it. Kirsty took it, and running across the lawn she threw it with all her strength over the hedge of the manse garden out into the field beyond.

"It's no one's now," she cried passionately, and then to Miss Catherine's horror and consternation she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"And so you'll just have to forgive me again, Aunt Catherine for the hundredth, thousandth time! And I know you will, too!" Kirsty took the old lady's face in her hands and kissed her softly first on one cheek and then on the other.

"Surely I could not help forgiving you, Kirsty. But it's a terrible thing for a young lassie like you to have an unbridled temper. It's awful to think what might happen."

The old lady had led the girl to her room, her arm tenderly placed round her waist. She was deeply distressed at Kirsty's tears. She had pushed her gently into a chair, and then leaving her for a moment she had gone to the kitchen.

"Jess," she said opening the door and looking Jess fully in the face, "there's a salmon lying in MacEwan's field beyond the bottom of the garden. Just go out and fetch it in. Ye'll have to go round by the gate."

Aunt Catherine strove to make her voice careless, matter-of-fact. She wished it to appear as an ordinary event, a usual occurrence for a twenty-pound salmon to be found high and dry just beyond the manse garden. Her face was composed as she gave this order, her voice completely in control, though Jess stared at her open-mouthed.

Miss Catherine closed the kitchen-door, and there was a look of triumph on her face as she remounted the stairs and sought Kirsty's room.

"It's about yourself I wanted to speak, Kirsty. I cannot thole you greeting like that. I suppose you do not want to tell me what it is about?"

Kirsty flung her arms impetuously round Miss Catherine's neck.

"Oh, I'm a goose," she cried. "But I've said I'm sorry and you've forgiven me now, haven't you? And I promise you solemnly that I'll never fish again, never again as long as I live—except when I go back home, and then me and Nick'll have a grand hunting and shooting expedition—it'll be grand!"

Miss Catherine looked a little hurt.

"Isn't the manse a home to you, Kirsty?"

"Why, of course it is! Only out there is 'home,' too, and there are times I'd give anything in the world to see old Nick coming in at the door." Kirsty glanced up at the cross beam of the doorway. "He'd have to stoop his head to come in here," she added proudly. She felt proud, too, as a child might feel pride at such a thing.

"I suppose," Aunt Catherine hesitated, "I suppose, Kirsty, Mr. Nick has never thought of coming over?"

A sudden thought had come to her. Since her conversation with Cameron, Miss Catherine had been increasingly uneasy in her mind; although she tried to thrust the uneasiness from her, it would creep up constantly, now here, now there. Supposing the minister . . . but here her mind always strank back. She would not really formulate this thought, that which Cameron had hinted at. But now an idea had come to her. Kirsty spoke constantly of Nick.

"Nick's waiting for me to come back over there," Kirsty answered. "I told him I'd come back just the same. Every bit the same, and I will."

"But why couldn't he come over here?" persisted Miss Catherine. Supposing this should be the solution of all the difficulties, of all those troubles which she saw looming ahead. It was true that Nick had been a friend of Kirsty's father, yet was there any reason because of that—

Miss Catherine's thoughts were interrupted suddenly by Kirsty's laugh.

"I would just love to see Nick over here," she said. "But he'd never come. He's dead set against the sea—and besides I promised to go back to him."

"Do you mean"—Miss Catherine hesitated delicately—"do you mean, dearie, that you promised to go back to marry him?"

Kirsty's laughter pealed through the room.

"Oh, Aunt Catherine," she cried, "Aunt Catherine, what a funny idea! Oh, what can have made you think of such a thing. Why, Nick nursed me when I was a baby—he was father's friend. I think Nick would die of laughing at the thought of marrying me."

"There's men older than Mr. Nick have married girls as young as you, Kirsty," she said. Then stopped. She was advocating that which in her mind she wished most strenuously to oppose, a marriage between a young girl and a man of mature years.

"But all the same," she said, trying to retrieve her position, for might not her own words tell against her in the future?—"all the same a marriage like that's neither good for the man nor for the woman. She cannot understand him and thinks he's too serious and grave, and he cannot understand her and maybe even thinks her frivolous." Aunt Catherine nodded her head; she would not lose this opportunity for a little homily. "No, Kirsty, I would never counsel such a marriage for you, so do not think of it, for I would oppose it, lassie. I would oppose it to my very last breath."

She spoke with such vehemence that Kirsty regarded her with astonishment.

"Bunt, Aunt Catherine, what have you got into your head? Nick never for a

moment in his life thought of such a thing—and as for me, why Nick is just Nick—he's been father and mother to me, Aunt Catherine, many a time. Why, I would never even think—"

Miss Catherine shook her head wisely.

"Ah," she said, "that's just it, lassie. Young folks don't think, and maybe sometimes they're in love and do not know it themselves. I've heard of such cases—it's best to be careful."

"I've wound eight pirns, Janet."

Kirsty peeped into a basket at her feet. "You're quicker with your fingers than I am—I'm thinking that's enough for this day, and thank you very much, Miss Fraser."

Kirsty jumped up from the low chair where she had been seated by Janet's side. She had been sitting a long while and her limbs felt cramped.

"I think I'll go and pay Robert a visit if I may."

"He'll be just delighted to see you," said Janet, "and if you'll no mind an auld body like myself remarking it, ye're a bonnie sight to look upon."

Kirsty flushed. She felt embarrassed at Janet's compliments and at the keen gaze of the old woman's bright eyes. Somehow she always felt as if Janet's eyes looked right through her.

"Ay, ye're a winsome lassie. Your father must have been richt proud of ye, was he no?"

"Dad and I always thought a world of each other," Kirsty answered with a smile. Then her grey-blue eyes grew wistful. "I just wish he was here," she said.

"I'm thinking he longed for home many a time?"

"Oh, no—only—only when he was ill. He loved Canada, but of course I suppose he did love this better really," she added doubtfully.

"Ay," said Janet. "I'm thinking it would be so. There wasn't a nook nor cranny about Abervenie that Sandy Fraser didn't know—sal, but he was a braw laddie . . ." and Janet chuckled to herself. "Many's the time his father's laid about him with the tawse."

"Tell me some more about him, Janet," Kirsty begged. She loved to hear stories of her father, and when Janet was in the mood she could tell tales for hours at a time.

But the old woman shook her head.

"I dinna mind any more this day. Run awa' and see Robert. Very likely he's expecting ye, and ye can gie him the pirns."

Kirsty caught up the basket, and with a wave of the hand disappeared through the low doorway that led to the weaving shed. She heard the click-click—tap-tap of the loom as she pushed open the door, and for a moment she stood watching the old weaver.

Then Robert looked up as her shadow fell across his work.

"Good morning," he said, "a fine morning it is."

"It's not a bit fine," Kirsty said, smiling. "It's pouring with rain."

Robert peered through the window. "It might be a bit soft the day," he said, Kirsty laughed gaily.

"I believe you'd all rather die here than say it was pouring with rain," she said. "Yes, I'm pretty sure you would."

"Maybe," Robert remarked gravely, looking up into the fresh, laughing young face, "maybe the weather might change a bit with the full of the moon."

"The full of the moon?" A look of eagerness all at once came into Kirsty's face. She stepped to the window, brushed aside



some cobwebs and looked out into the Lady's Walk. The long lines of firs were dripping wet in the rain, drops hung like pendant jewels from their branches—the long grass was bowed with the weight of the wet. "When is the full of the moon, Robert?"

From his pocket Robert drew forth a small calendar, consulting it slowly.

"It will be on Thursday next," he said, then, replacing the calendar, he resumed his work.

"Thursday night?"

"Ay—Thursday night," answered Robert. Kirsty's eyes danced. She pressed her face against the pane of glass and stared out, away down the walk into the distance. "And you think it might clear up?"

"Ay."

Kirsty turned from the window.

"May I sit and watch you, Robert?"

A faint hint of pleasure passed over Robert's grave face.

"There's your creepy in the corner," he said.

She felched the creepy from the corner and seated herself, and for long silence reigned between them, but Kirsty's features were alight, her eyes dancing, and her glance continually sought the oblong window pane.

"That was a grand sermon the minister gave us last Sabbath," said Robert suddenly.

"Last Sabbath?" Kirsty could not remember.

"Ay. It was about loving our neighbors as ourselves—it was grand. He's got the gift of words, the minister has. It's often I think he ought to be in Edinburgh, instead of here, with us. Just a handful of folk."

"The minister would have been in Edinburgh," said Kirsty vehemently. "I can't imagine him anywhere but here."

"There's four and five times as many could sit under him in Edinburgh," went on Robert, pursuing his line of thought. "I've been thinking lately our minister's wasted here, and that's the truth."

"I don't think he is at all, Robert. Mr. MacAlister just belongs here and nowhere else."

Robert smiled indulgently.

"Ye're feared of him moving, hain't," he said.

"He couldn't move," Kirsty declared. "But you are what they call an Elder aren't you, Robert?" she asked with sudden doubt in her voice. "And Janet says you're very powerful and it was owing to you the minister was called to Abernethy."

"Ehavers," said Robert. "Janet's eye trying to make me out important. I'm no such thing."

"But about the minister," Kirsty, who had grown suddenly anxious, went on, "you wouldn't try and get him moved away. It would kill Miss Catherine," she added.

"I couldn't do anything about it, if I would," said the old weaver. "But I haid to my words—the minister could do a powerful lot o' good preaching in a big city."

"Well, I think Abernethy's just as important as a big city," Kirsty said gaily. The thought of moving away had frightened her for a moment. She could not conceive the picture of Aunt Catherine and the minister anywhere but at Abernethy manse.

MISS JANE WELLS owned a small, discreet-looking house in Holland Crescent, near High Street, Kensington. The house was painted a pale cream, and received its coating of paint with clockwork regularity each successive spring. Also at the same time the house was spring-cleaned any upholstery which had suffered with the year's wear and tear was mended or recovered. Miss Jane Wells was precise, particular, exact in all her thoughts and actions. Each

spring during the time her house was being done up she visited Folkestone; in the late summer when the season was over she paid a few visits to country houses not far from London. Miss Jane Wells did not care for the country—it was only custom that drove her there once a year, and she was inevitably relieved when she once more found herself established for the winter in Holland Crescent. She invariably returned to London on the first of September—her yearly visit to Folkestone occurred on April 10, lasting until May 1. This regime had never been interrupted—it was inconceivable that it should be altered. All her friends were aware of her precise habits.

Miss Jane Wells was therefore not inconsiderably disturbed when she received not three weeks after her return to town on May 1 a letter from Scotland inviting her to visit that country for as long a period as she liked, say, about six weeks, but the visit was to begin immediately the following week.

"Really, this is most extraordinary," she murmured. She turned the letter which was signed "Malcolm Dunoon" over again. "He has never written to me save once I believe in his life before—it is odd, very odd—but then Scotch people are odd."

As Miss Jane Wells uttered these words she glanced apologetically at a faded photograph which hung over the fireplace of the dining-room, where she was seated at breakfast. The portrait was of her mother, who had been a Miss Jane Dunoon, a distant cousin of the Laird of Dunoon's.

Jane Wells read through the letter again, and shuddered a little. A Scottish castle—she had heard they were bleak and uncomfortable—Craigrosart she knew was a famous place—but still—

And then there were those horrid ghost stories that always hung about Scottish places. Besides, the season was just coming on—it was impossible.

Miss Wells slipped the letter into the envelope, and finished her breakfast, then after seeing the cook and giving her orders for the day—to-morrow was her first "At Home" for the season—she made her way to the drawing-room. Here she seated herself at her writing-table, selected a pen and a piece of paper, dipped the pen in the ink and wrote:

"My dear Cousin—"

She laid her pen down and once more withdrawing the letter from its envelope read it through carefully. Then a rather sour smile traversed her features.

"I am thinking of giving a garden party—one or two dinners and hope so much that you will be kind enough to act as hostess for me."

"Ah, I think I have it now," Jane Wells considered for a moment, and as she considered she nodded and then frowned once or twice—her rather thin lips moving a little.

Two days after he had written his invitation the laird received an envelope addressed in a stiff upright hand. He tore it open with some eagerness.

"Good," he exclaimed after reading Jane Wells' acceptance, "and now to face Cameron! Davidson," he called. "Just ask Cameron to come, will you?"

"Very good, sir."

The laird re-read the letter, then began to eat his breakfast. "For my word," he thought, "I'm literally trembling in my shoes—I feel like I did when I was a small boy, and old Cameron had found me out in some peccadillo!"

The door opened and Cameron walked in, her face oppressed, her mouth shut tightly. She crossed the floor and stood before her master with folded hands.

"You wanted me, sir?" she asked.

The laird sighed. Cameron was in one of her dour moods; it was only then that she called him "sir," otherwise he was invariably Master Malcolm. She would be more difficult than ever—her very skirt seemed to have taken on an air of disapproval. She was shrouded, as it were, in a mantle of disapproval.

"Oh, thanks, Cameron, yes," Dunoon took up Miss Wells' letter and held it in his hand. "This is a letter from my cousin, Miss Jane Wells, you remember, Cameron—"

"Miss Jane Wells is your third cousin, once removed. Her mother was Miss Jane Dunoon, third cousin to your—"

"That's it," interrupted the laird. "Well—er—she is thinking—I mean she is going to pay us a visit."

Cameron regarded him coldly with her black eyes—they seemed more than ever like two black beads.

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Miss Jane Wells is coming up to Craigrosart. I—I was wondering what room you could give her, Cameron?" He was trying desperately to speak casually, as if the coming of Miss Jane Wells was an everyday occurrence.

"That is just as you wish, sir," Cameron's mouth opened and shut like a trap.

"Oh, hang it all, Cameron," the laird was really beginning to feel irritated, "can't you help me?"

"I was not aware that I was not helping you, sir. Any orders that you give—"

The laird suddenly leapt from the chair, and laid his hands on the old servant's shoulders.

"Cameron," he said, "you're being perfectly inufferable. Give old Jane Wells any room you like. I don't know why you should dislike her coming so much."

"I ken very well why the body's coming," Cameron was trapped for a moment into speaking naturally.

"Why?" the laird gave Cameron a little shake. "I wish you'd sit down," he said, "and treat me as if I was a Christian."

"Thank you, sir, I prefer to stand. Maybe it would suit you to give Miss Wells the yellow room?"

"Give her any room only make her comfortable. Ye're an aggravating body, Cameron," said the laird, breaking into Scotch. "I'm fair surprised at ye. That'll do now!"

"Thank you, sir," Cameron said stiffly, then turning she walked from the room. Outside she paused.

"The idea of having that English body—" then words once more failed her.

"ROBERT was right, it's clearing up."

"I'm right glad to hear that," exclaimed Miss Catherine. She was mending one of the minister's socks, and held it close to the window to get more light, for evening was falling and it was scarcely possible to see. Kirsty stood near her at the sitting-room window—she was looking up towards Craigrosart. The top of the mountain was just visible above floating grey clouds—to the west a star was to be seen faintly twinkling, at times scarcely visible for the day was dying slowly.

"It's full moon to-night," Kirsty observed suddenly. Her eyes moved from Craigrosart, along the horizon until she could discern the tops of some distant firs.

Miss Catherine glanced up for a moment.

"Ay—it's going to be a fine. We're wanting a bit of sun for the harvest."

Kirsty glanced at the table.

"I'll clear away the supper," she said. "It is Jess' evening out."



Miss Catherine nodded.  
"Mind about the door," she continued, and raised her eyes to the ceiling. "The minister's in the study. He's to preach at Stirling this coming Sabbath," she added, her face beaming with pride.

Kirsty paused suddenly in her work of clearing the table. She remembered Robert's words about the minister's sermons and his being more worthy for a church in a big city than for a wee bit of a place like Abervenie.

"I suppose," she said, "that you and the minister never think of leaving here?"

"Think of leaving!" exclaimed Miss Catherine. "Whatever put that in your head?"

"Robert did. He said the minister ought to be in Edinburgh because his sermons were so fine that he would do more good there than here."

Miss Catherine's eyes glowed with pride. "Ay say ye so!" she exclaimed. "Robert's right. But neither the minister nor I could like to leave Abervenie—seems to me as if we were rooted here. No—no, there's no fear o' that."

It was well past ten o'clock when Kirsty at last retired to her room, and bid Miss Catherine good night. As she closed her door there was about her a little air of excitement. She went to the window and threw it open. Not a cloud was to be seen—a full moon hung in the sky, flooding the landscape with its light as far as Kirsty's eye reached. She could see the top of Craigrossart; every shadow the rocks cast, and the cairn at the top were plainly visible to her.

"What a glorious night," she whispered. The moonlight streamed into her room, over her young slender figure—not a breath stirred in the trees—all was silent, the night was heavy with silence.

Across the lawn came a beam of light from the study window, but it, too, was faint in the light of the moon.

"In about an hour—"

Kirsty glanced at the watch on her wrist; it was not yet eleven. She drew a chair to the window, and seating herself gazed dreamily out into the garden. An hour or more passed, then Kirsty rose softly, and tiptoeing across the room she took a cloak from her wardrobe and flung it round her shoulders.

She stole cautiously to the window and peeped out. A black-coated figure was pacing the lawn. Back and forth, back and forth it went.

"The minister!" exclaimed Kirsty with variation. "What has made him come out now?"

For a moment she hesitated, then she stole to the door. She crept safely down the dark staircase, found her way across the lobby, and with deft fingers drew open the door soundlessly.

Five minutes later Kirsty stood beyond the white-painted gate of the manse. The white road lay before her like an endless white ribbon passing through the village, its sides bordered by the dreaming cottages which seemed to huddle together, shuttered, with closed doors; and yet within there seemed something of pulsing life about them.

Kirsty went towards the village quickly. Her shadow lay black on the road as she sped along, and as she glanced the village she saw with a feeling of relief a light burning dimly in an attic window.

Her eyes were dancing again now. She drew her cloak about her, then as she reached a bend in the road she paused

quickly to the left, and a moment later she was in "The Lady's Walk."

Kirsty stood quite still listening. Only here and there the moon had penetrated the thick branches of the firs; here and there a gleam of silver lay across the path, like the black of an unsheathed sword. Beyond the walk appeared like some dark and impenetrable cavern, and Kirsty's eyes fixed themselves on the dark spot in the distance. She lifted her hand and leaning forward let the moonlight fall on her watch. One minute to twelve. Kirsty's heart began to beat—a tremor of excitement shook her.

"At twelve, at the full of the moon, the Greeting Lady passes down beneath the firs, greetin' as she goes."

Kirsty repeated Robert's words to herself. She was close to the old weaver's cottage—she could see the oblong window of the shed where the loom stood. How surprised he would be if he could see her standing beneath the firs—one minute to midnight.

The silence became almost unbearable. The girl stood listening—only here and there she heard the faint sound of a pine-needle as it dropped to the ground, a sound so faint that it would have passed unheeded in the light of day. Then Kirsty gave a sudden little suppressed cry. Across the silence of the night a sound came to her—it seemed as if in that far distant cavern something stirred—her ears became aware of a footfall. The girl's whole body was quivering now with excitement, with determination to stand her ground—her lips were parted, her eyes gazed steadily along the pathway. The footsteps came nearer—a shaft of moonlight lay across the path—a dim form was visible among the trees—a moment more and it would step into the light of the moon.

"I am afraid—I am afraid," Kirsty said to herself.

The footsteps grew louder—the figure stepped into the full light of the moon, and Kirsty saw before her the tall, broad-shouldered figure of the Laird of Craigrossart.

Malcolm Dunoon was pacing slowly forward, his eyes on the ground, his mind absorbed in plans for the future. He knew that he would be unable to sleep, and after dining he had set forth for a stroll in the moonlight. Inevitably his feet had strayed in the direction of Abervenie—he had it dimly and vaguely in his mind perhaps to reach the manse and look for a moment on the house where Kirsty slept. The love that had come to him had taken utter possession of him—how to win Kirsty was his one waking thought.

Then, raising his eyes as a slight sound came to his ears, he saw her standing before him—motionless, her deep, blue-grey eyes fixed on his own.

"Kirsty—my love . . ."

His voice was hoarse; the words left his lips before he understood that it was in very truth Kirsty who stood there. She stood for an instant spellbound, then moved, and, with a swiftness which was as the wind fled before him, vanishing, it seemed to Craigrossart, as swiftly as she had come.

For the space of a second the laird stood as if turned to stone, then with a stride he followed the flying figure. Had she heard those words spoken? And the blood rushed to his face as he realised that if they had reached her ears, he had indeed offended beyond all pardon.

The laird drew nearer to the manse gate—Kirsty in her swift flight had not stayed her feet to close it. A smile began to play round Craigrossart's lips—he drew the gate shut, then, resting his arms upon it, he gazed into the manse garden. From where

he stood a corner of the house was visible, and across the lawn lay still that beam of light from the minister's study.

The minister!—a wave of passionate jealousy shot through him. The minister and he—were they two to be rivals? And for the hand of this slender girl, who was still more of a child sometimes than a woman? An overwhelming desire to know, to probe into MacAllister's inmost soul, to discover if he harbored there anything more than friendship and liking for Kirsty, came to Craigrossart.

For her part, Kirsty had reached the manse garden without a single backward glance: her sole desire was to gain her room. In her haste she forgot to move silently, and her feet, speeding across the gravel path, reached the minister's ears. He had returned to his study, and was seated in his chair, his head in his hand, his eyes fixed on the open window in an expression of deep melancholy.

And, in the silence, the sound of running feet came suddenly to him. He rose with a puzzled frown—surely the feet were in the manse garden. The minister went to the door and drawing it open descended the staircase. The hall was dark save for the faint light from the transept over the manse door. He made his way towards it, and stretching out his hand was about to feel for the latch, when the door opened violently and a dark figure, a small, slender figure, fled into the house.

The next moment the minister knew that Kirsty was clinging to him, that she was trembling from head to foot.

"Shut the door," she said. "Oh, shut the door."

But the minister stood motionless—his arm had gone round Kirsty's shoulder, and a light had come into his deep-set eyes, a light of passionate love, of a love so deep that it shook his very soul. With a strength of will that was almost superhuman the minister stood and did battle with himself. To clasp Kirsty to his heart, to enclose her in his arms, to touch the raven black curls with his lips—but he must not . . . She was clinging to him. The minister stood rigid—his fine face, white with agony, his lips firmly pressed together.

"Shut the door, James MacAllister—"

"Kirsty"—in his agony the minister's voice was stern, cold, but just for the space of a second his hand lingered on her head; all his life he remembered the soft hair beneath his fingers—"Kirsty, where have you been?"

"I have been to the Lady's Walk," she answered in a low voice.

"And why did you do that?"

For the first time in her life Kirsty felt a little frightened of the minister. He was so stern; his face, as she glanced for a moment upwards, seemed so cold.

"I—I wanted to see the 'Greeting Lady,'" she faltered.

"And for such nonsense as that," said the minister sternly, "you left the manse and wandered out alone at midnight?"

Kirsty's head went down again.

"Yes," she whispered.

"And you have been to the Lady's Walk?"

"Yes, I went as far as Janet's house. And—and I waited there until midnight, and then I—I saw—"

"You saw nothing," said the minister, "save what your own imagination conjured up. I am very sorry you were frightened, but you must never do such a thing again. Do you understand?"

His voice was stern, almost harsh. Never in all her life had Kirsty been spoken to



like that. The color suddenly came back to her face, and her anger rose.

"I shall not tell you what I saw!" she said. "And I think it's perfectly horrid of you, James MacAllister, to speak to me like that! Good-night, I am extremely sorry to have disturbed you."

Then something, something she saw in the minister's face, something she could not understand, but that hurt her nevertheless, arrested her attention, and Kirsty flew back to his side.

"Oh, please, please, forgive me," she begged, "only I was frightened and I did see something, someone, and I can't bear you, dear James MacAllister, to be angry with me."

The minister's face was white, white to the lips. Kirsty had seized his hand impulsively. He withdrew it, and for an instant he laid it on her head as if in blessing.

"Good-night, child," he said. "I am not angry with you now. Only you must never do such a thing again. Promise me."

Kirsty looked gratefully up at him. How kind, how deeply kind his eyes were—she smiled slowly and half sadly.

"I promise you," she whispered, "I believe I'd promise you anything in the world—and Aunt Catherine," she added. The next instant she was gone, and the minister stood alone in the centre of the room.

"Heaven help me," he whispered. "Heaven help me."

Miss Catherine was seated behind the tea-urn at five o'clock in the afternoon following Kirsty's visit to the Lady's Walk. Opposite her the minister stirred his tea slowly and as if absorbed in the action, while Kirsty sat on a stool on her plate into tiny morsels and then piled the pieces up into a little tower that fell over each time it reached a certain height.

Miss Catherine's eyes were upon the girl's face. The meal had been unusually silent, and the old lady was aware that something was wrong, but neither her brother nor Kirsty had mentioned the subject.

"Is your tea not to your liking, Kirsty?" asked Miss Catherine, breaking the silence.

Kirsty looked up, startled.

"Yes—oh, yes, thank you," she said, and glanced towards the minister. She was wishing tea was over and that she could wander away alone.

The minister's eyes met hers. He laid his spoon down in the saucer.

"Catherine," he said, "I'm away to Edinburgh for ten days or a fortnight—there's some business there I must attend to—"

"Away to Edinburgh? Now, James, whatever is taking you there now? And who are we to have for the Sabbath?"

"I've arranged with Mr. Dunnington to come over this Sunday and the next. After that I'll be back."

"I canna abide the man," said Miss Catherine with a vexed air. Then she saw a smile twinkle in Kirsty's eyes. "There," she said, "I shouldna have said that. He's a good man enough."

"Is that the man who ends his sermons with 'I add no more, Amen'?" asked Kirsty, the twinkle growing to a smile.

"Who told you that?" demanded Miss Catherine.

"It was Janet, I believe."

"Janet had no call to say that," Miss Catherine observed with what she believed to be severity.

The laird drove the car up to Auchtercraig Station and descended, nodding to the red-haired porter who many months before

had carried Kirsty's bag to the minister's "Machine."

"She's due in three and a half minutes," he said.

Craigrossart nodded and made his way to the station platform. There were one or two people there besides himself, several who were travelling and several more who had merely strolled into the station to see the "fast" come in, for the daily coming of the train was, as it were, one of the events of the day at Auchtercraig. With it came the newspapers and the English mail, with it also came occasionally a tourist, and all the visitors for the big places round alighted at Auchtercraig Station.

The stationmaster caught sight of the laird and strolled towards him. He was consumed with friendly curiosity. Was the laird going to board the train? But no, he had not purchased a ticket. He must therefore be meeting someone.

"Good afternoon to ye," he said, touching his cap.

"Good afternoon, Scott," responded the laird. "I'm meeting my cousin, Miss Wells." He offered the news with a smile. "She's coming to stay with me at Craigrossart for a visit."

"Ay, that'll be very nice for you to have your friends," observed the stationmaster, satisfaction gleaming from his eyes. He was first to possess the news in Auchtercraig. "Miss Jane Wells, would that be?" he went on. "She was Miss Jane Dunoon's daughter, I'm thinking?"

"That's it!" nodded the laird.

The stationmaster was about to comment on Miss Wells' luck in being partly, at least, of Scottish birth, although on her mother's side, when the "fast" glided round a bend and into the station. The laird cast an eye along the train, and in a moment he saw a discreet-looking, black-attired English maid descend from a carriage, and stretch up a hand to help her mistress to descend. He hurried forward.

"Ah, there you are," Miss Jane Wells extended a large hand clad in reindeer gloves. "I hope you are well, Malcolm." Her pale blue rather protuberant eyes rested on the laird's face.

"Perfectly well, thanks. It is most kind of you to have come. I—I hope you had a comfortable journey."

Somehow the laird felt a little embarrassed. Miss Jane Wells' eyes were so all-embracing. She was indeed rather an overwhelming personality. Her whole manner seemed to say, "Well, here I am, come to look after you, and I intend to do so thoroughly, my dear Malcolm; thoroughly."

"I had better see after your luggage—"

"Thanks, but Pinkerton will do so. Pinkerton is an excellent traveller. I think one should make that a point when one is engaging a maid."

"Certainly," answered the laird, a little vaguely, "then will you come to the motor—I am driving myself—will you sit beside me, or do you prefer to be inside?"

"Thanks, I will sit beside you. There is a rug, Malcolm, I suppose, for my knees?"

She allowed the laird to help her in as she spoke, and as he spread the rug Miss Wells looked anxiously for her luggage.

"Ah, here it is!" she exclaimed with relief, as the red-haired porter accompanied by the maid came into view. "Pinkerton, you can sit inside."

"Will I be putting the luggage into the car?" asked the porter. He ignored Miss Wells and asked the laird.

"No—it's being fetched—"

"Oh, but I must have my bag," Miss Wells rose in her agitation. "Malcolm, pray put my bag beside Pinkerton."

"Put the lady's bag in the car, Jamie,"

said the laird. His eye met the porter's with a twinkle in it.

"Thank you, my man," Miss Wells put two coppers in Jamie's hand.

His brow puckered, then he saw the coppers obliterated by a half-crown.

"Thank you, Jamie—" the laird's eyes still twinkled as he leapt in and took the wheel. The car moved forward as the stationmaster hurried out.

"Two shillings and eightpence for minding the Englishwoman's luggage," said Jamie and slipped the money into his trousers pocket.

"The leddy's the laird's cousin," said the stationmaster importantly. Then he caught the porter's eye and smiled. "I'm doubtin' there'll be a fine potheer between Miss Cameron and her," he said.

"She's a parsimonious kind o' body," volunteered Jamie.

"How dye ken that?" the stationmaster was not certain it was as it should be, to speak thus of Craigrossart's friend like that.

"Twa pence for putting her luggage in the car."

"I thoct ye said two shillings and eightpence?"

"The laird gave me half a crown—he saw I was despisin' the woman."

"Hoots—Jamie!"

Meanwhile at the castle Cameron stood on the top of the steps, just without the great door. She was arrayed in black silk, and round her waist depended a small black satin apron, edged with black lace.

"Here's the car," said the butler, as the car swept into sight coming up the drive at a good pace. He ran down the steps as the laird brought the vehicle to a standstill, then opened the door. Miss Jane Wells stepped out, pausing a moment before mounting the steps and glancing up at the great building.

"It certainly," she said, turning to her cousin, "it certainly is a magnificent pile. It will greatly interest me to see over it. No doubt you are entirely cognisant of its history."

Malcolm Dunoon laughed.

"I rather think so," he said. He led Miss Jane Wells up the steps, and as he saw Cameron's attitude a feeling came over him as of a schoolboy who had transgressed. The old servant was standing waiting without the shadow of a smile on her face.

"Cousin Jane," the laird said, "this is Cameron, my very best old friend. You have heard of her, of course."

The pale blue protuberant eyes of Jane Wells met the bright deep-set black ones of Jessie Cameron, and an instant antagonism rose between the two women.

"Good afternoon, Cameron," Jane Wells said nodding with a touch of condescension, then as a second thought she thrust out her big gloved hand and shook the old servant's.

"Good afternoon, ma'am," Cameron said, then added, "I trust you had a comfortable journey."

The laird glanced at Cameron.

"Will you take Miss Wells up, please?" he said.

"Yes, sir. Will you come this way, ma'am."

Cameron led the way up the broad staircase, along the gallery overlooking the hall, and then, as it seemed to Jane Wells through endless corridors. At length she threw open the door of a room.

The apartment which had been allotted to her was called the yellow room, and had won its name by reason of the grand old



brocade curtains and the counterpane on the four-poster bed which were all of a deep gold. The two windows, high and narrow as were all the windows at Craigrossart Castle, looked out over the rose garden.

"Your maid will be up in a moment, ma'am," Cameron said. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No—nothing, thanks," Miss Wells was looking at the old Scotch servant curiously. She had heard of Cameron, and knew that the laird had been brought up by her, and she conceived it to be her duty to "make friends," as she would have expressed it, with Cameron. It was her first visit to Scotland; she was essentially English, and she felt a little strange.

"Won't you stay and have a little chat with me?—er—I feel we ought to know one another, Cameron. You have been with—er—the laird so long—"

Cameron's head went up.

"Me and mine," she said, "have served Craigrossart and his for more than three hundred years—"

"Yes, yes, I know, of course," Miss Jane Wells became a little flustered. Really this person was most annoying.

"I have come here, of course, as you know," went on Miss Wells, as it were, flying ignorantly and magnificently into the furnace, "to look after the laird—he needs looking after, a young fellow like that."

Cameron's face flushed slowly until it became a deep crimson.

"Is that all, ma'am?" she asked, but somehow she conveyed infinite meaning into the four words.

"Thank you, Cameron," Miss Wells' voice was supremely affable, "I think Pinkerton is knocking—"

The English maid appeared at the door to her mistress "Come in."

Cameron waited until she was well within the room, then she turned and a moment later she was making her way—upright, her hands still folded in front of her—to the hall where she knew she would find Craigrossart.

"I've found my way back here with the greatest difficulty!" Jane Wells' voice from the gallery interrupted an obviously serious discussion between Cameron and her master.

"I'm awfully sorry, Cousin Jane. Come and have some tea—it's here waiting," the laird answered.

Cameron cast a glance of deep devotion at the man whom she had held in her arms when he was a helpless morsel of humanity, then she vanished as the laird's cousin descended the staircase.

"Will you play hostess?"

"With pleasure," Miss Jane Wells let herself down into a comfortable chair with a feeling of infinite well-being. She took up the gleaming silver teapot and poured tea into a china cup, then handed it to the laird.

"What a funny old person Miss Cameron is," she observed presently when she had nibbled some bread and butter and sipped her tea. Craigrossart's eyes flashed.

"Cousin Jane," he said with simple directness, "Cameron is my friend. You don't understand."

"She certainly counts herself a privileged person here, I could see that from her attitude," Miss Wells spoke rather sourly. She had not taken to Cameron. "And now tell me, dear Malcolm, about this garden party, and the entertaining you wish to do. I am so interested." She paused expectantly.

"Well, I thought I'd do a bit of entertaining," the laird answered. He wished Jane Wells would not accentuate odd words in her sentences when she spoke. It was irritating, in fact she seemed to possess a rather irritating personality—however she would play the part of hostess for him. "One or two dinners, a garden party, and perhaps a dance—" his head suddenly swam. To dance with Kirsty, to hold her in his arms, to feel her close to him—it was possible even that her dark curls might brush his face. . . . An absent look crept into Malcolm Dunoon's dark eyes; he forgot his cousin.

Then he became conscious again of Jane Wells' voice.

"Delightful! And your neighbors. Let me see now, the Earl of Lindby has two young daughters—the younger just out. A very suitable—" Miss Wells had been about to say "a very suitable match"—her thoughts had run away with her; she had been talking while the laird was absorbed in thoughts of Kirsty. She stopped suddenly and became aware that her cousin was no longer listening.

"Malcolm, I was saying you have delightful neighbors. The Earl of Lindby is your nearest neighbor, is he not?" The laird disentangled his mind with an effort.

"Lindby—yes. We must make out a list of guests—to-morrow morning, perhaps?"

"Certainly to-morrow morning," answered his cousin, "and we can send out the invitations almost immediately for the garden party."

"I will certainly contrive to make a match," thought Miss Jane Wells, "between him and the younger Lindby girl—most suitable in every way, most suitable."

MISS CATHERINE took up a large envelope from the salver in the hall.

"Hoots," she said, "will I never get Jess to bring me a note when it comes!"

She carried it into the sitting-room, and, putting on her spectacles, read the inscription, then opened it. The envelope contained an invitation to herself, the minister, and Kirsty to a garden party to be given at Craigrossart Castle at three o'clock in the afternoon ten days hence. Miss Catherine read it through twice, then hurried to the door.

"Kirsty," she called. "Kirsty!"

"Coming, Aunt Catherine—" There was a sound of feet running down the staircase, and the next instant Kirsty was in the room.

"Here is something you will like, lassie," said the old lady, handing her the card. She watched the girl as she read it. Kirsty's face lit up.

"A garden party!" she cried. "I've never been to one in my life—what fun!"

Then suddenly her face altered.

"I shall not go," she said, and laid the card on the table.

"Sure and indeed ye will go," said Miss Catherine with unusual vigor. "I never heard of such a thing! Not go, indeed, then her face took on a look of anxiety. "Kirsty," she said, "I'm wondering if my black silk—"

"It will do splendidly! And oh, Aunt Catherine, a new bonnet—darling Aunt Catherine—with some panes in it—you'll just look the dearest, beautifullest old lady in the whole world!"

"Deed and Kirsty, I wish you would not talk such nonsense!" But Miss Catherine could not help a little smile of pleasure creeping over her face.

"It's not nonsense—it's the truth!" And Kirsty kissed her.

"Maybe panes would not be so bad," observed

Miss Catherine consideringly. "There was a bonnet I miffed seeing at Perth with panes and violet ribbons," she added doubtfully.

"The minister must get one for you!"

Kirsty ran to the writing-table, seated herself, and seizing paper and pen wrote the words, "My dear," then paused and glanced up with a smile. Miss Catherine was bending over her shoulder.

"I'm not quite certain—" she began, but Kirsty interrupted her.

"I'm quite certain, Aunt Catherine, and I'm determined to have my way. A new bonnet you shall have," her eyes suddenly wrinkled. "What is troubling me is this—" she raised her delicately pencilled eyebrows. "I was going to write 'My dear James MacAlister'—"

"Ah, but ye couldna do that," Miss Catherine shook her head.

"I won't write 'Dear Mr. MacAlister,' so I must write 'My dear Minister.'"

"That will be very suitable," murmured Miss Catherine. She watched Kirsty's hand move over the paper, watched her address and fasten the letter, then jump up.

"And now I'm off to post it," she exclaimed.

"I'm thinking," observed Miss Catherine, "that we ought to answer the invitation. It's a pity the minister's abroad, but maybe you could write it, Kirsty?"

The girl frowned.

"It must be done," said Miss Catherine firmly. Kirsty reseated herself.

The following morning the minister received an envelope in his Edinburgh rooms. He had finished his breakfast, and his silk hat and a pair of grey gloves lay ready on a table near him, when the servant entered with a letter.

Then a smile lifted the corner of his lips.

"Mo-lualdh," he whispered, "Mo-lualdh."

He walked to the window and opened the letter, and a look of infinite love came over his face. He read the letter through—all the directions regarding the purchase to be made for Aunt Catherine. The letter was signed,

"Your friend, Kirsty." Then came the postscript, written hastily, a large smudge of ink traversed the page. "James MacAlister, you must get that bonnet. K. F."

The minister gazed from the window with unseeing eyes. "God bless her," he said. Then his laugh sounded through the room.

That night the minister wrote a brief answer to Kirsty's letter. He had the bonnet—it would arrive the day after to-morrow, a few words more, then the letter ended. He said nothing of a parcel despatched for her. Kirsty, when she received it, made a little grimace of disappointment at its very brevity. How could she know that the minister had spent hours writing, rewriting and then once more destroying.

"It's coming!"

"Bless my soul, lassie, how you did startle me! What is coming?" asked Miss Catherine, who was seated in her chair by the window.

"Oh, Aunt Catherine, now don't pretend! You know very well it's the bonnet!"

"Deed, and I had no idea of the bonnet. I wasna thinking of it."

"You had forgotten all about it, I suppose?" observed Kirsty mischievously.

Miss Catherine's smile answered her.

"I would not be saying that," she admitted.

Kirsty was waiting at the manse door for the "post." It was the afternoon of the following day. Presently she heard a footstep, and running along the path leading to the gate she found herself face to face with Craigrossart.



Her face flushed pink, and became pale—then she flushed again—she had not seen him since that night in the Lady's Walk. Kirsty's sudden appearance, too, had unnerved the laird, and for an instant there was silence. Then with an effort he recovered himself.

"I have brought back your fishing-rod, Miss Fraser," he said. "It is very careless of me not to have brought it sooner. I hope Miss Catherine is well."

"Quite well, thank you," Kirsty said. She had not offered her hand. She was furious with herself. Why could she not keep the color from her cheeks?

"Do you think Miss Catherine can spare me a minute?"

"I think so," Kirsty answered. "You will find her in the sitting-room—the door is open," she added. She bowed formally, then began to stroll toward the gate.

For an instant Craigrossart paused, then he raised his bonnet.

"Thank you," he said and walked towards the house while Kirsty made her way to the manse gate.

She leaned her elbows on the top rail, and gazed down the road.

"How I hate him!" she said aloud. "Hate him, hate him!"

But why was her heart beating so wildly? Why did she feel something like an agony of remorse for so small a thing as she had done then—she had dismissed him curtly, almost rudely.

She forgot the postman, until his friendly "Good afternoon to ye, Miss Kirsty," startled her.

"Have you got it?" she said.

"Ay," he held up a round cardboard box. "Leastways I am thinking this is what you're waiting for."

Kirsty's eyes danced. She took the box from him.

"And there's something else," said the postman and handed her a long, flat parcel addressed to herself. Kirsty scarcely glanced at it. She hurried inside and burst victoriously into the sitting-room.

"It's come, Aunt Catherine! Take off your cap—then she came to a dead stop, and again that deep flush overspread her delicate cheeks.

The laird had risen, and was looking into Kirsty's face. Miss Catherine rose, too, her cheeks became a soft pink, her manner was full of embarrassment.

"The laird's here, Kirsty—" she said, in a voice that sounded slightly shocked.

Kirsty gave a little nod.

"We met in the garden before," she said. "Please don't let me disturb you, Mr. Dunoon. I was anxious to show Miss Catherine something, that was all." She laid the two parcels down. Her manner amazed the old lady, and Craigrossart, too, felt surprise. Here was Kirsty, behaving like a finished young woman of the world; her ease of manner was perfect, and, if she wished to chide him she was more than successful, for the laird's heart sank.

"She is utterly indifferent to me now," he thought, "I would rather almost have her hate."

"I will say good-bye now, Miss Catherine, and I am delighted you can all come next week. I am anxious for you to meet my cousin, Miss Wells."

He turned to Aunt Catherine.

Kirsty's attention suddenly became riveted. His cousin Miss Wells. Who was she? She, Kirsty, had understood he had no relations—was she young or old? What did it matter to me, thought Kirsty angrily. Next moment she had shaken hands with Craigrossart and bowed coldly.

The next instant he was gone, and unaccountably, strangely, the room seemed empty, void.

Kirsty shook the feeling off.

"He is going back to his cousin," said that inward voice which was beginning to cause her so much annoyance. "What has that to do with me?" she answered angrily. "Aunt Catherine, do come!" she called aloud. "I shall die next minute if you don't open this box."

"You undo it, lassie."

The next instant Kirsty had undone the box, and thrown back the tissue-paper, and, withdrawing the bonnet, she held it triumphantly in her hand.

"Aunt Catherine," she commanded, "take off your cap this very minute! The minister's chosen the very thing!"

Miss Catherine smiled a little shyly, then with trembling fingers removed her cap and Kirsty set the bonnet on her head, tied the strings and then stood back.

"You look just a perfect darling!" she exclaimed excitedly. "Go to the glass, go to the glass!"

She pulled Miss Catherine to the mirror which overhung the big mahogany side-board. The old lady looked at herself almost shamefacedly, giving a quick glance and then turning away her eyes.

"It's too grand for the likes of me!"

"Too grand indeed! There isn't a bonnet in the world that's too grand for you, Aunt Catherine!"

Miss Catherine looked again, this time a little longer.

"Do you think it sets me?" she murmured doubtfully.

"You look just beautiful in it."

"Dinna be so foolish, lassie," Aunt Catherine took another peep. "It must have cost a sight of money."

"Who cares," cried Kirsty. She clasped her hands, "I would have loved to see the Minister buy it."

Miss Catherine took the bonnet carefully into her hands and inspected it.

"They're just neighbors to real flowers," she observed touching the pansies delicately with her fingers. Her eyes lingered on the flowers.

"I call it very clever of the minister to have found it," Kirsty said; "It's not every man that could have done it."

Menfolk were so stupid about that sort of thing, Miss Catherine observed, but the minister was an exception. When he was quite a tiny boy he had always been particular about her bonnets.

"And whatever's this?" asked Aunt Catherine suddenly, taking up the long flat parcel which Kirsty had laid on the table.

"Why, it's addressed to you, lassie."

Kirsty in her excitement over Miss Catherine's bonnet had almost forgotten her own parcel. Now she opened it eagerly, and from amidst the tissue-paper drew out the creamy silk. She gave a little cry of delight.

"Oh, who can have sent me this?" she cried. "Aunt Catherine, I do believe—yes, it must be the minister."

The old lady's eyes lit up with pleasure. "Surely, and he's thought of you, too, Kirsty—that would be just like him."

"Oh, Aunt Catherine, it's lovely," Kirsty's eyes suddenly grew dim. Somehow it touched her deeply that the earnest, grave minister should have thought of her.

"It's just too dear of him," she said softly; "I shall just love wearing it," and she passed her hand over the silky tissue.

"ARE you ready, Kirsty?"

"Just one minute and then I'm coming to see if you've got your bonnet on properly," came Kirsty's voice, and a

moment later she descended the stairs a vision of loveliness in creamy white, with a wide-brimmed hat on her black curls.

"Ah, but ye look bonnie!" exclaimed Miss Catherine as she caught sight of the girl.

Kirsty turned slowly round for inspection.

"I feel as grand as a princess," she said. "It's the first time I've had on a silk dress in my life. Wouldn't Nick and the boys stare?"

From the doorway, unseen, James MacAllister was watching, his love in his eyes, round his mouth that smile that was beginning to trouble Miss Catherine. The minister's Edinburgh flight had availed him nothing—nothing at all.

Suddenly Kirsty caught sight of him.

"Oh," she cried, "look at Aunt Catherine, doesn't she look a darling! And oh," she cried, running up to the minister and laying her hand on his arm, "I want to thank you again ever, ever so much for this."

The minister had hired a machine from the village inn to take the party up to the castle. The trap stood at the manse gate in readiness, a small boy holding the ancient white pony.

But Kirsty did not enjoy the trip as she had expected to.

Try as she would she could not drive the thought of the laird's cousin from her mind. Again and again she strove resolutely to think of other things, only to find herself once more wondering whether the cousin was pretty and charming, how old she was.

When at length she raised her eyes as they came round a bend in the drive, she caught sight of numbers of people on the shady lawn beyond the terraced flower garden. Panic seized her. She had never contemplated meeting so many people—ladies in wonderful gowns and their men equally well dressed.

"Here's the laird," breathed Miss Catherine, "coming to meet us himself."

And the next moment he was greeting them. He handed Miss Catherine down, then, turning to Kirsty, offered his hand. Kirsty took it, and for a moment longer than was necessary, the Laird of Craigrossart held it in his.

"I am very glad you have come," he said simply. "Will you come and be introduced to my cousin? She is my hostess, Miss Catherine."

He offered Miss Catherine his arm, and the old lady took it a little shyly, hanging back a little as they neared the crowd of smartly-dressed people.

"I'm not accustomed to so many people, Mr. Dunoon," she said.

"Oh, but you know a great many of them, Miss Catherine," said the laird. "Here is my cousin," he added as he caught sight of Miss Jane Wells. She was moving towards them, wondering who the old lady was whom the laird conducted so deferentially on his arm. She must be someone of importance. . . . Ah, yes, the old Duchess of—oh, now she couldn't remember these Scottish names.

Miss Wells advanced with outstretched hand and a wide smile of welcome on her face.

"My dear Duchess—" she began, but Craigrossart interrupted her.

"Jane," he said, "this is one of my dearest friends, Miss MacAllister. Her brother is our minister and Abervenie would be lost without him. Miss Fraser—my cousin, Miss Wells."

Miss Wells shook hands with Miss Catherine and in doing so moderated the former's embarrassment of her manner. At Kirsty she looked with almost marked cold-



ness—the girl was far too beautiful, and really she had supposed these were much more important guests as Malcolm had taken the trouble to go to meet them as far as the drive.

Aunt Catherine introduced Kirsty to Lady Lindby, who looked round for her daughters, and beckoning them told them to look after Miss Fraser, as she was a stranger.

The two girls seized on Kirsty, and began asking her questions about her life in Canada, and presently they were all laughing together at what Kirsty told of her life in the lumber camp and of Nick and the boys.

Then suddenly in the midst of a story she became aware that she had another listener; a pair of dark eyes were on her face. Kirsty faltered—

"Mayn't I listen, too?" asked Craigrossart.

Kirsty knew that her cheeks were pink, but she went on bravely, and this time Craigrossart's laugh mingled with the three girls'.

Kirsty had felt wildly elated after seeing Miss Wells—now, all at once, unaccountable depression seized her. Lady Rose Lindby was pretty and charming, and her younger sister was beautiful; the laird laughed and talked with them, calling them by their Christian names. Of course he must have known them all his life—what did it matter to her? She frowned at herself, then she heard Lady Rose's voice:

"Please, please, Malcolm, do? We'll never forgive you if you don't, will we, Jean?" Then she laid a hand on Kirsty's arm. "Miss Fraser, you come and beg, too. We want Mr. Dunoon to let us dance on the lawn this evening. Some of us are staying on to dinner—Malcolm, I'll never speak to you again if you refuse," she added gaily.

"Should you care for that, Miss Fraser?" the laird's quiet, deep voice came again.

"I—I would like it very much," Kirsty found herself faltering. She was furious with herself, and yet could she have given any other answer? The two other girls were bent upon it.

"Then that's settled," Jean Lindby said laughing. "But there's one thing, Malcolm; I wonder at your daring to settle anything without Cameron's leave."

"We shall have to placate Cameron if she doesn't approve of it," answered Craigrossart gaily. "I will go and sound her now."

He moved away, and as he did so he saw his cousin's disapproving eyes upon him. She came up to him.

"Malcolm," she said in a low voice, "you have spent most of the afternoon by Miss Fraser's side. It is to say the least of it, imprudent and—er—unfair to the girls!"

The laird paused in his progress towards the house to give orders for the arrangement of the informal dance. His mind had been occupied solely with Kirsty.

"Why?" he asked.

Miss Wells smiled a little sourly.

"My dear Malcolm," she said, "you surely have guests of considerably more importance than Miss Fraser."

"Not to me," said the laird and walked towards the house.

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Miss Wells and gazed after Craigrossart as his tall figure made its way through the groups on the lawn and disappeared into a side-door in the left wing of the building.

Then she turned and looked towards Kirsty, whom she could easily distinguish in her creamy white gown beside the two

Lindby girls. And the smile returned to her face, a smile that had a good deal of acidity in it.

"The little mix," she thought; "but I think I am a match for her! It was high time someone should come and look after Malcolm—I only regret that I did not come sooner!"

She talked to one or two people near her and then strolled slowly towards the Countess of Lindby, who was seated under a big copper beech watching a party playing tennis. Ices were being served from the big marquee nearby, and cooling drinks tempted the thirsty. Miss Wells pulled a chair forward and seated herself beside Lady Lindby.

For a moment or two she, too, watched the game of tennis in progress, then she turned to the good-natured looking woman at her side.

"Malcolm could not have had a finer day for his festivity," she remarked smilingly. "Although I am his cousin, I must say that I should think you are all glad to have him back again."

"Indeed we are," answered Lady Lindby heartily. "We were all terribly anxious, too, all those long months no news came of him. Poor old Cameron, she never for a moment would allow that anything could have happened to him."

"She is very faithful," Miss Wells spoke condescendingly, "but I certainly think Malcolm would be better without her!"

Lady Lindby turned and looked at her.

"Better without Cameron!" she exclaimed. "Why, my dear Miss Wells, what do you mean? None of us could imagine this place without dear old Cameron."

"She gives way to all Malcolm's whims and fancies," answered Jane Wells stiffly. "And then, another thing: I consider she would be most trying, more than trying, to Malcolm's wife."

Lady Lindby's blue, rather large and kindly eyes opened wide.

"Malcolm's wife! You don't mean to say—" a pleasant smile overspread her features. "Oh, I am so glad. We hadn't the slightest idea—"

Miss Jane Wells flushed a little.

"Oh, no, no," she said hastily, "there is nothing definite." She leaned still nearer to the other woman; she felt amazed. Lady Lindby was either very dense or else was a clever actress. "There is nothing definite," she repeated, but Lady Lindby's face was aglow with interest now. Malcolm Dunoon was an especial favorite of hers.

"Oh, the girls will be interested!" she exclaimed, "if it is not violating any confidence—" she paused for a moment and her eyes swept over the assembled guests and rested for a moment on Kirsty, then came back to Jane Wells' face. Jane Wells had seen that swift glance and it raised her anger. She laid a hand on Lady Lindby's arm.

"Surely," she said in a low tone, "you have seen, dear Lady Lindby—" Miss Wells nodded with a knowing smile in the direction of Lady Lindby's daughters. "Have you not noticed? Lady Rose and my cousin are never very far from each other! I am so pleased—such a charming match—"

"Rose!" Lady Lindby's eyes held genuine surprise. "Rose; my dear Miss Wells, you will forgive me if I say your imagination has run away with you." She laughed a little. "I know my girls! Fond as they are of Malcolm, neither of them has ever thought of him in that way!" She shook her head again. "Oh, no," she repeated, "I am quite sure you are mistaken!"

"Stupid woman," commented Jane Wells.

She felt inwardly furious, but she maintained her smiling face. Things of this kind had been "managed" before now.

THE little band was playing a waltz of Johann Strauss—and Kirsty, who was a born dancer, moved rhythmically with the music.

Was it imagination, or was that arm holding her more closely? Craigrossart bent his head until it almost touched the black curls. A feeling of utter happiness was stealing over her—she must resist it, must fight against it.

And then quite suddenly she heard his voice, low, intense, passionate.

"I love you—Kirsty, my darling; I love you. Tell me if there is any hope for me?"

Kirsty felt the color receding from her face. A faintness came over her. Was she mad or dreaming? A wild, mad happiness surged through her veins, and again she heard that deep, passionate voice.

"I love you—Kirsty, I love you."

With all her strength of will Kirsty sought to pull herself together. Craigrossart's pale, dark face was close to hers, in the depths of his dark eyes a look of deep, of passionate love.

With all the intensity of feeling Kirsty could summon, she uttered words, words, which even at that moment caused her intense agony.

"And I hate you," she said—"I just hate you!"

She felt the hold of his arm loosen—the music seemed to fade from her ears. The next moment Kirsty had fled through the dancers, up the steps and was standing by the minister's side. She clutched his arm with feverish fingers.

"Take me home," she said. "Take me home at once."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Miss Catherine, startled at the expression on Kirsty's face. "What ails you, dearie? Are ye no well?"

"Yes—no," the clutch of Kirsty's fingers tightened on the minister's arm; "take me home, I say; take me home this instant, James MacAllister!"

"Kirsty!" expostulated Aunt Catherine, rising from her chair, "surely that's not the way to speak to the minister—"

"Sh, Catherine, sh!—never mind that now," the minister's steady voice came through the surging in Kirsty's ears. He placed a hand on her shoulder and looked down into the upturned face, into the burning eyes; he saw the scarlet lips were trembling.

"Come away, lassie, and I'll take ye home," he said. Had the minister any idea of the deep tenderness in his voice? "Come away and I'll take ye home."

Kirsty clung to his arm; he could feel her whole body trembling. He turned to his sister.

"Here, Catherine, do you mind Kirsty while I find Davidson and tell him to have the pony put in."

He looked significantly at Miss Catherine as he spoke. She nodded, and placed an arm round the girl's shoulder.

"Sit you here," she said, "lassie, and I'll just bid good-bye to the laird. It's not fitting we should leave without doing that." She pushed Kirsty gently into the chair she had been occupying.

Kirsty watched her, as she made her way along the terrace and spoke to a footman, then descended the steps as the man went in search of Miss Wells.

A few minutes later the old lady returned. Kirsty was still sitting gazing before her with that strange look on her face, a look Miss Catherine could not comprehend.



"I've bidden the English lady and the laird himself good-bye, Kirsty, and I'm thinking the machine will be ready now." Aunt Catherine led the girl as tenderly as a mother towards the house, through the drawing-room and great hall, out on to the steps of the front door.

Outside in the moonlight stood the little trap with the white pony. The minister was already waiting with the reins in his hands. A moment more and the little party was making its way beneath the magnificent beeches of the drive. The sound of music reached Kirsty's ears, but she turned her head from the sight of the dancers. A short while later the party reached the manse.

"Good night, Kirsty." For a moment the minister laid his hand on the dark head, for an instant he had a glimpse of Kirsty's eyes. Then Miss Catherine led her upstairs, and very tenderly helped her to undress.

The expression in Kirsty's eyes troubled her as she descended the stairs.

"James," she said, standing in front of the minister and looking up at him, "what ails the lassie? I'm wondering—"

Then Miss Catherine's words died on her lips. In the minister's eyes she saw the same look that she had seen in Kirsty's upstairs.

She took her brother's hand in both her own, and tears dimmed her gentle old eyes, tears that fell on the minister's hand. Then Miss Catherine suddenly looked up, and a smile, a smile that had come straight from heaven, was upon her sweet face.

"God help you, lassie," she breathed softly, calling him by the old name that had not passed her lips since he had come to man's estate.

Kirsty lay back among her pillows, her breakfast untouched. She had slept through the night through sheer exhaustion, but, as she had opened her eyes, waking suddenly, her heart made her instantly aware of a heavy pain. And before she was really awake she was living again the scene of last night—once more Malcolm Duncan's arm was round her, once more there sounded in her ears those passionate words—then her swift answer.

And now Kirsty told herself that she was glad that she had spoken those words, glad that she should know how much she hated him. And yet, why was her heart throbbing with pain? Why had a desolation that seemed unutterable descended upon her? Resolutely she put all thought of Craigrossart from her.

"I will not think of him," she determined. "I will pretend to myself that—!" and then Kirsty's lip quivered, and once again she stretched out her arms and called on the big black-bearded man who had taken care of her when her father had died.

"Oh, Nick, Nick," she whispered brokenly, "if only, only you were here."

A gentle tap sounded on the door, and Kirsty hastily dashed the rising tears from her eyes, and seizing the small brown teapot, she began hastily to pour out a cup of tea as she called: "Come in."

The door opened gently and Miss Catherine entered; she was smiling tenderly as she advanced to the bedside. Then her face grew grave as she discovered the untouched breakfast.

"Kirsty," she exclaimed, "ye've no eaten a single morsel!"

"But I'm drinking my tea, see?" Kirsty answered, and holding the cup aloft she smiled and then tried to drink it down. But suddenly her lips quivered again, her hand shook and the smile she had so bravely summoned to her face died away. Kirsty set

her cup down, and the next moment she was crying softly her face hidden on Miss Catherine's breast.

The old lady held her closely, the gentle face above her was full of distress—Miss Catherine raised a hand and stroked the dark curls softly.

"There, there, bairn," she said, "greetin' will do ye good—there's nothing like it at times to relieve a sore heart."

"I—I don't know why I am crying—" Kirsty said between her sobs. Even now she fought for her pride.

"Never mind about that, lassie," whispered the gentle old voice, "there's times we dinna ken ourselves what we're greetin' about, and yet it does us a world o' good." And she continued to stroke the girl's hair until Kirsty gradually grew quiet and pressed a handkerchief to her eyes.

"I think I'll get up," she exclaimed suddenly, "and climb Craigrossart Hill."

Miss Catherine glanced from the window.

"Ay," she said, "that will do ye good, lassie." Then she looked doubtful. "I'm wondering—" she began and went towards the door.

"Oh, he must come!" called Kirsty, springing out of bed. "I insist on his coming, even if I have to write his sermon for him!" And she began dressing hastily.

In the study the minister had been sitting at his table, a block of paper before him, a pen in his hand. Work, he had decided, was the only remedy—hard work, work in which he absorbed himself, thus forgetting outside things. He might even contemplate writing a book on some theological subject, something profoundly difficult which would absorb all his thoughts, his whole mind.

A gentle thud sounded on the floor, and the minister glanced up. There on the carpet, not an arm's length away, lay a big yellow rose. The minister's eyes fell upon it wonderingly. For a moment he gazed, then his lips tightened—he sat with poised form motionless, while silence, a silence that seemed to the minister full of portent, reigned in the room and without in the garden.

A minute passed and then the low sound of laughter reached the minister's ears. He laid down his pen, and rising swiftly from his seat went to the open window. Beneath him, upturned, surely like a rose that had opened its petals to the sunshine, was Kirsty's face—eyes sparkling, cheeks dimpling with smiles.

"Did it hit you?" she asked. "And I'm not going to say I'm one bit sorry, not one bit! You're to come right away out with me, James MacAllister, and climb Craigrossart!" And Kirsty waved an arm in the direction of the hills.

The day on Craigrossart was a day Kirsty, Miss Catherine and the minister never forgot. The sun shone warmly, the heather was a blaze of purple as far as the eye could reach, fading away into the distance, melting into the sky-line. Miss Catherine had packed a little basket with provisions, and had appeared in a round and shady straw hat that had caused Kirsty to dance round her gleefully and tell her she looked just like a girl. Miss Catherine smiled—she was relieved to find that Kirsty was apparently much as usual.

But as the day wore on, the old lady realised that Kirsty's gaiety was sometimes a little forced, and once or twice Miss Catherine caught her looking away in the direction of Craigrossart Castle, and there was in her eyes that strange look which she had seen the night before.

It was the minister who succeeded in almost making his sister believe at moments that she had been mistaken, so utterly was he like his old self, telling old, half-forgotten stories of the village and countryside, laughing at Kirsty's gaiety, and chiding her now and then with a mock air of gravity.

The three took their lunch up the Eagles Glen, a beautiful spot beneath the rocks of Craigrossart which dropped sheer down into the valley from where they sat.

"Has anybody ever climbed up this way?" asked Kirsty.

"I believe it's been done," answered the minister, "but it's rather a foolhardy thing to do—Craigrossart's not difficult in grand weather like this, but I would not care to be on it when a mist came down."

"Why not?" asked Kirsty.

The minister pointed silently at the crags.

"There was a poor shepherd laddie lost up here not two years ago," he said, "it's not safe unless you know every bit of the mountain."

When they reached the summit after lunch Kirsty gave a little cry of pleasure. The whole country seemed laid out like a map at her feet—she took off her cap and stood for a moment with the breeze blowing on her face and curls. Then she slipped her hand into the minister's arm.

"And now," she begged, "tell me what everything is?"

"I ought to have brought a guide-book," "Nonsense, James," interrupted Miss Catherine. "There's no need for that. Nobody knows the country round better than you do." And she stood beside her brother with a little air of pride, as he pointed out the chief landmarks, and told Kirsty the names of the hills in view.

Suddenly he gave an exclamation.

"Hullo," he said, "the flag's down at the castle."

Miss Catherine shaded her eyes and looked in the direction of the big grey mass of building which was plainly visible from where they stood.

The minister was conscious of a slight tremor of the hand that lay within his arm.

"That means," Miss Catherine said, "that the laird's away. Well, now," she went on in a slightly vexed tone, "I thought he was going to settle down and mind his business—but he's just too restless to settle anywhere."

The hand that had been on the minister's arm dropped to Kirsty's side as she turned her eyes towards Craigrossart Keep. Yesterday a flag had waved bravely from its top—now the empty staff pointed skywards.

A choking sensation came into Kirsty's throat, and she pressed her lips firmly together—she must overcome that feeling of utter desolation that overcame her. Aunt Catherine and the minister must notice nothing.

"Janet Dhu is ill, James," said Miss Catherine coming hurriedly into the room one evening just before supper-time. "Dave Murphy's just come round to say she's asking for you."

The minister, who was reading the paper, looked up quickly. "Janet ill? I'll come at once," he said rising.

"And I'll come, too," said Kirsty springing to her feet. "dear old Janet, I haven't been to see her for some days," she added self-reproachfully.

"Wait then till I give ye a jar of beef-tea," Miss Catherine ran into the pantry



and emerged again with a little basket which she handed Kirsty.

It was barely dusk at the three, the minister in the centre and Dave and Kirsty one on each side, set off for Robert's cottage. Miss Catherine stood at the manse door watching, and she shook her head slowly from side to side.

"There's plenty of trouble in the manse now," she said to herself, "though he's a body could catch sight of it at first glance. Ay, Miss Cameron was right—"

"Miss Kirsty," ventured Dave after they had passed the manse gate, "I'm fine up at the castle." Kirsty smiled at him.

"There's never another like the laird," said the Irish boy, "and I'm sorry I ever crossed him."

The minister laid a hand on the boy's shoulder. Dave wore a bonnet now on his shock of hair, and a neat tweed jacket, and a kilt of Dunoon tartan.

"I'm glad you're happy, laddie," he said.

Dave shot a glance once more at Kirsty, and cocked his bonnet. There were two people in the world now, for whom he would have gladly laid down his life—one was the laird of Craighrossart, and the other was Miss Kirsty Fraser, and perhaps Dave had guessed the laird's secret—who could tell? But he was wanting Kirsty to acknowledge there was not such another as the laird of Craighrossart.

"Ay, I'm fine," he repeated, "I wouldna be serving any other gentleman but the gentleman up at the castle—the laird o' Craighrossart—his grand, Miss Kirsty."

Kirsty knew she was being challenged, and avoided Dave's eyes.

"I'm very glad, too, that you are happy, Dave," she said.

"Ay, wha wouldna be with him!" said Dave proudly and flung up his head.

They had reached the door of Robert's cottage now and the minister tapped gently. Dave doffed his bonnet and then made off down the street. A minute later Robert's face appeared at the door, looking almost unnaturally white in contrast with his black beard.

"She's took awfu' bad," he whispered. "Jamie Cairn's gone for the doctor."

The minister nodded and he and Kirsty slipped over the threshold. Janet was lying motionless in her bed—her face had lost its rasy hue and looked pitifully white and small—her eyes were closed and her mouth was tied neatly beneath her chin.

"Janet," Kirsty whispered, "I'll look after you—see, and I'll wind the pins, too, for him."

A gratified look from the sick woman rewarded Kirsty.

On the fourth day of Janet's illness Kirsty was seated by the bedside. She had closed her eyes for a moment—for she had passed the night by Janet's side—when suddenly she heard a movement. She sat up with a start to find that Janet had raised herself in the bed, and was speaking.

"It's the laird I'm wanting," she said. "I'll no die happy unless I can see his face. It was myself that promised his mother—it's him I'm wanting to see before I go."

Kirsty sprang to her feet and going to the bedside took both Janet's hands in hers.

"You must lie down, Janet," she said quietly and firmly, but Janet generally so amenable to Kirsty's slightest whisper, struggled feebly.

"It's the laird I'm wanting—" she repeated. "Robert can easy go up and fetch him—he'll come to see me, I ken that fine. Stop out, Miss Kirsty, and tell Robert—"

"Lie down, Janet," Kirsty said, but her voice was trembling. She tried to push the old woman gently back on to her pillows, but Janet still resisted.

"It's the laird I'm wanting," she repeated looking into Kirsty's face with pitiful eyes. "I ken fine he'd come awa' to see old Janet. It's a lucky thing for me that he's up at the castle—I wouldna die comfortable without I could see Master Malcolm."

A stab of pain as from a sword-thrust went through Kirsty's heart. The laird was not at the castle, and it was her fault, only hers, that he was no longer there. He had left suddenly, unexpectedly the day after he had whispered those words of love in her ears, and Cameron had let it be known that neither she nor anyone else knew when he would return. His cousin Miss Wells had left a few days afterwards mortally offended, and something of triumph had shone in Cameron's eyes as she superintended the placing on the waggone of Jane Wells' luggage.

Kirsty laid a hand on Janet's.

"Janet," she said, "I don't think the laird's at home—"

"Miss Kirsty—" the sick woman looked at her reproachfully, and Kirsty turned away her eyes. "ye ken weel enough he's there—" she leaned back on her pillows exhausted and when presently Robert came in she was lying with closed eyes, but every now and then the words would escape her: "I maun see the laird before I die."

Robert tiptoed up to his sister, and leaning over her heard the oft-repeated demand. He turned to Kirsty.

"I'll just away and up to Craighrossart," he said, "I ken very weel he'll come back with me."

Kirsty nodded silently. She could not somehow tell this grave-eyed man that she knew the laird was absent, and she let him go silently—and when he was gone seated herself once more by the bed. Her heart was heavy within her, as she watched Janet's face; an eager light had come into it as Robert bent down and whispered to her that he was fetching the laird. All the agony that Kirsty had endured when she had first realised that Malcolm Dunoon had left Craighrossart swept over her again as she sat waiting silently. At every sound Janet opened her eyes and looked towards the door.

"Is it him?" she whispered, and then when Kirsty shook her head a look of weariness passed over her face, and once again she closed her eyes.

"Robert's a weary time," she murmured presently. "Do ye think, Miss Kirsty, ye could just step to the door and keik out?"

Kirsty nodded, and going to the door opened it and looked out into the silent street. Not far from Janet's door a lantern cast its light across the road, and beyond at the bend of the village street Kirsty caught sight of the tall figure of a man walking towards the manse.

For a moment she gazed—the man was in a dark suit, his shoulders were broad, he walked with a firm step and head erect. A moment more and he would be out of sight.

Kirsty gazed spellbound. Her heart leapt, leapt wildly, then seemed to stop beating for an instant.

A little sound escaped her lips. She gazed backwards into the room. Janet's eyes were fixed upon her, luminous, wide—already they seemed to see things that belonged to the other world.

"Is it him?" she asked in that strange hoarse voice.

"Yes," Kirsty answered with a little sob, "it's him." And like a hare she sped down the village street.

There are moments in a man's life which remain indelibly printed upon his mind. Come sorrow, come happiness, those moments stand out, all clear in the mind, as the outline of a vessel against the lemon sky of an autumn sunset, or as a landscape suddenly lit up by a flash of lightning after inky blackness.

Such a moment was that in the life of Malcolm Dunoon when Kirsty suddenly fled from him across the lawn and away into the house. A moment before he had been holding her in his arms, a moment before he had spoken passionate words of love in her ears—he had felt her heart throb as he held her—and then like a blinding flash had come her words:

"I hate you—I just hate you!"

A hundred, a thousand times it seemed to Malcolm Dunoon he had repeated those words to himself—he had seen again the flash in Kirsty's eyes, as she had thrown her head up—and then she had sped across the lawn, a slim white figure, fleeing like a deer from the hunter or the hounds.

For a moment he had stood there, stunned as it were by the suddenness, the swiftness with which his hopes had been dashed to the ground. For all that afternoon the laird had allowed himself to hope. He loved the very ground that Kirsty walked upon, he loved her every movement, the sound of her voice. No man, it seemed to him, had ever known such love as this.

He had dared to hope—he had dreamed of Kirsty, his wife, as the mistress of Craighrossart Castle. He had in his own mind showered gifts upon her, he had surrounded her white slender throat with pearls, he had crowned her dark dancing curls with gems—he had seen those long, white fingers imprisoned in his, encircled with jewels.

It was only after a few moments that Dunoon pulled himself together, that he realised that he was standing amidst his guests, that all eyes were upon him as he stood there alone. His face was white, white to the very lips beneath his tan, but nevertheless a moment more and he was talking with Lady Rose Lindby. He knew she had seen Kirsty's sudden flight, but she spoke no word of it, and as he met her eyes he felt that this girl understood and that she had deliberately come to his side to help him.

"Aren't you going to dance with me, Malcolm?" she asked, smiling, and the next moment he was moving once more among the dancers on the moonlit lawn. Neither of them spoke, but he felt Lady Rose's silently-offered sympathy.

It was the next morning after breakfast that Cameron received the news that he was leaving immediately and that Craighrossart was to be once more silent and empty.

"I have received some news this morning, Cameron," the laird said, "which obliges me to leave immediately—" he paused a moment, hesitating. "I am going abroad—" again he paused.

Cameron stood before him with folded hands and bright, piercing eyes fixed searchingly on his face, eyes that told him plainly that the old servant knew that he had received no news which obliged him to go abroad. And Malcolm Dunoon avoided those eyes.

"Very good, sir," Cameron emitted the three words, then closed her mouth firmly.

"—I am leaving this afternoon, Cameron, and of course I know you will see to everything—"



"Excuse me, Mr. Malcolm," Cameron interrupted, "but there is Miss Wells."

The laird rose to his feet; a deep frown came to his forehead. He had entirely forgotten his cousin—he had been accustomed all his life to do as he liked, when and how he liked and the mere thought of being frustrated even for a few hours or days in the desire to leave Craighrossart irked him.

"I will explain matters to her," he said after a moment's pause. "Then all at once the laird altered his tone—he had endeavored to make it casual, business-like, but a stolen glance at Cameron's face had shaken him. He went up to her and laid his two hands on her shoulders.

"Cameron, old friend," he said in his deep voice, "something has happened that hits me badly. I can't stay here—I want to get away—"

The laird look on the old servant's face melted away, her features relaxed, and into her dark eyes came a look of wondrous tenderness. She lifted a hand and for an instant laid it on the laird's head—for an instant he had become "the bit of a laddie" she had minded all the years of his childhood. For a moment her hand rested there.

"Fair laddie," she said in a low voice, a voice with a break in it, "fair laddie, my heart's sair for ye."

Thus very afternoon the big car stood at the castle door—on its front were piled one or two portmanteaus, and Cameron stood once more on the topmost step, her face masklike, her lips pressed together, while the laird, after bidding good-bye to his cousin, had run down the steps and into the waiting car.

"Good-bye, Cameron," called the laird, and then waved once more to his cousin, who responded frigidly. She considered she was being treated with scant ceremony, although Malcolm had offered her the hospitality of Craighrossart for as long as she liked. It was not very likely, she had explained to him, that she would care to stay here alone, and it was more than strange that Malcolm would give no address but his club in London. And Miss Wells had decided to make her way south in two or three days' time.

The laird, by dint of ignoring the speed limit, had managed to catch the London train. These swift decisions, followed by instant action, were characteristic of him. Often Cameron had complained that his unexpected comings and goings were the very plague of her life, and he had responded confidently, "My goings may plague you, Cameron, but you know very well that you're always dachsel pleased at my comings," and he had invariably seen Cameron's face wrinkle into a smile.

Now his one desire was to leave Craighrossart, to leave Scotland. Kirsty had refused him; her lone and glance had shown him that for him there was no hope. His only hope lay in trying to forget, and for this Craighrossart felt he must seek the uttermost places of the earth. As luck would have it, he met a friend at his club who was arranging a long shooting expedition in Africa.

"When are you starting?" asked Dunoon.

"Three weeks from now—if you want to join, old chap, you can get your outfit at once from the Army and Navy."

"I'll join you," said the laird quickly.

His friend raised his eyebrows. "I thought you were going to settle down, Dunoon, and rusticate up north, improving your tenants and playing the benevolent landlord. I've been hearing great stories of you!"

The laird laughed.

"Your big game shooting is more in my line," he said. "I've tried rustication—it doesn't suit me."

He had set about getting his outfit at once, and had tried to absorb himself in the thought of going out to Africa and in the life of adventure. But always the thought of Kirsty stole into his mind, always he saw her bright starlike eyes, her dark hair. A thousand times he banished her from his mind, only to find himself thinking of her once more.

Then one morning, a bright morning of sunshine, an overwhelming desire to look once more into that girlish face, to hear it possible once more Kirsty's laugh, that laugh with the note of the blackbird in it, seized upon him. And almost without his own volition the laird found himself at King's Cross asking for a first-class ticket north.

"I'm a fool," he told himself again and again, and yet some voice he could not dominate urged him onwards.

It was dusk when he reached Auchtercraig Station, and ignoring the red-haired porter's offer to find a vehicle, set out on the three miles' walk to Abervenie. The red-haired porter watched him for a moment, then dived quickly into the stationmaster's office.

"The laird's back!" he announced.

The stationmaster glanced up.

"Havers!" he said.

"Ye can see him yersel'. He's awa' down the road to Abervenie."

The stationmaster so far forgot his superior dignity as to condescend to come and look down the road. The neighborhood had been slightly startled by the laird of Craighrossart's sudden departure, and the closing of the castle which had come so unexpectedly. And Cameron's attitude to all inquiries had heightened the curiosity. For had it not been reported far and wide that Craighrossart was to settle down and take to him a wife?

The stationmaster gazed down the road.

"Ay—it's him," he said after a moment.

"Now I wonder if Miss Cameron has notice of his comin'?" He shook his head slightly.

"He was aye a restless body was the laird." And he returned to his office to speculate on the reason of Craighrossart's sudden return—he had come in the "fast"—he must have come up from London. Well, no doubt his wife could find some pretext for seeing Miss Cameron in the morning.

Craighrossart walked steadily onwards. He could see the road like a white ribbon lying before him, and presently as he stood on a slight rise, he caught sight of Craighrossart Hill. Beneath that hill, almost in its shadow, lay the manse. He had no thought of visiting his inmates; his hope lay in seeing Kirsty unsmiling.

He knew she spent much of her time in the garden—more than once he had seen her there. And suddenly as he made his way onwards, he recalled the night that he had seen her in the Lady's Walk. It was because of that, he told himself, that he had been foolish enough to believe he could one day make Kirsty his wife. How strange that an old half-forgotten legend should have influenced him.

As the laird drew near the lodge gates he hesitated a moment. Then he walked on. If he wished to catch the southbound train, which he told himself he undoubtedly did, he must lose no time. There were but three or four hours to spare.

One or two lights were twinkling in a cottage here and there as he passed through the village street, but he met no one. He

was glad for he knew that his return would cause comment.

He had almost reached the last cottage—the manse gates were already in view—when he heard the sound of light footsteps behind him.

Almost he wished he had come another way, only it would have meant loss of time. The sight of the familiar outline of the manse made his heart leap. If Kirsty should suddenly emerge from that white-painted gate, how should he act, what should he do?

The laird paused a moment at the thought, and again those light footsteps came to his ears. They were swifter now, and as he moved onward again a faint sound reached his ears.

He turned quickly and saw a girl's form running towards him. In the dusk he could not make out her features. He moved towards her, then suddenly stood motionless, silent, scarcely crediting his own eyesight, distrustful his hearing.

Kirsty's face was raised to him; he could see it plainly now.

"Mr. Dunoon—please—!" she said breathlessly, "please come quickly. It is Janet—she is dying and is asking for you."

"I will come," said the laird quietly. He had taken off his hat as he recognized her, there was no sign of agitation in his voice, and his face appeared to Kirsty in the semi-darkness set and stern.

Together they turned and walked back towards Janet's house. To Kirsty walking by his side, every moment seemed an agony—if only he would speak, say something. His silence was unbearable.

And then he turned towards her and spoke.

"Did you say Janet was dying?" he asked. Kirsty nodded, unable to speak. Then after a moment she said:

"I think we should go quickly."

On the threshold of the cottage a dark figure loomed in sight.

"It's Robert," Kirsty whispered; "he went to Craighrossart to fetch you."

"I see," answered Craighrossart gravely. He grasped the old weaver's hand, then pushed open the cottage door.

Kirsty gave a little cry. Janet was sitting almost upright in her bed, her dark eyes fixed on the door, and as she caught sight of Craighrossart she stretched out her trembling hands.

"I knew ye'd come," she said breathlessly, "I kent it—for I could never have looked my lady in the face without I was telling her that I'd just seen you, and what a fine handsome man ye'd grown. Ay," she said and a look of satisfaction came into her face as Craighrossart took her hands in his, "I kent fine ye'd come."

Then her strength suddenly failed her, the light died from her face, her eyes closed.

"Ay, it was the laird I was wantin' to see," she murmured, "the laird!" Then she opened her eyes and her gaze fell on her brother's face, set stern, but with eyes that told of his grief. "Robert—" she whispered, "Robert—Miss Kirsty'll see—to ye, Robert."

Then Janet's voice faded away, and across her face there stole an ever-deepening shadow. Motionless by the light of the dun oil lamp the three figures watched the departing spirit. Robert's lips moved in prayer, then all at once a look of deep suffering passed across his face.

"Open the window, lassie," he said in a low, steady voice to Kirsty, "open the window—Janet's awa'."

And very tenderly he crossed the work-worn wrinkled hands on Janet's breast. A small group stood outside Janet's cot-



lage half an hour later—the minister, Kirsty, the doctor and Malcolm Dunoon. It was quite dark now, so dark that the laird permitted his eyes to dwell constantly on the shadowy outline of the face he loved.

Kirsty was standing by the minister's side—she held his arm tightly, clinging to it for support. The tumult of emotions within her seemed more than she could bear—grief at Janet's death, sympathy for Robert, and the deep pain mingled with the joy of seeing and hearing the laird all seemed to crush her to the very earth. And almost above everything, piercing her innermost consciousness, was the knowledge that in a very few moments he would say good-bye.

Kirsty felt a sudden faintness coming over her. She struggled against it, pressing her lips firmly together, and unconsciously clinging more closely to the Minister's arm.

Then she knew the laird had turned towards her and the minister. She stood motionless, her knees trembling, a choking sensation in her throat.

"Good-bye, Miss Fraser—" then the laird paused the fraction of a second. "We may possibly not meet again. May I wish you every happiness?"

Kirsty held out a hand.  
"Thank you," she said, and she knew her voice rang cold and hard. For an instant her hand lay in his—it seemed to Kirsty that her very fingers seemed to cry, "I love you, I love you—don't go away—"

There was a singing in her ears, she heard the sound of men's voices, then she was alone with the minister. She had loosed his arm, and he stood looking down at her, trying to see her face in the darkness.

"Shall we go home, Kirsty?" he asked, and there was something in his voice that stirred the girl's heart. Tears gathered suddenly in her eyes.

"Please," she whispered, "please, take me—home."

The minister drew her hand very gently, very tenderly within his arm and together they made their way silently towards the manse. No soul knew what it cost James MacAllister to walk those brief ten minutes with Kirsty clinging to his arm. Each moment the temptation to take her in his arms, to tell her that he loved her, that he would protect and care for her, grew almost overpowering. And when at last they reached the manse door the minister's face was drawn and white. Miss Catherine was waiting for them; her tender old face appeared in the doorway.

"Take her, Catherine, and mind her," the minister's voice was a little unsteady, and without another word he turned and made his way up to the study, there alone to fight another battle with himself.

Miss Catherine turned questioningly to Kirsty.

"Is Janet—" she began.  
Without a word Kirsty threw herself into the old lady's arms, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"It's strange," thought Miss Catherine, "that she should be so shaken w/ Janet's death."

And very tenderly she led Kirsty up the stairs and to her own room. And presently she was tucking her between the fragrant sheets.

Kirsty stretched out her arms.  
"Aunt Catherine, Aunt Catherine," she cried, "what should I do without you? I'd just die, I know I would."

"What, what, lassie, ye mustn't say that. It's no right to depend on any human creature. Ye ken well, Kirsty—where to seek comfort."

She little guessed, however, what comfort Kirsty would seek—for next day, the girl poured out all her troubles in a long letter to a big black-bearded man . . .

Nick Taylor seated himself on a log, took a box of matches from his pocket, lit his pipe, puffed for a moment or two, then, pushing his wide-brimmed hat on to the back of his head, extracted a letter from his breast-pocket.

The letter was unopened, and Nick contemplated it for a moment or two thoughtfully pulling at his black beard. Then a smile lifted the corners of his lips.

"Now I wonder?" he murmured, and tore the envelope open, inserting a forefinger in one corner and ripping the paper jaggedly. He pulled out a thick wad of paper and his bushy eyebrows rose.

"Now I wonder?" he repeated, and began to read. And as he read a furrow slowly began to form on Nick's forehead, his black eyebrows drew themselves together, his pipe between his strong white teeth was forgotten. When he had finished the letter Nick sat for a long time holding it between his fingers staring in front of him. He must have sat motionless for near an hour when suddenly he thrust it into his pocket.

"That's it—that's it—" and he nodded his head slowly. "That's it," he repeated.

Nick relit his pipe. The letter he had just read had been the cause of his taking a momentous decision, a decision which had not yet uncoiled itself into the real possibility of execution. But when the big, black-bearded man was determined, things always seemed to take place. Difficulties melted away, or were beaten mercilessly down.

Nick rose. He had sat on until it was nearly dark, and when he stepped into his cabin he lit the lamp and seeking in a cupboard drew forth writing material and a certain tin box which he kept under lock and key. Long after midnight Nick sat calculating and recalculating, adding up figures; then at last he thrust a small notebook back into the tin box.

"That's all right!" he said aloud and his face wore a look of satisfaction.

Then with considerable labor Nick wrote a letter to his bank in which he directed that a certain rather large sum in cash was to be sent with all speed to himself at the Camp.

Next morning Nick summoned a small meeting.

"Boys," he announced, "last night the letter I had was from Kirsty—"

"Let's hear it, Nick," a chorus arose interrupting him. "Guess it's mighty long since the little lady sent us a word."

"I'll read some of it in a minute," Nick said, "but I want to explain something first. Soon's I get some cash in hand I'm off to Abernethy."

"The Boys" gazed at Nick open-mouthed, then a look of anxiety spread over their faces.

"Say there's nothin' wrong? She a'n't sick?"

One man voiced the general anxiety.

"No, she a'n't sick," Nick replied slowly, leastways not that kind of sickness."

And then Nick explained.

"So I guess I'll go and have a try to put it right," he ended up.

A cheer rose as he ceased speaking. The little group of men clustered round him. There wasn't one of them that wouldn't have gone through a good deal for the slender girl with the dark curls—everyone

of them had known her since infancy, everyone of them felt he'd had a hand in Kirsty's upbringing. Unanimously they applauded Nick's decision.

"Guess you'll fix it up all right for the little lady," they agreed. "Why, if she marries the what-d'ye-call-it she'll be a grand bit o' goods, Kirsty will."

"The laird," Nick said, "that's what Kirsty says they call him."

"And jest this, Nick. You tell him if he don't do as Kirsty likes, there's a sight o' fellows out here waitin' to punch his head, laird or no laird."

A week later Nick set out. He sailed from Montreal as Kirsty, too, had sailed, and with wondering eyes a fortnight later he crossed the gangway, setting foot in the country which Kirsty was to call her own.

Nick spent the night in Glasgow, and then next morning he found himself seated in a third-class compartment on the way to Auchtermuir. A few hours later Nick stood open-mouthed looking up at the grey pile of Craigrossart Castle. He had passed the lodge gates successfully, and coming round a bend in the drive had come suddenly upon the building, with its terraces, gardens, and immense trees.

Nick took off his hat, ruffled his hair, replaced his hat and extracted a letter of Kirsty's.

"It's the castle right enough," he whispered in an almost awestricken tone. "Sakes! Kirsty's going to be some grand if she—"

Then suddenly Nick snapped his fingers. "A fig for grandness!" said he, "It's the heart of the man that young Kirsty's wantin', not his castle."

But nevertheless pride glowed in the big man's heart, pride that the small girl whom he had known always, since the moment almost of her birth should have been destined for this.

Nick fixed his hat firmly on his head, and mounted the wide steps leading to the entrance. With some difficulty he discovered a bell—but when once discovered there was no doubt but that Nick had rung it.

He waited, his eyes fixed on the door, and when footsteps became audible, when his ear became aware of locks and bolts being withdrawn, Nick thrust his hands deep in his trouser-pockets. The butler who had hastily drawn on his coat opened the door—his face showed surprise, which he nevertheless suppressed, as he caught sight of Nick.

"One o' them tourists," he thought patronizingly. "The castle is closed to-day, sir," he began. "It is open to visitors only on Saturday afternoons—"

Nick shook his head.

"That's all right," he said, "maybe I'd like a squint round at the castle afterwards. What I'd like to know, mister," and here Nick removed his hat, "is Miss Cameron in?"

Davidson gasped a little. Then understanding came suddenly to his face. Miss Cameron had friends in Canada—the butler had recognised the speech—doubtless this was one of them.

"Just step right in," he said, his manner relaxing. "Ye came to the wrong door, but that's no matter—just come right awa' w/ me. Miss Cameron will be verra pleased to see ye."

Davidson led Nick across the great hall with its armor, its pictures, its weapons and stags' heads and antlers. And Nick gasped a little.

DAVIDSON threw the door of the house-keeper's room open.

"Here's a friend to see you, Miss Cameron," he said, "come all the way from Canada if I'm no mistaken!"



With that brief introduction, Nick Taylor stepped into the room.

A gaunt, black-haired woman with black searching eyes, with tightly compressed lips and parchment-like skin rose to greet him.

Nick put out a hand. "Glad to meet you, ma'am," he said. "I'm Nick Taylor."

"Tak' a seat, Mr. Taylor," Cameron's gravity of demeanor, her courteous reception of Nick would have done a duchess credit.

Davidson had retired closing the door.

Nick seated himself, and Cameron waited to hear more. Most men would have felt daunted at the gaze of those black eyes, but Nick had but one purpose in view. He explained briefly that he was a friend of Miss Kirsty Fraser's, her late father's friend—

"I knew Sandy Fraser well," Cameron said, and her lips smiled a little. "I'm pleased to meet ye, Mr. Taylor. I've heard mention of ye, and tak' it very kind ye should look in on an old woman like me. Very likely ye've seen Miss Kirsty up at the manse?"

Nick explained that he had but just come that very afternoon to the neighborhood, that he had not seen Kirsty yet, that he did not intend to see her just at once, and that he had in fact come to Scotland—

All at once Nick stopped. He felt suddenly that what he had undertaken was more difficult than he had thought. For the first time it occurred to him that perhaps this austere-looking woman would not be amenable, that she would not look with favor on the Laird of Craigrossart's choice of a wife. Then Nick scoffed at himself. Who was more fine than Kirsty to be the Lady of this fair demesne? Who more fit than Kirsty to queen it in this ancient stronghold?

Not a woman in the land, Nick answered confidently. And with a boldness that was characteristic of him he looked into Cameron's eyes and demanded of her where he should find the Laird of Craigrossart. There was an instant's pause. Cameron's lips tightened.

"I'm not knowin' the laird's address," she said.

"Not knowing his address!" repeated Nick. There was a sound of incredulity in his voice.

Cameron's piercing eyes fixed themselves on his face.

"No, Mr. Taylor," she said with dignity. "I'm not knowin' it. He's gone abroad, and that's all."

Nick gazed at her blankly for a minute. Then he rose to his feet.

"Then, perhaps, ma'am," he said, "you can tell me where it is I can find Mr. Dumoon's address?"

Cameron shook her head; she was disturbed. There was something about this big, black-bearded fellow that drew her sympathies—his clear honest gaze, a look of fearlessness and uprightness. Yet, if she had had the laird's address, would she have given it?

Cameron shook her head.

"There's no place I'm knowing of," she said. "The laird was always like that, coming and going at will, Mr. Taylor. All letters are to be sent to his club in London and will be forwarded from there," she added, as she saw the look on Nick's face.

"Letters," Nick cried. "What's letters when a girl's heart's breaking!"

Again there was silence in the room. Cameron, too, had risen, and the two stood looking at each other, measuring, as it were,

each other's strength. Like a revelation the meaning of this man's visit had come to Cameron, and beneath her cold exterior her heart was beating swiftly.

There was silence, then came the words. "I'm no takin' ye, Mr. Taylor."

With an exclamation Nick strode suddenly towards her. "Listen," he said, "if I have to tear Mr. Dumoon's address from the bowels of the earth, I'll do it—!" He challenged the austere-looking woman with his eyes, "and if I have to search the world for your laird, as you call him, I'll find him—and I'll bring him back."

Cameron's mouth curved into a grim smile. For a moment she had been angry, but there was something about Nick that, in spite of everything, she liked. She liked his frank gaze, his free and independent attitude. She knew very well that Nick believed she was deliberately withholding the laird's address, and she was not quite unwilling that he should believe that.

"Ye may search, Mr. Taylor, but I'm thinking ye'll no find him. And did ye come all the way from Canada to ask the Laird of Craigrossart's address?"

Nick struck the table near him with his fist.

"I did," he said, "and I'm telling you, sure as I'm standing here, I'll find it! Good afternoon, Miss Cameron," and Nick with a quick gesture seized his hat and turned towards the door.

But this quick exit was not precisely what Cameron wanted to bring about. She wanted to hear more—she wanted to be sure—

"And may I be asking, Mr. Taylor," she said and her voice compelled him to pause, "why it is that ye are wanting the laird's address?" And Cameron fixed her inexorable gaze upon Nick's eyes.

He came back from the door, back right up to where she was, and stood in front of her.

"Yes," he said slowly, "you can ask. I've come over all that way just to fetch your laird right back to our Kirsty's side, so that they two can be man and wife."

Cameron's eyes flashed, her lips appeared as one thin line.

"Never!" she exclaimed, her voice trembling with anger. For a moment the two stood, the big lumberman and the stern Scotchwoman, holding each other's gaze. And for the first time perhaps in her life Cameron felt herself giving way. A small almost unheard voice whispered in the depths of her old heart, why not?—why not? The silent battle continued, and then Cameron spoke.

"I'm not knowing the laird's address," she said at length articulating slowly, "but I'm thinking if I did I shouldna wonder if I wouldna be givin' it ye."

"Pala, Miss Cameron?"

All at once Nick's eyes twinkled, and he held out his hand, a big, hairy hand brown and hard with years of toil.

Cameron laid her own hand in it. She looked steadily at the big man—for one, two seconds, and then her dark searching eyes softened.

"Mr. Taylor," she said, "maybe ye canna understand, but although she's a winsome lass—"

"Our Kirsty's fitting for any position in the world, Miss Cameron," Nick interrupted. "Just you knuckle under a bit and hand out that address!" And Nick, a good-natured smile on his face, shook Miss Cameron's hand vigorously. "Come along now," he urged.

Then all at once that small voice spoke again. Why not? Why not? Was not Kirsty Fraser all that was sweet, all that was desirable?

Cameron suddenly turned towards Nick. "Mr. Taylor," she said, "I've not got Mr. Dumoon's address, but I'll give ye the address of his club in London, and that's all I can do for ye."

Nick's eyes creased into a smile.

"Except that you're going to wish me success, Miss Cameron," he asked, once more stepping towards her.

"I'm no wishing ye success nor ill success, Mr. Taylor," Cameron said grimly, "and now ye'll tak' a cup of tea."

During tea Nick entertained Cameron with stories of Canada, of the lumber camp, and of Kirsty. He noted that during these latter Cameron's lips now and then relaxed into something very near a smile.

When half an hour later Nick made his way once more down the drive Cameron stood at a window watching him. He had won her over to his side, but she had not capitulated without a struggle, and even now in the depths of the old servant's heart a desire that Nick should never find the laird made itself felt.

Nick had enquired carefully the way to Abervenie manse and now as he passed the lodge gates he turned to the left and strode along the winding road. He had meant to go straight back to Auchtercraig, and stay there at the little hotel until the train south was due. But now a sudden and powerful desire to catch a glimpse of Kirsty came to him.

Nick had no intention that she should see him—he had planned a dramatic entrance into her presence, an entrance in which he preceded a captive Craigrossart whom he had dragged from the uttermost parts of the earth. But now he was so near to the manse he gave way to the impulse to try and catch a glimpse of Kirsty. He made a rather strange and unusual figure striding along the road, with his big, wide grey hat and his swinging gait. When he reached the bridge that led over the Rossart he paused.

"Better not go through the village," he told himself, "or maybe I'd run right into Kirsty's arms!"

Peering about he spied a path that led behind the cottages on the right. Seeing no one to ask, for not a soul was in sight, he followed it, and presently found himself in an avenue of firs, leading straight onwards to the outskirts of the village, and backwards as far as he could see.

"Guess this'll lead me somewhere," he muttered and strode onward. The backs of the cottages that faced the village street here and there were beneath the shadows of the dark trees. And presently Nick paused—he heard the clack-clack of a loom, and stooping gazed through a small oblong window.

It was growing dusk, but Nick saw a bent back. A man with grey hair and beard was working steadily. Nick gazed fascinated, watching the man's hands as he dexterously wove the threads.

"Darned if he doesn't look like a plotter," thought Nick. Should he knock and rouse the old weaver demanding the way to the manse? And then quite suddenly Nick's heart stood still. The door at the back had opened, and there in the aperture stood Kirsty herself, and the next moment Nick heard her voice.

"Robert," she said, "how dare you go on weaving when it's nearly dark? I've a great mind never to wind your pins if you ever do that again."

Hastily Nick withdrew his face from the window. The big man's face was working, for by the sight of the candle that Kirsty



held high in her hand, throwing its light upon her face, he could see that the roses had faded from it, that it was white and that beneath her eyes great shadows lay.

Nick clenched his hands, and a great rage against Craiggrossart seized him.

"By the Lord," he swore, "I'll find him and bring him back. You wrote to old Nick away over the sea, and I guess you knew he'd move heaven and earth to make you happy!"

He was standing close against the window now, fearful of being seen. He heard the low murmur of the old weaver's reply and then once again Kirsty's voice. Silently and motionlessly he waited, and then cautiously once more he looked through the pane. Robert had risen now, bent with rheumatism. Kirsty's hand was upon his arm. She was leading him towards the inner door. His back was towards the window now, and Nick pressed his face against the glass.

The door into Robert's cottage closed, and Nick, smiling to himself, turned his footsteps in the direction whence he had come. There was still a smile on his face as he sat an hour later in the third-class compartment of the south-bound train.

His one desire in life, his one object now was to wipe that look from Kirsty's face, to see once again the roses there, to see the dimpling smiles and to hear the rippling laugh that since Kirsty's babyhood had rung in his ears.

"And I'll do it," he told himself, "I guess I'll do it fore many days or weeks is passed."

SOME weeks had passed since Janet's death and the laird's departure. Things up at the manse were much as usual, save that Kirsty's gay laugh was not heard quite so often, and Miss Catherine noted with alarm that her cheeks were growing thinner, that the rose tint, too, was fading from them. Often, too, she caught Kirsty sitting listlessly gazing out at the crags on Craiggrossart Hill.

"The lassie's frettin'," thought Miss Catherine, and her gentle blue eyes were sad.

The minister, too, had noticed the change in Kirsty, and to him it meant many a bitter hour. His love for Kirsty burnt steadily, but he told himself again and again that she was not for him. And yet more than once hope had sprung up in the minister's heart. He knew that the laird had won her young love, but Malcolm Dunoon had gone away, and might not return for a year or more. Kirsty was very young—might there not be hope? The minister's grave face at these times relaxed, and his eyes seemed to be a deeper blue beneath the rather heavy brows.

But at other times he fought against a deep despondency—was not Kirsty's cheek growing paler, her sweet eyes losing their lustre, and just because she had sent Malcolm Dunoon away? His heart yearned to comfort her—but what comfort can a man who loves give unless his love be returned?

"How would it be, Catherine," he asked his sister one day, "if you took Kirsty away for a bit?" The minister avoided his sister's eyes as he spoke.

"Where would I be taking her?" asked Miss Catherine, her eyes widening. To leave the manse was with her a tremendous adventure; it encompassed so many things. There was Jess who, Miss Catherine firmly believed, could never by any chance cook a meal by herself; then there were all the villagers—who was to provide

little dainties for them when they were ill, or soothe fretting babies, or give advice and comfort? Yet undoubtedly Kirsty was white and her dark head drooped.

Miss Catherine considered.

"Where would you be taking her?" repeated the minister. "Why, to Edinburgh—just to take the lassie's mind off for a while, Catherine, just for a while."

The minister stood at the window with his back to his sister. Miss Catherine watched him anxiously—she guessed something of what he was suffering. Very softly she crossed the room and stood by his side. She laid her hand on his arm and looked up at him.

"James," she whispered, "Kirsty's frettin', but maybe she'll cease frettin' by and by. She's young, very young, and maybe, James—"

Miss Catherine's voice faded away into silence. The minister knew well enough what she wanted to suggest, that she wanted to bring him comfort. He smiled rather sadly, and shook his head.

"No, Catherine," he said in a low voice, "she's not for a grave old fellow like me, and maybe she'd start fretting here in the manse—it's a dull life for a young girl like her."

Miss Catherine's voice was almost inaudible.

"Not if she loved you, James," she said.

The minister's face for a moment showed furrows of pain, then very gently he removed his sister's hand from his sleeve. "Catherine," he said gravely, "I just know you're speaking like this because all your life you have only lived and thought and planned for me. Your only thought, Catherine, has been my comfort and my happiness—I've known it and watched you since I was a wee laddie. And now," he held Miss Catherine's hand in his own just for a moment, "there's just one thing I'm asking of you—never speak of this again."

A sigh parted Miss Catherine's lips. She nodded her head slowly and the next moment she found herself alone.

"It's a strange thing," she thought, "a strange thing, how this has come about. It's all at cross purposes—but though the minister doesn't see it maybe after all everything will come right."

The very same evening Miss Catherine suggested a visit to Edinburgh. She tried to speak casually, to make the suggestion carelessly as it were, and she was not prepared for the expression that crossed Kirsty's face.

"Would you not like to go, dearie?"

"No—no," Kirsty spoke vehemently, "unless—unless you wanted to, Aunt Catherine."

The very thought of leaving the manse filled Kirsty with a sort of despair, for was there not a faint possibility, just the very faintest, that Malcolm Dunoon might return? Not to her side. Kirsty told herself that without doubt she had killed his love for her by the words she had spoken. And yet at times there stirred within her the knowledge that love, such love as had prompted the words he had whispered in her ears, the look in his eyes would not easily change.

"He might come back," she told herself at times, "even—even if he did not come for me"—and the very thought brought the crimson to Kirsty's cheeks, "he might come back."

But the days and the weeks passed by and still Craiggrossart Castle showed drawn blinds to the world. Once Kirsty had ventured to accompany Miss Catherine on a visit to Cameron. The two women had be-

come absorbed in the mysteries of house-keeping and Kirsty had wandered away into the garden with beating heart. She made her way to the front of the building and descending some wide steps crossed the lawn timidly and stood on the very spot where the laird had held her in his arms.

For long the girl stood there with drooping head and clasped hands—she was listening again to the words that were graven on her heart: "I love you, my darling, I love you. Will you be my wife?" She felt his arms once more about her—and for the thousandth time she felt that sword-thrust of pain within her own heart as she had sped over the lawn towards the house.

Kirsty's eyes were dry—hot and dry—but her lips quivered. She had been within the very gates of Paradise, and she deliberately of her own will turned away, spurned the love of the man she worshipped.

It was that evening on her return home that Kirsty had poured out her heart to Nick—she told him everything from the beginning. And at the end of the letter a tiny postscript had wrung big Nick's heart. "And so I want to come back to you and the boys—come for me, Nick."

She had posted the letter next evening, and had begun to wait then for Nick's answer and his coming. Kirsty was quite sure he would come, for there never was anything she could remember having asked of Nick that he had not done. Eagerly she watched for the post, but day after day went by and there was no answer from Nick. Not a line, not a word! A fear began to possess Kirsty that Nick was ill—he must be ill, she thought, or was all the world forsaking her?

Miss Catherine and the minister had each noted the girl's eagerness for the post, and each had hoped with her that the letter she hoped for would come. The minister believed Kirsty hoped for a letter from Craiggrossart, but Miss Catherine, wiser, guessed that no hope lay in Kirsty's heart for this—she guessed that the girl awaited a letter from her old friend, Nick Taylor.

But as still the weeks passed and nothing came Miss Catherine saw with alarm that Kirsty was growing more listless from day to day. For hours she would remain seated at the window, her dreaming eyes fixed on the hills.

"I think I love Craiggrossart Hill as much as dad did," she remarked one evening. She had been watching the lingering rays of the sun that tipped the black crags with gold. "I don't know which I like best—the morning when the shadows creep down, or the evening when they creep up."

"One's as beautiful as the other, Kirsty," remarked Miss Catherine. She came to the window and looked out too. "Ay," she said, "it's wonderful. It aye makes me think of the words of the Psalmist: 'I will lift up my eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help'—many a time help's come to me while my eyes were fixed on Craiggrossart's top."

Kirsty turned and looked into her face an instant.

"No help's ever come to me," she said in a low voice. Miss Catherine put up a hand and stroked the black curls.

"Ye're mistaken there," she said softly, "many a time ye've got help, lassie, many a time."

Kirsty shook her head, and then her eyes filled with tears and the next moment she had thrown herself into Miss Catherine's arms. The violence of her sobs alarmed the old lady.

"There, there, dearie," she whispered



soothingly, "who knows that all your troubles will come right. Poor, blessed wren," she thought to herself, "it just goes to my heart to see her!"

It was some days after this, and when the visit to Edinburgh had not been mentioned again, that a heavy spell of rain set in. Day after day with steady persistency it came down, until it seemed as if the trees could drip no more and the lawn must have verily been converted into a swamp. For ten days there was no gleam of sunshine, and Kirsty's thoughts began to turn more and more to the home of her childhood—to the great spaces and the forests. Here she had never lacked sunshine, and her heart longed more and more for the warm bright days, for the clear air. She had given up watching for a letter from Nick, and she had not the spirit to write again. The letter, she believed, had gone astray and perhaps it was better so. After all, what could Nick do, be he ever so willing, to cure the wound in her heart?

On the tenth day Kirsty awoke early. Without opening her eyes she listened for the steady downpour of rain, but silence met her ears. She sat up and looked out. Her windows were thrown wide, as always, for Kirsty loved to see the sky, even though the view of the hills was barred by the trees. Now as she looked she caught a faint glimpse of blue, and then a pale gleam of sunshine crept into her window. Somehow it seemed to Kirsty like a faint ray of hope.

"Perhaps, after all," she thought, "I shall get a letter from Nick!"

She cast an anxious eye on the breakfast-table, but there was nothing for her. Miss Catherine sat, alone behind the teapot.

"The minister's been called away to Kilmorie, Kirsty," she said. "It's a pity, ye might have been out to-day. Will ye no go and see Robert?"

Kirsty shook her head.

"No," she said. She cast an eye at the window and up to the crest of Craighrossart. "No—I think I'll just take a good long walk—" she came suddenly to Miss Catherine and flung her arms round the old lady's neck. "You're just too good to me," she whispered, "and I want you to forgive all my horrid cross-patchiness!"

Miss Catherine patted her hand.

"Ye never are cross, Kirsty," she said, "but I think ye're looking brighter to-day than for a long time." She glanced out of the window again. "I'm sorry the minister's out, and I canna come myself to-day—it's washing-day."

"And I ought to stay at home and help you, I know," Kirsty said self-reproachfully, "but I feel as if I should die if I don't go out. You see, at home I lived out of doors."

Miss Catherine nodded.

"I understand, lassie, I understand. Just you never mind about me."

Kirsty ate her breakfast and then went out into the garden. The air was soft and fresh—she sniffed it gratefully. It seemed to her that she had been shut up in the manse for weeks and weeks. Soft-looking white clouds were floating in the sky, and here and there it was blue. Great shadows passed over the sides of Craighrossart, and every now and then the topmost crags were hidden in soft white masses.

"I'll go up there," Kirsty thought; "to climb will do me good—and I'll ask Aunt Catherine to give me my lunch."

Miss Catherine looked a little doubtful

when Kirsty went to her and asked for a little basket of provisions.

"I dinna like the look o' Craighrossart the day!" she said, shaking her head.

"But I think it looks glorious," Kirsty answered. There was something of the old gay tone in the ring of her voice, and although the old lady's doubts were not satisfied she said nothing more, and presently was watching the girl going down the road in the direction of the glen.

"Maybe it will do her good," she thought and turned back into the house, "but I wish James had been wi' her."

Kirsty felt lighter-hearted than for many a day. Perhaps it was the return of the sunshine and the little breezes that blew gently in her face, and as she walked along she hummed a gay little tune to herself. But gradually as she neared Craighrossart she grew silent. The vivid, almost orange tint of the trees reminded Kirsty of Canada, and the beauty of the scene as she reached the glen brought a feeling of something like happiness to her—for beauty of any kind was dear to Kirsty's heart. The bracken was vivid in color as the trees, with here and there a stray leaf that had remained a bright green.

Presently Kirsty selected a place where she seated herself and took out from her basket the dainties Miss Catherine had provided. Oat-cakes with fresh butter, some ham sandwiches of home-made bread, and cookies prepared by the old lady herself, together with a bottle of cold sweet tea. Kirsty arranged everything daintily on a napkin and then ate her lunch slowly.

A squirrel came out and peeped at her; she could not tempt it nearer, but for a long time its bright eyes watched her from a distance. Then as she sat motionless she was startled next moment by the sound of crashing branches, and the next moment a magnificent stag leapt a small dyke nearby, and then, more startled than Kirsty, himself made off like the wind.

She sprang to her feet.

"Oh, what a beauty!" she cried, and made a little run to the dyke, but there was nothing more to be seen, and no sound to be heard. The squirrel, too, had disappeared. Kirsty scattered some crumbs for the little creature.

"For I'm sure he'll steal out when I'm gone," she said, and then packing her basket she made a "cache" for it among the stones and bracken.

"I'll come and fetch it on the way down," she thought and began to climb slowly upwards.

Presently she reached the point from whence she could see Craighrossart Castle. For long she stood watching it—the building looked black and grim now in the distance—no flag flew from its mast. Kirsty could see the patch of lawn distinctly—it no longer looked green, but grey in the distance.

At length with beating heart she climbed onwards. The latter part of Craighrossart was bare and wind-swept and provided a stiff bit of climbing of which the inhabitants of Abernethy were not a little proud. Beyond, facing the village, the crags dropped a sheer two hundred feet.

Kirsty reached the topmost crag—she stood there with a sense of conquest, gazing down at the village below, at the castle and at the distant hills which in the distance were here and there a deep blue and here and there obscured by drifting clouds. To her left she could make out the houses and station of Auchterraig, and into Kirsty's mind crept the memory of the day she had arrived there, of the sense of loneliness she had experienced on the platform, of the minister's black-clad figure coming towards her.

Then at his hand-grip, at the sound of his voice, her loneliness had melted away.

"James MacAllister and Aunt Catherine," she thought, "are the dearest and best friends I have in the world—the very dearest and best—and Nick, of course."

Kirsty sighed a little and her eyes grew watery. Nick had never answered her. She had stretched out her hands to him for help and he had ignored her cry. She had asked him to come and take her away; but if he were to come now, was she really ready to go with him, to leave those dear friends at the manse, to leave Abernethy and the hope of ever seeing the man she loved again?

Kirsty's lips trembled suddenly and she dashed the tears from her eyes. Then she shuddered a little—it had grown very cold. She turned her steps downwards, climbing carefully over the slippery grey moss and short grass. She had gone a few steps when she shivered again, and glancing round realised that a mist had suddenly enveloped her.

"I must hurry," she thought and went forward more quickly. Then all at once she gave a little cry and stepped backwards—another step and she would have been hurled downwards, down straight into the valley. For a moment she stood white and trembling, then she pulled herself together. "How stupid," she whispered, "I must have turned the wrong way."

She thought a moment and then decided to climb up to the top and start again. "I shall know then what direction to take," she thought, and carefully she retraced her steps.

For some moments she climbed upwards, but still she had not reached the familiar crag at the top of Craighrossart. Again Kirsty paused—the mist was so thick now she could scarcely see an arm's length.

"I can't have gone very far from the top," she said valiantly, speaking aloud to add to her courage, and for a few moments she persevered.

Then once again Kirsty was brought to a full-stop. Stumbling slightly, she loosened some stones, and set them rolling in front of her. They disappeared and for a brief space there was silence—then, far below, she heard a sound. They had struck the bottom a hundred feet or more below. This time Kirsty was thoroughly frightened. Dark was beginning to fall—it was after five o'clock; she had promised Miss Catherine to be at the manse door by three.

For a long time she stood gathering courage, then once more she started, feeling her way cautiously, foot by foot now. She no longer sought the top, but made her way downwards. For an hour she went steadily on. Then she discovered she was on an utterly unknown part of the mountain. "Surely I must get down somewhere," she thought.

Kirsty was worn out by now and foot-sore. It was growing intensely dark, and the mist enveloped her, making her shiver now with cold and damp. For a little while she kept on, and then quite suddenly fatigue overcame her.

"It's no use," Kirsty sank down where she was, utterly exhausted in body and mind.

Presently she put out a hand, and felt an upward jutting rock behind her. She crept close underneath it, pressing herself against its surface, and drew the coat she wore closely round her. Her teeth were chattering now, and a feeling of faintness was overcoming her—vaguely she wondered what was the hour, and what Aunt Catherine would say and do—she must be having supper now—had the minister returned?



Vague thoughts passed through Kirsty's mind. She tried desperately to rouse herself.

"I mustn't sleep," she thought, "I mustn't," and she tried to move her fingers, but cold and fatigue overcame her, and she sank into semi-consciousness.

Three o'clock had drawn near and Miss Catherine began to make anxious journeys to the manse door, and out presently into the garden and to the gate beyond. She cast anxious glances towards Craigrossart Hill.

"I wish I'd never let the lassie go," she thought as three o'clock struck in the sitting-room. The clock on the mantelpiece chimed slowly, and the sound irritated Miss Catherine's nerves.

"I wish I'd never let her go," she repeated.

Half an hour passed, and Miss Catherine's visits to the manse gate increased in number. She even walked down a bit of the road.

Four o'clock chimed and Miss Catherine went with faltering steps into the kitchen. She had seen the mist descend on Craigrossart crags.

"Jess," she said, "just you get on your cloak and come awa' down the road. I'm feared for Miss Kirsty."

Jess threw her cloak round her and hurried out and together the two women made their way down the road. Every instant it seemed to Miss Catherine the mist grew thicker and darkness descended more quickly. Every moment as she peered forward down the road she was hoping to see Kirsty walking briskly towards them, but no human thing met her gaze—and presently she could scarcely see in front of her.

They were nearing the entrance to the glen now and still there was no sign of Kirsty, and the old lady began to call softly and then more loudly. Only the echoes answered her—she ceased calling and turned towards Jess.

"Jess," she said and her voice trembled, "I'm feared some ill has befallen Miss Kirsty—what's to do?" Jess, who was a big strong girl, and loved her mistress, laid a hand upon her arm.

"Ye canna do anything here, Miss Catherine," she said firmly. "If we go any further we'll just get lost oursel's—"

"I know every step of the way—" began Miss Catherine. Jess shook her head.

"Ye dinna, Miss Catherine," she maintained stoutly, "no in a mist like that, Miss Kirsty's got a wise bit o' head screwed on her shoulders and I'm thinking she's safe—"

"Safe!" repeated Miss Catherine. "Jess, I'm surprised at you talking such nonsense! But I'm afraid," she added to herself, "it's little we can do—" suddenly she called again.

"Kirsty," she called, "Kirsty, lassie!" and her voice echoed through the glen.

Then as the echo died away Miss Catherine wrung her hands.

"We'll just have to pray for her, Jess," she said, and clasping her hands together Miss Catherine stood in the rolling mist and gathering dusk and prayed that Kirsty might be guarded from any ill.

Then she turned very quickly to the servant at her side. "We'll just be going back to the manse now, Jess," she said, "and do you put a light in the study window, and we'll just wait and pray till the minister

comes back, Jess." The old lady steadied herself on Jess's arm for a minute, and then with bowed head she retraced her footsteps slowly down through the glen and along the road until the manse gates appeared suddenly before them.

"Put the light in the study window, Jess," she repeated the order as they entered the manse.

"And I'm just to get you a cup of tea first, Miss Catherine," Jess said, "ye're just chilled to the bone." Miss Catherine went to the dining-room and lit the lamp. She glanced at the clock.

"It's past eight," she said. "The minister's to be back at half-past."

She carried the lamp up to the study herself—with shaking fingers she placed it near the sill opening the windows wide. As she drew back the curtains she caught a glimpse of her own shadow cast on the white mist outside, and she shuddered a little, and then once more prayed that Kirsty might be brought safely home.

"It's my fault," she thought, "my fault! I shouldna hae let her go, but she was so set on it, I couldna say no to her."

Then Miss Catherine sat down to wait for her brother's return. She sat by the open study window, despite the cold—her eyes were fixed in the direction of Craigrossart Hill, and always her ears listened for the slightest sound of footfall, but she heard nothing save the drip, drip of the drenched trees.

For long the old lady sat motionless. The faithful Jess had made her swallow a cup of hot tea and then had retired to the kitchen whence from time to time she made excursions into the hall.

Nearly an hour passed and then Miss Catherine, listening, heard the sound of a footfall on the gravel outside. With an incredible swiftness she was down the stairs and out on the walk.

"Is that you, James?" she called as a dark figure loomed. The minister stood still—the tone of his sister's voice had arrested him.

"What is it, Catherine?" he asked. His thoughts had leapt at once to Kirsty—he caught sight as he spoke of the light in the study window and a presentiment of disaster overcame him. He took a step forward and saw Miss Catherine's face lifted to him—in the faint light from the open hall door he could see it was white.

Miss Catherine clasped her hands tightly together.

"It's Kirsty, James," she answered and her voice shook. "She went away up Craigrossart Hill this morning—she was to be back at three, and—she's no come back." Miss Catherine's voice was almost inaudible. For a moment the minister stood as one rooted to the ground, a deadly and unnameable fear assailed him.

"Up Craigrossart Hill this morning and she's no come back," repeated the minister. Then as he took in the meaning of the words, something that was almost like a cry left his lips.

"We were waiting for you, James," Miss Catherine's voice quavered; she laid a hand on his arm. "I was thinking of sending to the village—"

Before she could speak another word the minister was in the house.

"Jess," he called—his face was pale, his eyes gleaming strangely. "Jess, bring me the big lantern—and you Catherine," he turned suddenly towards his sister, "go you into the kitchen, Catherine, and be making something warm to give the lassie—" he

put his hands firmly on Miss Catherine's shoulders. "Have it nice and hot—for we'll be cold when we come back, Kirsty and me." And with that he strode towards the door.

Miss Catherine stared after him. She had never seen the minister like this—there was something about him which made her almost afraid. She listened to his quick footsteps on the gravel walk, then very slowly Miss Catherine turned towards the kitchen. There were tears in her eyes.

In a small South African hotel which could indeed be hardly dignified with the name a small party was sitting on the steep smoking and partaking of a last peg of whisky before turning in.

There were two men who instantly attracted attention by a certain air of command they possessed apart from their undoubted good looks. The elder of the two was a man below middle height, with hair greying at the temples, a grey moustache and an aquiline nose set above two firmly-closed lips. There was about him the air of a soldier, of one accustomed to command. And perhaps it had never yet occurred in Colonel Ridley's life that a given order had been disobeyed.

The other man was considerably over middle height, and although he spoke ardently of game that was to be bagged, every now and again his dark eyes wandered out over the veldt and he became apparently entirely oblivious of his surroundings.

One of these lapses had occurred and Colonel Ridley was regarding his friend with a quizzical eye, for twice he had asked a question and twice the tall young man had failed to answer.

"A penny for your thoughts, Dunoon," said the Colonel. The laird turned his gaze slowly away from the distant horizon. A faint smile came round his mouth. "They are worth infinitely more than the copper coin you mention, my dear fellow," he said.

"I don't mind betting a fiver that the fair sex was not entirely eliminated from your reverie," remarked the Colonel. "However, I will not intrude. Have another pray, Dunoon. This is our last glimpse of civilisation, if it can be called such, for many a day." He pushed the bottle of whisky toward Dunoon as he spoke, and then leant back in his chair smoking with that slow, thorough enjoyment that only the old smoker can achieve.

"It is an extraordinary thing," he went on, "that whisky has penetrated into the most impossible places. I remember once in Tibet—" and Colonel Ridley was off on a long anecdote which he told admirably, and to which Dunoon listened with admirably simulated interest.

The Colonel wound up the story with great self-satisfaction, then fixed his eyes keenly on the laird.

"Well," he said, draining his glass, "here's luck to our expedition. It was a piece of luck getting hold of you, by the way!" he added. "Everyone had assured me that you were settling down in that barbaric castle of yours. My dear fellow, just think, you would have been lost to posterity, to fame. I can see already the pictures in the illustrated journals when you and I return. 'Famous Big Game Hunters with their Bag'—a couple of lions and rhinos, don't you know, piled at our feet. The handsome Laird of Craigrossart holding the rifle with which he shot the lions at the same moment," etc., etc.!"

Dunoon laughed.

"You ought to have a newspaper



editor, Ridley," he said. "The Press has lost a shining light in you."

Again Craiggrossart's eyes wandered to the horizon. A sandy cart-track, it was nothing more, led in the direction of the nearest township. To-morrow they would set out in the opposite direction, to-morrow he would really try and absorb himself in his surroundings—but to-night, somehow a laughing girlish face, aureoled by dark curls came ever and again before his vision . . .

"Hallo!" exclaimed Colonel Ridley.

He sat up all at once and concentrated his gaze on the furthestmost point of the cart-track.

Dunoon turned his eyes in the same direction. In the far distance a black speck was visible, a speck which moved rapidly towards them. The landlord of the hotel, a bearded man with heavy sleep-looking eyes, who had been lounging at the door, bent his head and a faint interest awoke in his eyes.

The speck gradually moving nearer revealed itself as a light cart drawn by a single horse—a solitary figure held the reins.

"Well, I'm—" began Colonel Ridley.

They watched the vehicle drawing nearer, and gradually the figure driving grew more distinct—a man in a tweed suit and a wide-brimmed grey hat, a big black-bearded man who drove with careless skill. In a moment he had drawn up at the door, and a black boy sprang forward and stood at the horse's head while the occupant of the buggy sprang down.

Without a glance to the right or left he made his way up towards the small group on the stoep. He had glanced a moment at the landlord who had come forward with a welcoming gesture, and, discarding him, had moved towards the men who were lounging in the chairs.

He cast a rapid glance from one to the other.

"Mr. Dunoon of Craiggrossart here?" he asked, fixing the laird with his eyes.

There was an instant's silence. Craiggrossart, who had been lighting a pipe, paused in the action, eyes scrutinising the stranger. Who and what could he be to seek him out here, on the very borders of civilisation? To his knowledge he had never seen the man before, and yet a vague sense of familiarity, a vague sense of premonition stole over him and made his pulses leap.

"I am Dunoon," he said, and rose as he spoke. Nick walked straight up to him.

"I'm Nick Taylor," he said simply.

"Nick Taylor?"

Nick nodded, then a slow smile spread over his face. "Guess you're a bit surprised," he said. He put out a hand and touched the laird's shoulder. He had been studying the man's face—this was the man Kirsty loved, this fine, tall, upstanding fellow with the frank dark eyes and proudly held head. Nick looked into the brown-tinted face, and was satisfied.

"I've come," Nick said slowly, "come right over here to fetch you back."

Malcolm Dunoon felt his pulses leap suddenly; he felt the blood rush to his forehead, but his eyes looked Nick steadily in the face.

"Fetch me back?" he repeated, and as he spoke his heart-beat quickened. "I don't understand—back where?"

Nick looked directly into his eyes.

"Back to Abervenie," he said briefly.

Colonel Ridley felt it was time to interfere. He saw the light, a light of dawning hope, leap into Craiggrossart's eyes, he saw his face whiten at Nick's words.

"Look here, Mr. Nick Taylor," said the Colonel. "Mr. Dunoon is my best man, we are starting early to-morrow—"

Nick turned swiftly, his lips were smiling. "Not Mr. Dunoon," he said. Then once more he laid a hand on the laird's shoulder. "Just a word with you," he said, "just a word."

Craiggrossart led him into the house, this big, black-bearded stranger, while the others watched in silence. He led him up a little creaking staircase and into a big sleeping-apartment. His heart was still beating, for a wild, mad hope had seized him, a hope which, he told himself, was sheer madness. This man had come on business, or he was a crank of some kind. But Abervenie, why had he mentioned Abervenie? Merely to rouse him, merely as a ruse so that he might force him to listen to some scheme . . . Nick was standing watching him. His fine eyes were grave, but round his lips there still lingered a smile.

"Ain't Kirsty ever mentioned me to you?" he asked slowly.

This time it was Craiggrossart who gripped him by the shoulder.

"Mr. Taylor," he said, and his voice was hoarse with suppressed feeling, "for heaven's sake don't keep me in suspense—" His eyes looked searchingly into Nick's face, and Nick beneath the scrutiny grew grave. Then he spoke. He was a simple man, he had not mixed much with his fellows. He was accustomed to living close to Nature, and the ways of the world were unknown to him.

"Kirsty loves you," he said simply, and speaking the words as if with them he bestowed the most priceless gift that lay in the power of man to bestow.

He saw the light that leapt into Craiggrossart's eyes, he saw the handsome fine face grow even whiter as the realisation of those words swept over him, as he understood their full meaning. And for some moments Nick was silent; then he began to speak while Craiggrossart stood with clenched hands looking out over the velvet, and listening to the tale Nick had to tell. Nick told it simply and well, with that honest simplicity that bestowed a dignity on every word he uttered. Then quite suddenly Craiggrossart turned, holding out his hand, and his voice shook a little as he clasped Nick's hand.

"Nick Taylor," he said, "had ever any man such a friend as you have been to me?"

Meantime downstairs Colonel Ridley smoked and waited.

"Deuce take the fellow!" remarked Colonel Ridley irritably. "What did he mean by saying he'd come to fetch Dunoon back?"

No one answered, and the Colonel continued to smoke, frowning heavily meanwhile. He was delighted at having secured Dunoon's companionship for the expedition, and now this queer-looking fellow had come on the scene with the intention of taking him back. Colonel Ridley knew the laird well, knew that it was quite likely that he might turn back and throw up the expedition even at the last moment, and he waited with an ever-increasing feeling of irritability.

Nearly an hour passed. It had grown almost dark. Brilliant stars lit the deep blue sky, but still the Colonel waited, and then at last the laird, accompanied by Nick, came swiftly to his side.

"Ridley," he said, "I'm most awfully sorry—but private affairs necessitate my immediate return—"

"Confound it!" exclaimed the Colonel. He lunged the cigar from him. "The moment I set eyes on that fellow in the buggy I knew

it was something to do with you. Why can't you be like other people, old chap?"

"I'm most awfully sorry, Ridley," the laird laid a hand on the other man's shoulder. "but, at the moment, nothing in the world is more important to me than going back with Mr. Taylor."

The Colonel grunted. He was bitterly disappointed, but he knew that to argue with Dunoon was hopeless. What he had set his mind on, he would do, and he had set his mind on going home.

"When do you start?" he asked after a moment's silence.

"Now," answered Dunoon quickly.

"The deuce you do," answered the Colonel. Then suddenly he thrust out his hand. "I don't know why you're off in this sudden mad way, Dunoon," he said, "but whatever it is I wish you luck."

"Thanks, old chap," the two men gripped hands. Half an hour later the buggy with lamps lit at each side now was speeding down the sandy track, while Colonel Ridley stood alone watching until the twinkling lights disappeared.

"I'd like to bet a good deal," he thought, for Colonel Ridley was a confirmed bachelor, "that a woman is at the bottom of this."

IT was exactly a month later that Nick and the laird descended from the train at Auchtercraig Station. The stationmaster, who was ostensibly superintending matters, suddenly opened his eyes wide and gazed at the two men.

"It surely canna be the laird!" he muttered and took a step nearer to convince himself.

Craiggrossart bore down upon him. "Good-evening," he said, "is there a machine to be had anywhere?"

"Good-evenin' to ye, sir." The stationmaster touched his cap. "It's to the castle ye'll be wanting to go?"

"To Abervenie."

"I'm thinking it's your legs will be carrying you there best to-night, sir," said the stationmaster, "the fast's nearly two hours late as ye may have observed—"

"I should think we had observed it!" said the laird, and into his eyes crept the suspicion of a twinkle. "Very well, we'll trust to our legs, if you don't mind, Taylor."

He turned to Nick as he spoke.

"Sure," Nick said, "it's the safest way."

The two men made their way out on to the road, the stationmaster and the red-headed porter accompanying them to the door, and standing in the station doorway until the figures were swallowed up in the mist and darkness.

"If 'twas anyone but the laird himself," observed the stationmaster, "I shouldna wunner that he lost his way."

"Ay," the porter answered absently, "what's brocht him back wi' that foreigner?"

The stationmaster shook his head. "Miss Cameron's no expectin' him," he said, "but I shouldna wonder if she tellt me somethin' about it next time we're meetin'."

The red-haired porter set his cap askew, and shut one eye for the space of half a minute.

"I shouldna wunner!" he said with meaning and retired to a safe distance.

"It's a three-mile tramp," Craiggrossart observed when they were clear of the little town, "but the stationmaster is right—a horse and trap would be more than useless in this."

"I wonder," Nick said, "if Kirsty's at home."

"Where else could she be?" asked the laird quickly.



"I guess that's where she is," Nick said with a short laugh. "Say, you've got a queer climate. Why don't the lot of you clear out?"

"I've often wondered that myself, Taylor—but a good many of us do, you know."

"That's true," said Nick, "but it seems to me a lot of you come back right here again. There was Sandy Fraser, Kirsty's father, just fretting to get back. It hadn't been for his fretting, Kirsty would never have set foot here."

They tramped on for a time in silence, then at last, when they reached the stone bridge over the Rossart, the laird paused.

"There is a way round—" he began.

"Seems to me the big road's the one to stick to," Nick observed, and together they tramped on through the village. Here and there a twinkling light showed, falling across the roadway and making progress a bit easier, but when they left the village again it was pitch dark.

"We should be at the manse gates," observed the laird. His pulses were beating now. In a few moments, a very few moments, he would be looking into Kirsty's eyes. He would see those dark curls once more. Was it possible, he began to doubt a little, was it possible that what Nick had told him was true, that she really loved him . . .

Quite suddenly Craigrossart collided with a dark figure carrying a lantern.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. The man held the lantern up. Craigrossart recognised the minister. There was a look on his face that sent a sudden chill to his heart, a chill he could not have explained, but instinctively he knew something was amiss.

"What is it, MacAlister?"

The minister's voice sounded muffled and strange as he answered . . .

"It's Kirsty," he said and he began to move down the road. "There's no time to be lost—she's strayed up on Craigrossart."

Nick gave a shout. For an instant, for scarcely an instant, there was silence. Then the laird moved forward.

"We go with you, of course, MacAlister."

The minister nodded. His lantern thrust a ghostly light just a few paces in front of them, and upwards on to his face. His lips were firmly pressed together, and beneath his heavy black eyebrows the dark blue eyes gleamed strangely.

Nick took a swift stride and laid a hand on his arm.

"Tell me about it," he said. "I'm Nick Taylor."

The minister glanced at him quickly, then in a few short words he explained how Kirsty had set out, how Miss Catherine had waited from three o'clock onward with increasing uneasiness and how he had just returned perhaps twenty minutes ago and was setting out to find Kirsty.

Nick laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"And the old lady," he inquired, "is she all alone?"

"Yes—" the minister frowned a little, even this slight delay irritated him beyond words.

"Then," said Nick simply, "I guess I'll go back to her. I'm a stranger here and I guess I'll be more of a hindrance to you two fellows in this mist than a help. But I can find my way back there—and I'll be taking Miss Catherine's mind off until you bring Kirsty back." And without another word Nick turned and strode off into the mist.

Craigrossart and the minister walked forward for some moments in silence. One only thought was possessing the laird. Was he too late—had MacAlister a first claim?

Never a moment did he allow himself to think that something serious had occurred to Kirsty—she was sheltering somewhere, in a shepherd's cottage. There was a tiny cottage on the far side of the hill, hidden in a tiny glen. Kirsty was certain to have found her way there and received food and been able to rest.

"When did the mist come down?" he asked suddenly.

"I think about two o'clock," answered the minister. "It's nearly nine now."

They had reached the opening of the glen now, and the mist seemed to have been poured into it until it could hold no more.

"She must have come up this way, I suppose?"

It was the laird who spoke again. The minister's continued silence was setting on his nerves.

"She is certain to have come up here. My sister had given her a little basket with her luncheon—we often came up here."

The laird nodded. They were beginning to climb upwards now, passing the place where Kirsty had eaten her lunch and where her basket was hidden beneath the leaves and bracken.

"She must have come this way," repeated the minister. He swung the lantern suddenly upwards. Again the pallor of his face and the look in his eyes struck Craigrossart.

"I've a mind to call," said the minister; "maybe—" he listened a moment while the laird, too, stood motionless by his side. No sound came to them save the drip, drip of the damp mist among the leaves and bracken.

Then suddenly the mountain side rang with a shout, a shout which echoed and re-echoed across the mountains. Again and once again they called, then stood and listened, straining their ears. But when the echoes had died away everything was silent.

The laird turned to MacAlister.

"I think," he said, "it would be best to separate. You know Craigrossart as well as I do. Let us agree to meet here in about an hour's time. I will go to the right shoulder if you will go to the left, MacAlister."

A moment later the minister was alone. He had remained standing, the lantern in his hand, holding it aloft so that the scant rays might aid the laird for a few yards. He was unutterably relieved to be alone—there was to him something ominous, almost uncanny in Craigrossart's return at that very moment when he was setting forth to find Kirsty.

Perhaps the minister in his simplicity hardly recognised it, but a deep jealousy was obsessing him. By some strange intuition he divined that the man who found Kirsty would be the man on whom she had bestowed her love. And passionately he had longed to find her himself; he had even believed and hoped that perhaps after all Kirsty's heart might have turned towards him.

As he climbed upwards, his face was sternly set; about his lips and eyes were lines which Miss Catherine would hardly have recognised. The primitive man in him was perhaps for the first time aroused—if he found Kirsty, was it not possible that she might still be his?

When the minister reached the topmost peak of Craigrossart Hill he removed his hat for a moment, and with bared head prayed for Kirsty's safety. Not a moment before he too had found himself on the very edge of the cliff—a feeling of deadly horror, of fear, seized him. Carefully he had crawled

on hands and knees searching for any trace, but no footmark met his eye. Again and again the cry arose from his heart. "Oh, God, guard her and keep her."

For a space he stood, then stooping he extinguished his lantern. The mists were drifting away, and in the west a faint luminosity showed through the drifting fog. The minister turned, retracing his footsteps. Then quite suddenly his heart leapt within him, then a feeling as of paralysis crept over him—for a moment he was unable to move.

Close by the cliff's edge a small fragment of white showed against the grey earth—the fragment was stirring slightly in the breeze that had sprung up. For a moment he gazed terror-stricken, then with a swift stride went forward and, stooping, picked it up. A tiny fragment of white linen—in the corner were embroidered a small K. and F. But even before he had caught sight of this the minister had recognised Kirsty's handkerchief.

The next moment the mountain side was ringing with his call for her and in the breathless silence that followed the dying away of the echo James MacAlister smote his hands together. Then like a man distraught he fled downwards—at the bottom of the crag—oh, surely, surely it could not be.

KIRSTY in her corner under the cliff had fallen into a deep sleep, a sleep that bordered on unconsciousness. The mists drifted past her, lingering round her dark curls and covering them with tiny drops, small as powdered diamond dust; but still she slept on.

Dawn came, a slow, reluctant dawn—and then, all at once, bursting gloriously through the lingering mists came the sun, guiding the topmost crags of Craigrossart, searching each cranny and nook and melting the drifting wisps into nothingness, shining on Kirsty's unconscious face and causing the tiny drops on her hair to glitter like a thousand gems. Kirsty's cheeks appeared almost of an alabaster white beneath the long black lashes—one hand lay clenched across her breast while the other arm pillowed her head. She looked small and frail, almost elfin-like as she lay close against the shelter of the black crag.

Craigrossart turning a corner of the steep path suddenly came upon her thus. So suddenly he came upon her, lying there, that for a moment doubt seized him—was he not the victim of some cruel hallucination? A stifled cry left his lips.

She had stirred. The hand that lay across her breast moved—and as the laird stood spellbound watching her, the dark fringe lying on her cheeks lifted, and the grey-blue eyes he had learned to love gazed at him as it were through a mist of dreams. Then the red lips parted, and Kirsty stretched out her arms towards the man she loved, and softly, lingeringly, she spoke his name.

In an instant Dunoon was on his knees at her side, and in an instant he had gathered her in his arms, he was holding her to his breast.

Ten minutes later Kirsty, wrapped in Craigrossart's ulster and warmed partly by spoonful of brandy he had forced upon her, and partly by the wonder of love in her heart, leaning back against the rocks, her face dimpling into smiles.

"I thought I was dreaming," she said, "and then—" The scarlet dyed her cheeks, her eyelids fell.

Craigrossart seized her hand once more and pressed it to his lips.



"Are you better, my darling?" he whispered.

The grey-blue eyes met his.

"I am quite all right," Kirsty said; she glanced away to where the distant hilltops showed themselves, still surrounded here and there by drifting mists. But the sun was gaining power every moment and Craigrossart itself was bathed in gold. Kirsty put out a hand and watched the rays of the sun which made it almost transparent.

"I love to feel the warmth," she whispered.

He helped her to her feet, holding her close for a moment. "Kirsty, Kirsty," he said passionately, "is it true—have you really promised to be my wife?"

"I have promised," she answered simply.

He placed an arm round her slender body, supporting her, and together they made their way down the hillside. They had gone a little distance when Kirsty suddenly paused and shuddered a little.

"Twice," she said in a low voice, "twice last night I nearly stepped over the edge."

She saw Craigrossart's face pale a little in the morning sun, then once more he caught her in his arms.

Over the distant brow of the hill, silhouetted against the morning sky, Kirsty's eyes all at once beheld a black figure . . . The figure stood on the very brink of the hill, and behind it, throwing it up, making every line distinct, was the sky luminous with the golden yellow of the sun, a sun which had not been long above the horizon. The laird and Kirsty gazed at the figure—there seemed about it something strange, something that almost partook of the glory of the sun.

Kirsty put up a hand and shielded her eyes. Then with a little cry she disengaged herself and ran forward with outstretched arms.

The minister stood motionless, watching. The glorious sun enveloped him in its golden warmth—the fear, that deadly fear that had held him all the night was dispelled—yet still he stood, stood as one who is stunned, as one from whom all has been taken in one single gigantic blow.

His lips were blanched, round them were lines of pain, but as Kirsty reached him, as her slender fingers seized his hands, a smile leapt to his eyes and spread over his features. For scarcely a perceptible moment the minister held those fluttering white hands to his heart, close for just a single instant.

"Thank Heaven!" he said in a low voice, and then once again, "Thank Heaven!"

He looked down into the radiant face uplifted to him—he saw the love-light awakened in Kirsty's eyes, he knew it was not for him, and yet his eyes met hers in a deep and wondrous kindness.

Craigrossart had reached them now. The minister reached out a hand and gripped Malcolm Dunoon's. For the fraction of a second the two men looked into each other's eyes.

"You found her," the minister said simply—and over his dark-blue eyes there spread a film.

An hour later Kirsty ran lightly over the gravel path and crossed the threshold of the manse. The door, as always, stood open, and the roses beneath the study window filled the air with perfume. The shadows lay in long strips across the lawn, in the distance Craigrossart towered against a blue sky.

Kirsty pushed the sitting-room door open, and a little pucker came to her brow. The table was laid, but the room was empty. Where was Aunt Catherine? Had she tired out by the night's vigil, fallen asleep?

Kirsty went out into the hall. The minister's voice and that other voice, the dearest in the world, were audible as the two men moved towards the door. Then all at once Kirsty's heart began to beat—from the parlor, that sacred chamber seldom used, issued another voice, a man's voice: "I guess I hear the little lady—"

With a bound Kirsty was over the threshold and in Nick's arms.

"Nick," she cried, "Nick—you came . . ."

Her eyes were wet with tears.

"I just did come," Nick said, putting his two hands on her shoulders and looking down at her with twinkling and yet tender eyes. "I guess I did come, but not before I went and got somebody to come along with me."

And Nick nodded slowly, and then laughed as he saw the crimson mounting to Kirsty's cheeks.

It was then that Miss Catherine began to scold—it was the first time that ever anyone had heard such a thing, but scold she did, and leading Kirsty from the room called to Jess to bring in the breakfast bot and not to stand about like a gaby, doing nothing, when she knew Miss Kirsty was almost dying with cold and wet and hunger.

"But I'm not!"

"Indeed and ye are!" Miss Catherine began. Then she caught sight of Craigrossart, standing in the sitting-room door. Her hands flew up to her cap and she made a hurried movement to pass with Kirsty up the stairs. But the laird barred her way.

"No, Miss Catherine," he said, "you can change it afterwards. First you must congratulate me, and—Kirsty."

He took the old lady's hands in both of his. She stood for a moment looking from one to the other, from Kirsty's rose-dyed cheeks, to the laird's face on which pride and happiness shone. And something stole into the expression of Miss Catherine's eyes, a look of something like pain, and then quite suddenly it died away as she held out her arms to Kirsty.

It was the Sunday following the finding of Kirsty, and all Abervenle crowded to the church, for the Laird of Craigrossart and Miss Kirsty Fraser were to be cried on that day.

Outside the church door Kirsty all at once felt a hand on her arm.

"Miss Kirsty—"

She turned to find the old weaver at her side, holding out his hand. Kirsty laid her own in it.

"This would have been a proud day for Janet," he said, "and I'm sure there's no happiness I would not be wishing for ye, and it's glad we all are, Miss Kirsty, that you're to be the lady up at Craigrossart Castle."

"Thank you, Robert," Kirsty said, "and I'm more happy than I can tell you to stay with you all. I only wish Nick here," and Kirsty looked up at the big Canadian who stood beside her, "could make up his mind to stay, too."

A deep silence fell in the church as the minister mounted the pulpit steps. Beside Kirsty Miss Catherine trembled a little as she saw her brother's face, then she gave a quick glance at the girl who sat beside her and a little sigh escaped her lips.

Then, with a firm, unfaltering voice, the minister read the banns of marriage between Malcolm Dunoon, Laird of Craigrossart, and Kirsty Fraser, spinster, of Abervenle and Pinner's Camp.

"Aweel," she thought, "he was just for God's service."

For an hour and more the congregation sat motionless, spellbound. The minister had surpassed himself—there was not such another preacher in Scotland; man, woman, and child hung upon every word—no eye wandered, for the minister spoke as one inspired. He spoke of man's highest destiny, of the wonder of self-sacrifice, of the peace that came to one who had given up all and followed in the footsteps of the Christ. He spoke of the love that each man should bear to his neighbor, and how perfected man could be content with this and forsake for this, father, mother, brother, and wife.

Was it imagination or was there passion in the minister's voice as the words rang out? Was there indeed a light on his face, a light which seemed to envelop him and set him apart from other men? At length there was silence. An instant's pause, and then the congregation rose to its feet, rose with an effort, for they had been listening spellbound, lifted far above themselves, and as the minister's voice rose in prayer a soft sigh came from the people he had held a moment before as it were in the hollow of his hand.

A moment later and they were filing out. And instantly outside the door there arose a little flutter of excitement.

"The minister was just wonderful."

"I've never heard him like it."

"There's no preacher in Scotland can touch him." And so comment after comment was whispered.

Kirsty stood beneath the trees outside the church with her hand on Craigrossart's arm, and Miss Catherine and Nick by her side. She understood for the first time, understood that the minister who had given her a home and protection had also given that which was more precious than gold. And yet dwelling with him, seeing him daily, she had guessed nothing, known nothing. Into Kirsty's heart came a great wonder, a great reverence, and she prayed that the pain which the minister must endure for a time might pass from him swiftly; that no great loneliness might be his.

That afternoon as together she and Craigrossart paced the lawn in the manse garden, Kirsty's eyes wandered once or twice to the open study window.

"What is it, dear heart? There is trouble in your eyes."

Kirsty smiled, then grew grave once more. "We are so wonderfully, wonderfully happy—you and I," she whispered. "I was just wishing that all the world was as happy."

And although it was in full sight of the manse windows Dunoon cared nothing—he stooped and kissed her.

"Mo-luaidh! Mo-luaidh!" he whispered. In the study at the table the minister sat. His head was bowed, and round his lips and eyes played a smile of wistful tenderness. In his hand he held a withered rose.

Just once he touched it with his lips. Then rising, he carried the withered blossom to the hearth, and, crumpling the leaves in his hand, he dropped the fragments into the grate.

#### THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press, Limited, 158-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.